

# Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey  
George S. Viereck

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## A Review of the World



EVER before in the history of the world has there been such a development of international sport as has been witnessed this summer. The Olympic games, with their 2,500 contestants from nearly all the occidental nations, formed but one feature in this development. Almost at the same time the international automobile race from New York to Paris was drawing to its close, the speed contest between British and American motor-boats was taking place in Long Island Sound, and the rivalry between the inventors of four nations in the conquest of the air had reached a point that had at last attracted the serious attention of great governments and popular interest in many lands. The Olympic contests are, of course, a revival of an old institution; but the international development of them is as new as motor-boats, automobiles and aeroplanes.

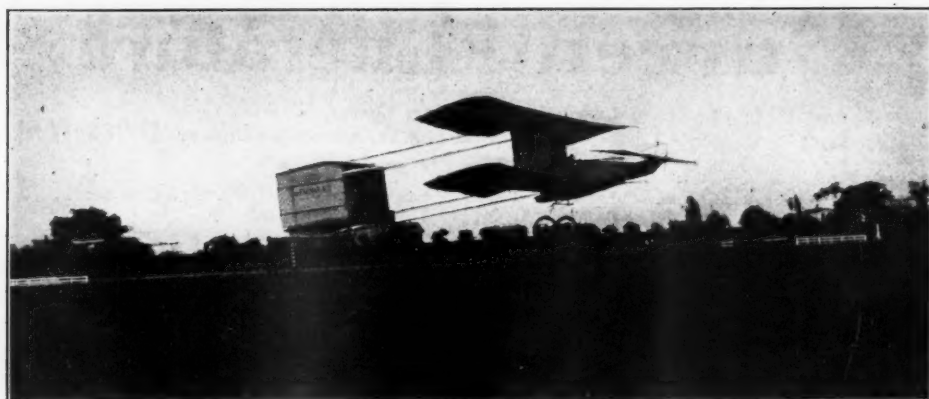
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WHAT Emperor William calls "the beginning of a new national era" seems to be dawning for more than one nation as one reads the daily reports of successful experiments with flying machines and dirigible balloons. We demand now with our morning's breakfast at least a column of news about the flights of airships, and we usually get it. There is a new kind of international race going on—a race for the perfect airship, and the first prize in that race is no beautiful gaud or empty honor: it is the extension of national power and the possible supremacy over other nations. At least it is evident that that view is held by many in Great Britain and Germany, and a positive nervousness is becoming evident over the military possibilities of the aeroplanes and dirigibles each is exploiting. General Baden-Powell calls upon Great Britain to arouse herself to the new

situation that is impending. "In a very few years," he remarks, ominously, "we shall see these powerful machines in the air under perfect control and in practical operation. Then every government will obtain them and the navies will be virtually useless as a first line of defence." And the military correspondent of the *London Times*, noting the progress in Germany, writes in alarm these words:

"The old cry that England, being an island, is only secure from attack by the upkeep of a powerful navy is fully recognized by all grades of society and all denominations of politicians; but it is not yet realized that England's safety as an island will vanish if not insured against aerial attack, and the sooner this fact is obvious to all the better for England. Airships, before aeroplanes, are undoubtedly going to prove enormously powerful factors in any warfare of the future, and later on, doubtless, the heavier-than-air machine will be capable of playing an important part; but if England is to be prepared against all emergencies, money, and plenty of it, must be promptly devoted to the building of airships, to experimental work, to training officers and men in this somewhat new science, to building of sheds or docks in various parts of the country and along our coasts to shelter these airships when constructed, and, if necessary, to provide state aid to the private or civilian inventor or builder of any reasonably good aerial craft."

WHEN Count Zeppelin's dirigible balloon set sail the other day from Friedrichshafen for a twenty-four hour trip to Mayence and return, the whole Fatherland, including the Emperor, was keenly alive to the national importance of the event. "The emotional effect of this flight," says one of the press correspondents, after trying in vain to keep up with the dirigible in a fifty-horse-power automobile, "on some of the people who witnessed it was remarkable. Some laughed wildly, and apparently without control; others raised their voices in ineffectual cries of welcome and encouragement, others wept, and still others

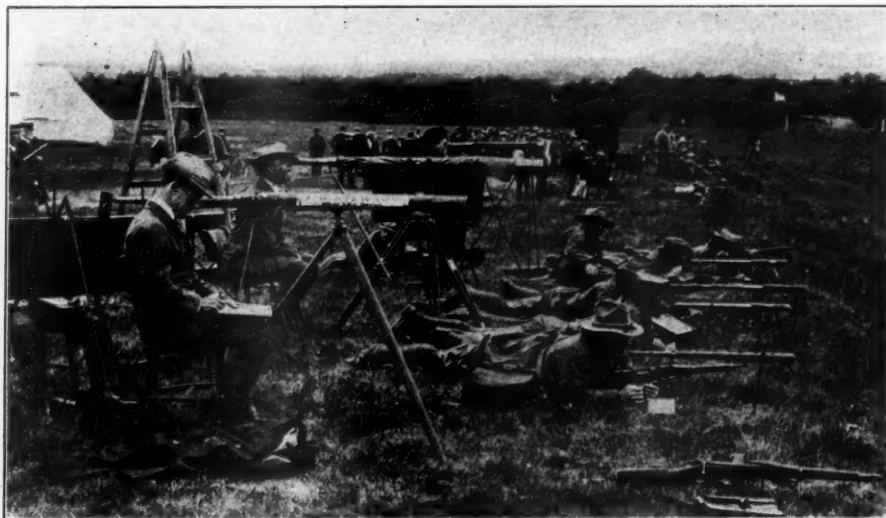


A MILE A MINUTE IN AN AEROPLANE

This picture represents the Farman aeroplane in flight at the Brighton race track last month. Next to the Wright brothers, Farman, who is a Scotsman (not a Frenchman), has taken the lead in the development of the aeroplane.

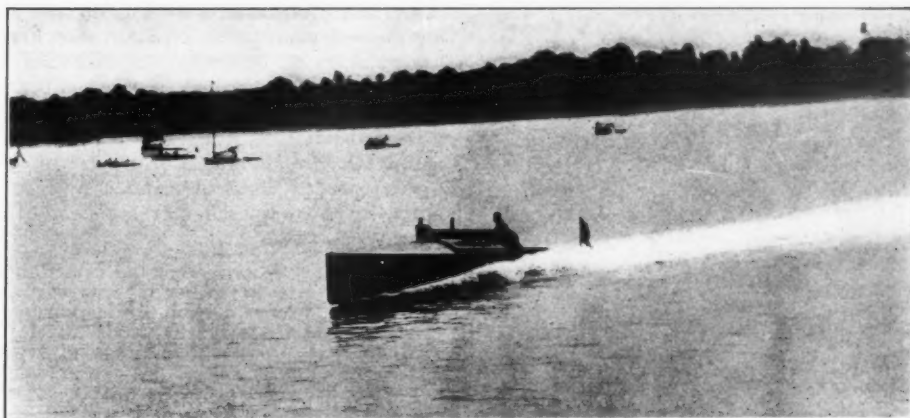
gazed mutely at the apparition in the air. As the airship turned a bend in the river beyond Laufen, an old man, feeble, white of beard and wrinkled of face, was crawling painfully to the top of a hill. He reached the crest all out of breath just in time to see it disappear. 'Ah, I have seen it!' he exclaimed. He struggled to follow on in the direction where the ship had disappeared. His steps were uncertain, he tottered, and the tears were streaming down his face." When the total destruc-

tion of the dirigible at Echterdingen, where it had descended for repairs, by a thunder storm, was reported it was not the aged Count alone whose tears streamed down. Tens of thousands of people had come into Friedrichshafen from the surrounding districts to see his triumphal return. The Privy Councillor of the Empire was on his way with a government check for \$125,000 to be paid to the Count for his balloon. The news of the mishap came like that of a great national disaster, and people



WINNING THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

This represents the American rifle team, on the firing line, in England, at 1,000 yards range. Our men had regular army guns, costing about \$18 each, and their opponents had \$72 guns.



#### FASTEST MOTOR-BOAT IN THE WORLD

The Dixie II won the international race last month in Long Island Sound, and a few days later she beat her time in the race, going at a speed of 35.74 (statute) miles an hour, faster than any other motor-boat in the world has gone in public.

wept as unaffectedly as if the German army had lost an important battle. Says the *Springfield Republican*:

"The feverish desire of the Europeans to make the most of whatever military advantages there may be in the perfection of aerial transportation is almost tragic, and the stories of Germans in all parts of the empire bursting into tears when the Zeppelin airship was reported to be destroyed the other day are more than melancholy, they are sinister in their significance. They seem to reveal a state of mind that regards the frantic pursuit

of new and novel engines of war as the highest function of a nation. The hope of humanity, on the other hand, must be that the development of aerial navigation by man will create conditions tending to make wars more than ever a folly and a crime."

In a few days' time subscriptions to the amount of more than half a million dollars had been subscribed by the government and by private individuals to enable the Count, whose fortune has long since gone into his experi-



#### THE BRITISH MOTOR-BOAT, WOLSELEY-SIDDELEY

"The fore part of a narrow hull, a man's torso, a curtain of foam, and with the rattle of a battery of machine guns, the racing motor-boat flashes by, and becomes a moving atom that grows smaller and smaller in the water far ahead."



"HIS LEGS DITHERED"

Italy's Marathon runner fell four times in the stadium after his run of 26 miles, and the doctor ordered him off the track. Instead, the officials carried him to the goal, where he fell unconscious.

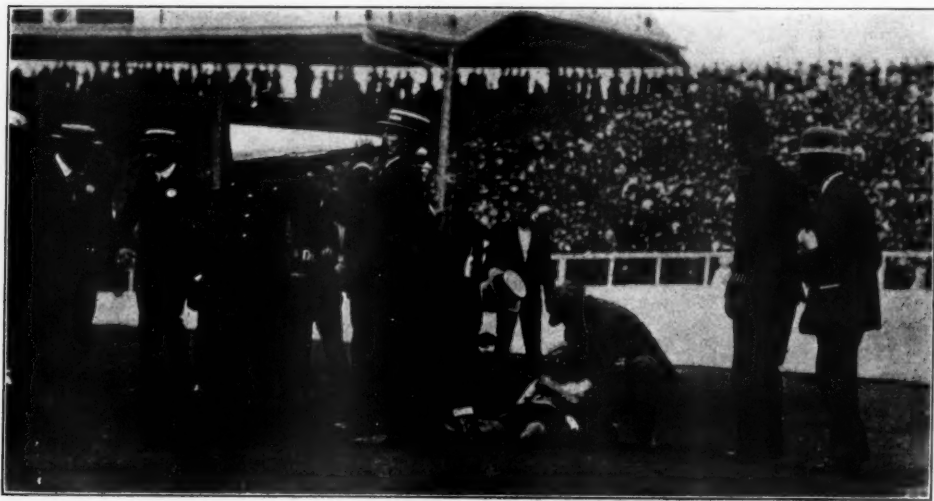
ments, to continue his efforts for the conquest of the air.

THREE days later all France was agog with delight over the demonstrations made by Wilbur Wright, the American, with his aero-

plane, and Frenchmen were hugging and kissing the undemonstrative inventor. For France has obtained an option on the invention and in the aeroplane lies her hope of effectively meeting Germany's dirigibles in the possible war of the future. The Wright aeroplane, in the presence of thousands of spectators, made the first day a flight of about a mile and a half. Says the special correspondent of the *New York Herald*:

"It was not the extent but the nature of the flight which was so startling. Under conditions with which no other aviator ever endeavored to contend, he rose into the air within fifty feet of the starting point, attained a height of between eight and ten metres, circled twice around the race-course, taking corners at angles almost terrifying in their sharpness and descended at the starting point as safely as any bird. Each time he passed before the grand stand, on which such men as M. Louis Bleriot, M. Ernest Archdeacon, the brothers Zens and a group of Russian military experts were gathered, exclamations of astonishment were raised, while the crowd, which had managed to gain admission somehow or other, cheered itself hoarse."

Two days later the same "aviator"—the word is already becoming familiar—made another flight of about the same distance, describing two loops like a figure eight "with the same ease and mastery" as before. A few days later still he circled around for six minutes, covering a distance of seven miles, and ascending at times as high as ninety feet. M. Bleriot, one of the military commissioners appointed



WITHIN THIRTY FEET OF VICTORY

Dorando Pietri, Italian runner in the Marathon race, arrived first at the stadium, and in his weak condition the cheers of the vast multitude overcame him and he fell exhausted. He failed to get the trophy, but received a special prize from the Queen of England.





THE ORIGINAL MARATHON RUNNER

This bronze figure of Phidippides was presented by Queen Alexandra to John J. Hayes, the American winner. It represents the Athenian courier who ran to Athens to announce the Greek victory, falling and dying immediately afterwards from his great exertion.

to witness the flight, said of it: "I consider that for us in France and everywhere a new era of mechanical flight has commenced. I am not sufficiently calm after the event to thoroly express my opinion. My view can be best conveyed in the words: It is marvelous." The other commissioners expressed themselves in words of similar import.

**I**N this country about the same time, Henry Farman, a Scot, was giving exhibitions of aeroplane flight at a Coney Island race course at so much per head, and Captain Baldwin, of the American army, was exhibiting to a commission of army officers the possibilities of his dirigible balloon. The accounts of these and similar performances are worth reproducing not only for their human interest, but for their historical importance. The daily repetition of them, in the newspapers, is something absolutely unique in human history, and they are already becoming so common that their significance is likely to be overlooked. Here is an account of one of Farman's flights:

"Several hundred persons were near the curtailed-off part of the betting ring in which the machine is kept when it was pushed out on the brick pavement and turned around. Then those who watched got some idea of the driving power of the propeller. A mechanic turned the eight-cylinder motor over by twisting about the propeller blades. Then while five men held the aeroplane Mr. Farman advanced the spark and opened



THE WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE

John J. Hayes, an Irish-American, is described as "a mite of a man," but he ran his own pace, for 26 miles, unheeding who might be ahead or behind, and he came to the goal in good style. Thirty out of 56 of the contestants gave out before the finish. Four Americans came in among the first ten, in first, third, fourth and ninth places.

the throttle. The whirling propeller blades shook the shrubbery sixty feet away in the rear as in a windstorm, while dust clouds were blown up seventy-five feet away. . . . The two parallel horizontal planes of the main structure, inclined at a slight upward angle, with the guiding planes set for upward flight, moved forward swiftly across the grass, the main structure gliding on the two large bicycle wheels, while the box rudder house followed aft on the smaller wheels. For 200 yards the machine moved along on the turf, then there came a shout from the crowd. The machine and its bicycle wheels left the ground, mounted ten or twelve feet in the air, and moved along swiftly, with an easy, birdlike glide."

**D**ARIUS GREEN, the first of American aviators, liked flying well enough, but expressed the view that "there ain't such a thunderin' sight of fun in it when you come to alight"; but the alighting of Farman's aeroplane as well as that of the Wright brothers, is described as being "as gentle as that of any



RUNNING BROAD JUMP

Irons, of America, covered 24 ft. 6½ in. (best previous Olympic record 24 ft. 1 in.), and the band again played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

creature of the air." The speed of the aeroplane was considerably in excess of that of a motor-car. In a race which was instituted between a motor-car driven by Tracy, the Vanderbilt Cup driver, and the Farman aeroplane, the latter easily won, beating the automobile by 300 yards in a flight of 800 yards. As for Baldwin's dirigible, we are told that "it obeyed its helm as quickly, if not more quickly, than a sea vessel. As for its raising and lowering device, which is nothing more than a box-kite fastened just back of the bow, the seemingly clumsy craft rose like a gull or dived like a porpoise when this was elevated or depressed." If we had owned such a craft during the war with Spain, observed General Allen, chief of the army signal corps, it would have paid for itself a hundred times over by enabling us to discover the whereabouts of Cervera's fleet. "People who live a decade longer," remarks a New England paper, "will see what they will see," and from Boston comes the announcement of the incorporation of the Aerial Navigation Company, to do a freight and passenger business between New York and Boston! We shall indeed see what we shall see.



POLE JUMP

Cook, U. S. A., who tied for first place with Gilbert in the pole jump with 12 ft. 2 in.

ABOUT one hundred thousand spectators sat in the vast stadium waiting for the climax in the Olympic contests—the finish in the Marathon race. It was run from Windsor Castle to the Stadium on the afternoon of July 24th. The Princess of Wales officially opened the race, and fifty-six runners started at the sound of the pistol fired by Lord Desborough. Twenty-six finished the course and one other, before he collapsed, came within a few feet of the goal. The United States had seven contestants in the race. Five of these finished, and four of the five were among the first ten. We had the first, third, fourth, ninth and fourteenth places, and none of the ten representatives of the British Isles did better than to gain the twelfth place. The spectacle as the leaders appeared in the stadium was sensational in the extreme. The first man to reach the entrance was the



STANDING HIGH JUMP

Ewry sent the American flag again to the top of the pole at the Olympic games by his jump of 5 ft. 2 in.

Italian representative, Dorando Pietri. Here is the London *Standard's* account of his appearance

"The whole stadium rose at him, waving hats, shouting, yelling, and giving vent at once to the excitement that had fed on the news given to allay it for the last three hours. From the grand stand he appeared as a tiny speck. His steps were slow and tottering. He reeled like a fainting man. His legs dithered. His strength, which had carried him 26 miles and to within a few hundred yards of his goal, had gone. 'Bravo!' a thousand people yelled, 'Italy.' 'Well done, Italy.' But the plight of the man, beaten completely, exhausted almost beyond description, stayed further exultation. The sight one saw was sickening. People strained to follow his heroic battle with nature. As one peered through one's glasses one saw that the runner's eyes were glazed; he was as a delirious man, striving for something impossible of attainment. And then amid a dismal 'Oh,' that almost turned one away from this physical wonder, Dorando fell like a log on the cutting, scratching cinders. The pages of the story of the Marathon race were opened again. Dorando had fought with might and main to win the race of his life, and there he lay, a human mass."



RUNNING HIGH JUMP

Porter, U. S. A., won the honor for first place at the Olympic contests, jumping 6 ft. 3 in., which was one-fifth of an inch better than any previous Olympic record.

TO help him was against the rules; but the sympathy of the bystanders and of some of the officials was too great for their discretion. They helped him to his feet, and he staggered on for a few yards, then fell again. A third and a fourth time he fell, the last time within thirty feet of the goal. The doctors ordered him taken off the track, but instead of doing this the officials carried him over the line, where he again fell unconscious while his frenzied compatriots kissed and hugged him as he lay oblivious on the cinder track. While this drama was being enacted, J. J. Hayes, an American runner, appeared, almost unnoticed at first, running freely to the close. To him was awarded the victory, but a special prize was presented by the Queen of England to young Pietri two days later for his heroic effort. Hayes, the winner, is a New Yorker, twenty-four years old, a clerk in a dry goods store, the son of Irish parents. He is "a mite of a man," about five feet three in height, "a pleasant-featured, smiling, bright-eyed little fellow, hard as nails." Both he and Pietri were around the next day apparently none the worse



#### BREAKING A WORLD RECORD

The victory in the 110-meter hurdle race, by F. C. Smithson, in 15 seconds, is regarded by many as the most remarkable feat at the Olympic games. Of course, Smithson is an American.

for their terrible run. Pietri said that the sudden sight of the vast concourse of people cheering was too much for him in his weak condition and the thought of the prize so near upset him completely. He maintains that he would have finished without help if he had been let alone, even if he had had to crawl over the last part of the course on his hands and knees.



#### SHEPPARD WINS

The 800-meter race was won easily by Sheppard, of America, who made the distance in 1 min. 52 4-5 sec., being 1 1-5 seconds better than any Olympic runner had ever made it in before.

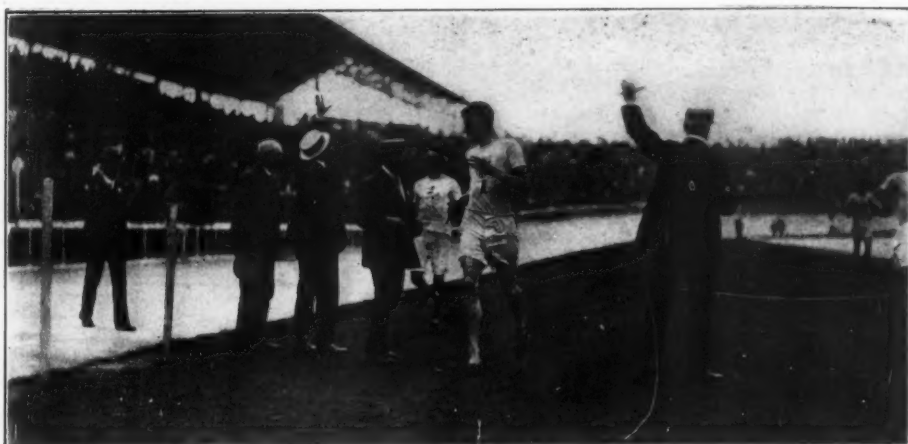


#### THE HURDLE RACE

Bacon, of America, won the 400-meter hurdle race in 55 seconds.

THIS victory came as the climax to a series of brilliant victories by American athletes. While Great Britain won the majority of all events that made up the Olympic contests, in some of which none but British athletes contested, our contestants were far ahead in the "track and field" events, which were the feature in which they were specially interested. Of the 27 events, Americans won first place in 15, and claim first place in another, thus beating all other nations put together. Counting points on the American basis of 5 for first place, 3 for second and 1 for third, American athletes were awarded 114 2-3 points, the British Isles 66 1-3, Sweden 12 1-2, Canada 11, South Africa and Greece 8 each, Norway 5, Germany 4, Italy 3, France and Hungary 2 1-2 each, Australia and Finland 1 each. In addition, our rifle team a short time before had won the world's championship in England, and our representative, Jay Gould, had captured the world's championship in tennis from Miles, the British champion. But we are growing used to that sort of thing. In each of the Olympic contests so far held, our athletes have carried off most of the honors. In 1896, we won 9 out of 14 first prizes; in 1900 we won 17 out of 23; and in 1904 and 1906 similar results were seen. In the recent contests, what





"NO RACE"

This is a picture of the 400-meter race, Carpenter in the lead, Halswelle behind him. The decision that Carpenter had fouled Halswelle created so much dissatisfaction that the American runners refused to run the race again, and Halswelle ran it without competition.

is regarded by many as the greatest event of the series was the winning, by Forrest Smithson, of Portland, of the 110 meter hurdle race in 15 seconds, establishing a new world-record. The running high jump, won by Harry F. Porter, also established a new record—6 ft. 2 in. Speaking of the American athletes, Sir Conan Doyle says: "These Americans specialize, and yet they retain the remarkable appearance of all-around excellence. There is no hypertrophy of special muscle; all is symmetry and balance, beauty and grace. The theorist might suppose the evolution of a type meagre in body and powerful in quarters. There is no sign of it."

**B**UT if the American athletes returned with elation over their success, they returned also with bitterness in their hearts toward the British managers of the games and toward the British public. The feeling that British "fair play" toward the American contestants was conspicuous only by its absence seems to be practically unanimous among our contestants, their trainers, and the American newspaper correspondents. "This meeting," says James E. Sullivan, American commissioner at the Olympic games, "has not made for friendly relations athletically between the United States and Great Britain. The athletic bodies of the two countries now will be absolutely apart." The British athletes, say our representatives, are cheerful winners but poor losers. On the other hand, the London *Times* asserts that the American representatives are "better athletes than sportsmen," and, with the other British

papers, professes to find nothing unfair in the way the Americans were treated.

**T**HE real root of the difficulty seems to have been that the games were in control of an exclusively British committee, whereas heretofore they have been controlled by an international committee of judges. Inevitably there were distrust and suspicion because of this fact, and many little things deepened the suspicion into a conviction. The Americans



EXAMINING THE FOOT-PRINTS

Because Carpenter, the American runner, ran out too far in rounding this curve, the judges decided that he had fouled Halswelle, the British runner, who was close behind. The decision has created a great deal of ill feeling, the Americans asserting that there was no foul.



OLYMPIC ATHLETES WAITING FOR THEIR PRIZES

The American contestants are in athletic costume. They captured 15 out of 27 "track and field" events, more than those of all the rest of the world captured. On their return a great reception awaits them, helped on by President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes.

were compelled to make protest after protest. Even in the Marathon race, after the Italian representative had repeatedly fallen and been ordered off the track by the physicians, he was carried over the line by British officials and the Italian flag was hoisted to proclaim his victory. Hayes had to protest in order to have the decision changed. In the 400-meters race when Carpenter, the American, was in the lead on the home stretch, a foul was declared and the race ordered over again with Carpenter left out. So indignant were the Americans at the manner of the ruling more than at the ruling itself—the American representative not being given even a chance to be heard—that they ordered all the American contestants out of that race and the British representative ran it alone and was awarded the prize. "The modern Olympic games," remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, "have had a life of twelve years, but they do not seem to have benefitted athletic youth or lifted athletes to a higher plane. They seem to engender discord instead of cordiality. Then why go on with them?" *Sporting Life* (London) sees the cause of the trouble in the lack of an international code of rules and calls for the compilation of such a code to govern all future Olympic contests. The *New York Tribune* takes the same view and thinks that despite the squabbling that has arisen, "the net outcome of these contests will be an increase of

international respect and good fellowship more lasting and more precious than all the exultation over the winning of the games." *Paris Sports* says: "The English seem to think no one knows anything of the rules of sport but themselves. That is the source of the trouble." And the *Berlin Mittag Zeitung* says: "We accuse no one of unfairness, but we do say the rules of the several contests were Anglicized."

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AFTER running 12,000 miles in 108 days—an average of 111 miles a day—the Thomas motor-car honked its way into Paris and won the long international race. But some of the edge was taken off the victory of the American car by the fact that the German car, the Protos, reached Paris several days before, and the German backers promptly claimed the race as theirs. Six cars there were that set out from New York in the dead of winter, amid the plaudits of about 250,000 spectators. Italy, Germany and the United States were represented by one car each. France was represented by three. Two of the French cars dropped out on the way across this continent. The other dropped out after the Pacific coast was reached, not because it had to, but because the owner did not care to continue the race after the course through Alaska was found to be impossible. The other



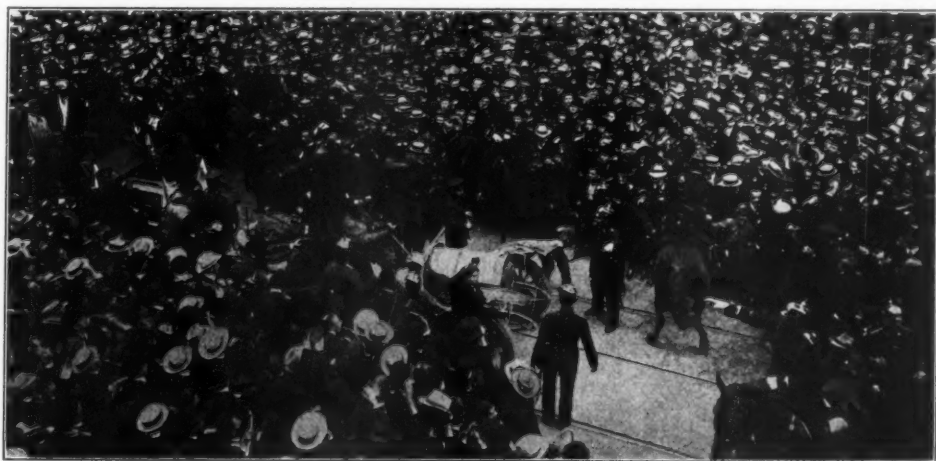
THE THOMAS CAR ARRIVES AT PARIS

After running 12,000 miles in 108 days, the American car pulled up at the goal in the New York to Paris international automobile race, winner by time allowance over the Protos, which reached Paris several days before. The best thing about this international race was the cordial spirit shown by the contestants to each other and the reception each met in its rival's country.

three cars, the Thomas, the Protos and the Zust, were shipped to Asia, and after a digression, so to speak, in Japan, resumed the race at Vladivostok. The German and the American cars started from the Russian port on the same day, but the latter had been awarded an advantage of thirty days over the former, partly because the Protos had not finished the trip to Seattle, having shipped by rail from Pocatello, Idaho, and partly because of the loss of time incurred by the Thomas car in

going to Alaska and returning. The Germans claim, however, that the race from Vladivostok to Paris was in reality a new race and should be so considered. That is the race they claim. That part of the race they won. But the Protos ran but 11,000 miles in 130 days of actual running after leaving New York, and the Thomas car ran 12,000 miles in 108 days.

**T**ALK about sacrifices incurred for one's country or one's religious faith! What



THE PROTOS CAR ARRIVES IN BERLIN


And all Berlin was on hand to greet the brave Lieutenant Koeppen, who sacrificed his fortune to do honor to the Fatherland in the New York to Paris race. He didn't win the race, but he won that part of it beginning at Vladivostok. In the last two months of the race he slept but five times in a real bed.

sacrifices will a man not endure to prove his faith in his own muscles and nerves? Lieutenant Koeppen, of the Protos car, an army officer with no previous automobile experience, sacrificed his entire fortune and plunged himself into a debt of \$10,000 to carry the race through to completion. When he reached Berlin he declared that he had slept in a bed but five nights in the preceding two months. So far as the physical hardships were concerned, the experiences of the Thomas car crew were almost identical. "Thro the slough of Manchuria and Eastern Siberia," says the *New York Times*, "over the mountainous stretches of Western Siberia, the struggle through Northern Russia was fought out with crews bivouacked upon the open ground much of the time. Ill fed, tossed about over rough ways, improperly rested on the chilled earth, it is marvellous that brave spirits kept wearied bodies to their tasks, but none faltered even in the hours when sleep was troubled by the image of a flying foe who would keep just beyond reach, or who was forever dogging at one's heels." It is pleasant to read of the excellent spirit of courtesy and generosity that prevailed between the different crews, and of the cordial treatment each received in its rival's country. Says one of the men on the Thomas car:

"The Germans certainly displayed the most generous sportsmanship toward us. From the moment that we raced across the frontier, in fact, we were received in the same spirit. A little knot of peasants gathered at Eydtkuhnen sent up the first real cheer that we had heard since we had left Japan. It was as if we had suddenly fallen among old-time friends, for everywhere throughout the countryside similar greetings were bestowed upon us. Pretty flaxen-haired girls—with whom the Fatherland seems to abound—hurled kisses and bouquets at us everywhere. The sight of the Stars and Stripes waving behind us seemed to fill the entire population with the most genuine enthusiasm."

And Lieutenant Koeppen, writing of his trip through America, says: "Incidentally I have visited America for the first time. I found it the pleasantest country we traveled in, and wish the roads were as nice as the people. All through the West we were treated royally."

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 NTO the center of the stage again steps the Standard Oil Company. It has not of late grown fond of the center of the stage, but this time there is a gleam of triumph in its eye, and an air of conscious rectitude

in its mien. It has been relieved, probably for all time to come, of that little burden of a fine amounting to nearly thirty million dollars inflicted upon it by Judge Landis. The attorneys of the company objected copiously at the time this fine was imposed, kindly pointing out 169 alleged errors on the part of the court, and taking 76 printed pages in the record to tell just what they were. Now the Circuit Court of Appeals, consisting of two judges appointed by President Roosevelt and one appointed by President McKinley, has reviewed the case, reversed the judgment of the trial court, and instructed it to grant a new trial. Immediate result: the stock of Standard Oil jumps up 68 points in a few days, President Roosevelt issues a statement generally construed as a criticism of the Circuit Court of Appeals, and Judge Grosscup issues a statement with undertones of defiance in it.

IT WAS Judge Grosscup who wrote the reviewing opinion, and there was no dissenting opinion. "No outcry," says the *New York Tribune*, which is a pretty good Roosevelt paper, "can be raised against him (Judge Grosscup) for entertaining opinions too friendly to the corporations." In fact, Judge Grosscup has in late years brought down on himself some criticism by his speeches on corporate abuses, and one of his critics last winter, according to a reported newspaper interview, was Judge Landis, who thought Judge Grosscup went too far in commenting on corporate litigation then pending in court. Whatever may be Judge Grosscup's attitude toward corporations when he is off the bench, no one has seen any trace of his hostility to them in the opinion on the Standard Oil case. Many papers have professed, indeed, to find in the opinion indications of an undue tenderness of feeling, and the *Chicago Tribune* has asserted that the Judge is contemplating resignation from the bench to become a corporation lawyer—an assertion that is denied explicitly. We have, therefore, on exhibition at this time the following interesting sequence: The Standard Oil Co. declared a criminal offender by Judge Landis; Judge Landis reversed and censured for "abuse of judicial discretion" by Judge Grosscup; Judge Grosscup, by implication, charged by the President with effecting "a miscarriage of justice"; President Roosevelt assailed by a considerable part of the press as guilty of contempt of court, some of the papers even wondering whether he may not be cited therefor before the bar.

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THE President's statement in the case has been censured by a number of papers ordinarily friendly to him. In form, it is not a criticism of the Circuit Court, but simply the President's construction of the meaning of the court's opinion. "The reversal of the decision of the lower court," he says, "does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendants or of the exceptionally grave character of the offence. The President would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if through any technicalities of any kind the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offence. The President will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice." Accordingly, he says, he has directed the attorney general to take steps for a retrial, and to bring into the case Frank B. Kellogg, the lawyer who prosecuted successfully the Northern Securities Company. But before a retrial is begun, it is presumed that a petition will be made for a rehearing before the Circuit Court, on the ground that Judge Grosscup has himself made two errors in his citations from the lower court.



#### CHANGING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(The Illinois courts have reversed that \$29,000,000 fine decision.)  
—Roth in San Francisco Bulletin.

IN HIS opinion, Judge Grosscup finds that

Judge Landis erred in three ways: (1) in excluding the evidence of Edward Bogardus, traffic manager of the Standard Oil, to the effect that he did not know that the rate at which the oil was shipped on the Alton road was not the regular published rate; (2) in the view that the number of offences was the number of car loads shipped under the secret rate; (3) in abuse of discretion in levying the maximum fine of \$29,240,000 upon a corporation with a capital stock of but \$1,000,000, on the assumption, not proved in the case, that the defendant corporation is but part of a larger corporation, and that this larger corporation is "not a virgin offender." It is charged by the administration press that Judge Grosscup himself has erred in regard to the exclusion of the testimony of Bogardus. On page 423 of the printed record that testimony actually appears, being "permitted by the court over the objection of counsel for the United States that the evidence was incompetent and immaterial." Yet on the supposed exclusion of this evidence the larger part of Judge Grosscup's

opinion is based. The other alleged error made by Judge Grosscup is in attributing Judge Landis's remark about not being a "virgin offender" to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, when in fact Judge Landis was referring to "the defendant," which was the subsidiary company, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. On that point, however, Judge Grosscup's remark is pertinent, namely, that "there is nothing in the record, either before conviction, or after conviction and before sentence, that shows that the defendant before the court had ever before been guilty of an offence of this character." Even tho a rehearing before the Circuit Court is obtained on these two points, the other point, regarding Judge Landis's method of reckoning the number of offences, remains, and requires the cutting down of the fine from \$29,240,000 to \$720,000. Even if on retrial the guilty knowledge of the defendant is established, the size of the fine must still be reduced to the lower amount. The decision, therefore, is worth to the Standard Oil Company just \$28,520,000. No wonder the stock jumped up. The only way now in which the original fine can be made to stand is by securing, by a writ of certiorari, a review of the case by the Supreme Court. The attorney general seems to have no hope of doing that.

AS FOR the President's statement regarding the Grosscup decision, it has elicited some very warm comment, as most of his statements elicit. Judge Grosscup had this to say of it: "There is no more reason why I should take notice of the comment of Mr. Roosevelt than I would that of any private citizen, for the office that he fills and the office that the judges of the Court of Appeals fill are entirely independent, tho co-ordinate branches of the government." "The criticism of the Court of Appeals by the President," says James De Witt Andrews, former professor of law at Northwestern University, "finds no parallel since Jefferson's and Jackson's criticisms of John Marshall." Mr. Andrews continues as follows:

"I am an admirer of our chief executive. . . . But when he talks on law we who have had much experience and given much study to that subject appreciate as neither he nor the general public can the limitations which handicap him. Applying this to the criticism of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Standard Oil decision, it is very plain that in using the expression that the decision does not go to 'the merits' of the case, and characterizing the result as a miscarriage of justice, the President is quite outside of his orbit of understanding."

COMMENT from a different point of view is made by the *Springfield Republican*. It does, indeed, caution the President about the necessity of paying to the federal judiciary the same amount of respect he expects it to pay to his authority, but it speaks as follows of Judge Grosscup's position:

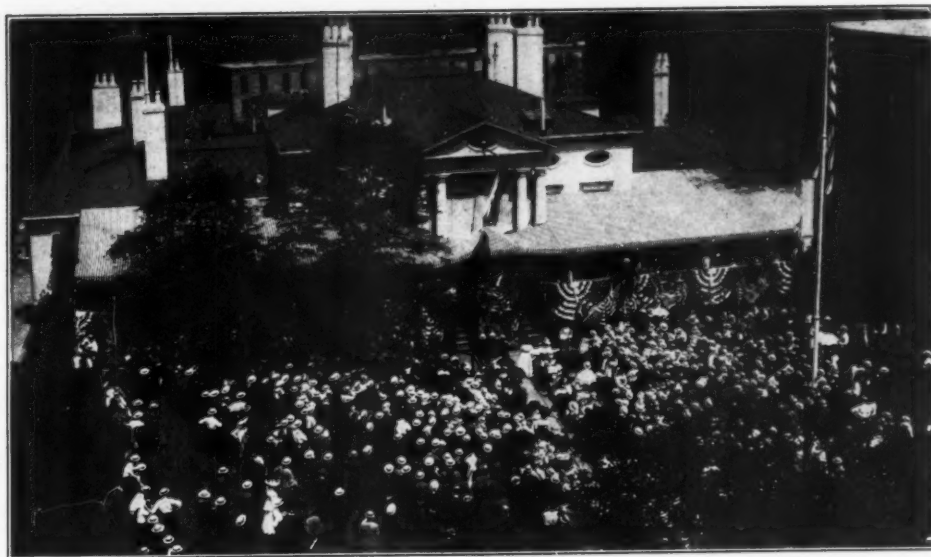
"Professional opinion is in the long run poor ground for the law to plant itself upon, or for the interpreter of the law. The law and the rulings thereon must keep square with common sense and common notions of justice if they are to stand, and when they get away from there all the professional opinion in the country cannot save them. The great trouble with Judge Grosscup's opinion on behalf of the circuit court in the Standard Oil case is that it seems to run against the common sense of justice in some of its more important particulars. Take especially the ruling that the punishment by fine must be fitted to the capacity of the nominal defendant to bear it, regardless of who the real defendant is in the case. This may be good law now, but it is not good sense, and the law and the judge will finally have to yield, in spite of professional opinion."

THE *San Francisco Bulletin* does not dispute the technical correctness of Judge Grosscup's decision, but it thinks that "it will increase the growing popular dissatisfaction

with the courts, and with the law as administered." It adds:

"A great many people, including a large percentage of the workingmen, have lost confidence in the courts and the law because they view them as agencies for the obstruction rather than the fulfilment of justice. It is all very fine and plausible to say that offenders must be convicted by legal methods, and that the sublime technicality is the 'palladium of liberty,' but the man in the street notes that the public rarely gets the benefit of a technicality, while there is nearly always a nimble technicality to remit the fine of a wealthy wrongdoer or to open the prison doors of felons who are politically or commercially powerful."

It is worth while remembering, in this connection, that the entire federal judiciary, excepting the Supreme Court alone, is a creature not of the federal constitution, but of Congress. Attacks upon the system have been heard of late in Congress, and it will not be surprising if the Grosscup decision results in a renewal of the assault. But some even of the more radical papers are calling a halt on criticism of the federal judiciary. "Mr. Roosevelt," says the *New York Press*, "can bring the offenders to justice without bludgeoning the judges of the United States courts." The *Philadelphia Inquirer* remarks: "A great many things President Roosevelt has accomplished for the good of the nation. Upon nearly every occasion he has had the warm support of this journal. We cannot quite follow him, however, in his rather impetuous attack upon the Federal Court of Appeals." And the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says: "Now that the case is to be retried it will be possible to stick closer to reason, and the decision will be more representative of American justice. The wave of anti-trust sentiment has receded, leaving men in their normal minds again, and there will be no demand that the judge who hears the Standard case this time shall devote his talents to a grand stand play." The *New York World*, however, thinks that the enemies of the courts will find ammunition for their use in Judge Grosscup's censure of Judge Landis for "an abuse of judicial discretion." "It is unfortunate," thinks the *World*, "that this most harsh condemnation of a judge by his higher associates should have been for his attempt adequately to punish the Standard Oil Company." To denounce an honest, fearless judge, it goes on to say, because he gives a maximum sentence to the Standard Oil Company, "is worse than any attack Mr. Debs ever made upon the judiciary."



"I AM DEEPLY SENSIBLE OF THE HONOR. . . . I ACCEPT"

In those words Mr. Taft began his speech of acceptance, at his home in Cincinnati. You barely discern him under the canopy in the picture, as he reads his 15,000-word speech. Cincinnati took a holiday on the occasion (as Lincoln did when Bryan's turn came), the day opening with the booming of cannon and closing with pyrotechnics. Mrs. Taft says she had no idea it was so fine to have a presidential candidate in the family, and she is enjoying it.

**N** EITHER Mr. Taft in his 15,000-word speech of acceptance, nor Mr. Bryan, in his 6,000-word speech, has made any statement that has in it the element of unexpectedness. Each speech is able and adroit, and satisfying to the followers of the speaker. The keynote of Mr. Taft's speech may be found in the following statement:

"The chief function of the next Administration, in my judgment, is distinct from and a progressive development of that which has been performed by President Roosevelt. The chief function of the next Administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the lawbreakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which shall operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible."

His speech is, consequently, a glorification of what Mr. Roosevelt, with the co-operation of the Republican party, has accomplished, and an attack upon the Democratic party, the Democratic platform, and the Democratic candidate as destructive rather than corrective in their tendencies and aims. In other words, he follows the usual political course of "pointing with pride" and "viewing with alarm." He says:

"The chief difference between the Republican and the Democratic platforms is the difference which has heretofore been seen between the policies of Mr. Roosevelt and those which have been advocated by the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bryan. Mr. Roosevelt's policies have been progressive and regulative; Mr. Bryan's destructive. Mr. Roosevelt has favored regulation of the business in which evils have grown up so as to stamp out the evils and permit the business to continue. The tendency of Mr. Bryan's proposals has generally been destructive of the business with respect to which he is demanding reform. Mr. Roosevelt would compel the trusts to conduct their business in a lawful manner and secure the benefits of their operation and the maintenance of the prosperity of the country of which they are an important part, while Mr. Bryan would extirpate and destroy the entire business in order to stamp out the evils which they have practised."

**M**R. BRYAN, in his speech of acceptance, has been much briefer, deciding to leave to his letter of acceptance and to future speeches the exposition of the more important topics, such as trusts, labor, currency, etc. Even on the subject of injunctions he does not touch. He adroitly dismisses from consideration such issues as free silver and government ownership of railroads by his statement that "a platform is binding as to what it omits as well as to what it contains," and by his declaration that the platform "outlines



THEY'RE OFF!  
—Macauley in *New York World*.

all the remedial legislation which we can hope to secure during the next four years." The "overshadowing issue" this year he finds in the question, "Shall the people rule?" and he proceeds to elaborate the following statement: "The Republican party is responsible for all the abuses which now exist in the federal government, and it is impotent to accomplish the reforms which are imperatively needed."

The extract which best illustrates the general tenor of the speech is this:

"Why were these 'known abuses' [referring to statements in Roosevelt's messages and in Taft's speech] permitted to develop? Why have they not been corrected? If existing laws are sufficient, why have they not been enforced? All of the executive machinery of the federal government is in the hands of the Republican party. Are new laws necessary? Why have they not been enacted? With a Republican President to recommend, with a Republican senate and house to carry out his recommendations, why does the Republican candidate plead for further time in which to do what should have been done long ago? Can Mr. Taft promise to be more strenuous in the prosecution of wrong-doers than the present executive? Can he ask for a larger majority in the senate than his party now has? Does he need more Republicans in the house of representatives or a speaker with more unlimited authority?"

THE newspaper comment on both addresses is for the most part complimentary. Thus the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* (Dem.) says of Taft's speech: "It is only fair to concede at the outset that Judge Taft's handling of the issues is deft and ingenious," and in it he has lived up to his reputation as a harmonizer, as there is no reason why either the reactionaries or the progressives should find fault with his exposition. The *Houston Post* (Dem.) speaks of the "consummate skill" with



"THEIR MASTER'S VOICE"  
—*Minneapolis Journal*



which Taft handles the injunction issue, and says "the speech, as a whole, is pitched on the high plane that was to be expected of one whose eminent ability and profound knowledge of statecraft stands unquestioned"; but, it thinks, as an appeal to the masses it will not be effective. The *Boston Herald* represents the general opinion of the independent dailies in its reference to "the statesmanlike quality of the utterance and the statesmanlike grasp of the many themes presented for consideration." The anti-Bryan press has been almost equally generous in the treatment of Mr. Bryan's speech. The *New York Times* regards it as "able, adroit and cautious," and "so far from giving cause for alarm in Wall Street or elsewhere, Mr. Bryan's speech is really soothing." He appears to *The Times*, indeed, to have written the speech with intent not to offend the east, even as Taft's speech was "plainly intended for Western reading." The *Springfield Republican*, which is now a supporter of Taft, admits that Mr. Bryan's speech "is shrewdly conceived and skilfully constructed, not alone in its brevity but in its placing of emphasis." The *New York World* finds in the Bryan speech "a distinct promise of growth in wisdom and in democracy." In short, so far as the press com-



THE ELEPHANT AND THE DONKEY: "Goodness! Wouldn't it be awful if we should slip and fall in some dark place!"

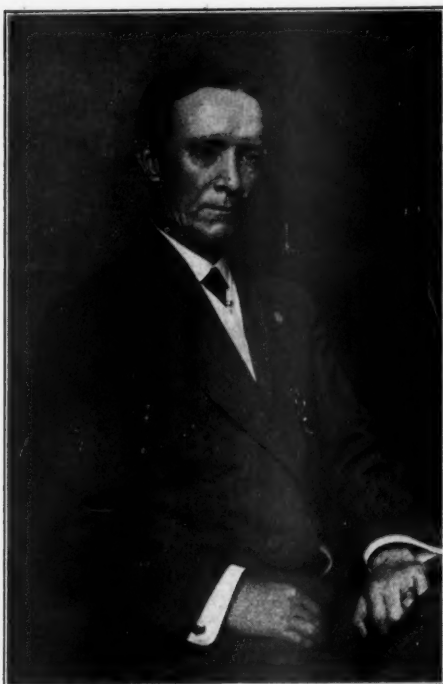
—Handy in *Duluth News-Tribune*.

ment on the two speeches is concerned, there has been very little said that would defer the coming of that "era of good feeling" which some prophets think they see reapproaching.



EDITORS, EDITORS, EDITORS

In this year's presidential campaign, the editor is more conspicuous than ever before. Three of the presidential candidates are editors—Bryan, Debs and Watson. Graves, vice-presidential candidate of the Independence Party, is an editor. Two chairmen of national committees, Mack and Hearst, are editors. The gentleman in the center of the above group is Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo; the gentleman on his right is Henry Watterston, another editor, in charge of the publicity bureau of the Democratic campaign. He was formerly an opponent of Bryan, and is now a supporter.



THE MAN WHO WANTED DEMOCRATS TO NOMINATE ROOSEVELT

John Temple Graves, of Georgia, is the candidate of the Independence Party for Vice-President. He is an editor, an orator and author. Is now editor of Hearst's paper, the *New York American*.

THE irony of fate is seen by the *New York World* in the fact that "just as the Republicans were beginning to seem anxious about Mr. Bryan's political strength, the hottest, hardest, cruelest blows against his candidacy should be struck by three of his most ardent supporters in 1896—Thomas E. Watson, the Populist candidate for President; Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President; and William R. Hearst, the leader of the Independence League." When the one brand-new political party of this year, the Independence party, met in convention a month ago, in Chicago, Mr. Hearst was made temporary chairman, and rose to deliver the keynote speech. In the course of it he paid his compliments to Mr. Bryan and his party in the following picturesque language:

"The Democratic vanguard is a Falstaff's army. It is led by a knight arrayed in a motley of modified professions and compromised principles, of altered opinions and retracted statements. It is officered by such soldiers of fortune as Sullivan

and Hopkins and Murphy and McClellan; by Tom Taggart, the roulette gambler, and Tom Ryan, the Wall Street gambler, and Belmont, the race-track gambler. It is composed of such political mercenaries as Bailey, of the Standard Oil, and Williams, of the Southern Railway, and Hinky-Dink and Bathhouse John and Red Duffy and Nigger Mike—all harmonized at last and all marching together in a rhythmic cadence strongly suggestive of the lockstep.

"A Falstaff's army whose banner bears on one side a watchword for the people and on the other a password for the trusts, whose only object is office at any cost, whose motto, 'After Us the Deluge.'"

Up to the time of this speech there had been some doubt as to the ultimate attitude of Mr. Hearst and his followers toward Mr. Bryan. After this lurid language nobody had any further doubts. Judge Seabury, of New York City, who had gone to Chicago to persuade the convention to indorse Bryan, turned his steps homeward at once. One foolhardy individual of the name of J. I. Shepard, hailing from Kansas, did not heed the warning. He tried the next day to place Bryan's name in nomination. He never got so far as naming his candidate. As soon as the delegates understood his purpose, a riot ensued. "Several delegates," so runs the account, "attempted to reach the rostrum for the purpose of offering physical violence to the speaker. A number of the sergeants-at-arms threw themselves across the aisle in front of the rostrum steps and held back the infuriated men by sheer physical strength."

THIS is the real significance of the Independence party in this year's campaign—its attitude towards Mr. Bryan. Its significance in future campaigns may be another matter. What permanence and power it may have in the future depends upon its success in influencing results this year. Its platform seems to indicate that its leaders are looking ahead, and making a serious attempt at constructive work. "Our object," so runs the platform's preamble, "is not to introduce violent innovations or startlingly new theories. We of the Independence party look back, as Lincoln did, to the Declaration of Independence as the fountain-head of all political inspirations. It is not our purpose to attempt to revolutionize the American system of government, but to restore the action of the government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. It is not our purpose either to effect a radical change in the American system of government, but to conserve for

the citizens of the United States their privileges and liberties won for them by the founders of this government, and to perpetuate the principles and policies upon which the nation's greatness has been built. The Independence party is, therefore, a conservative force in American politics, devoted to the preservation of American liberty and independence, to honesty in elections, to opportunity in business and to equality before the law." In all but the labor planks the platform maintains this note of conservatism fairly well. It calls for "direct nominations" as a return to old safeguards; for "public ownership of public utilities, including railroads," but only "as rapidly as municipal, state or national government shall demonstrate ability to conduct public utilities for the public benefit"; for a revision of the tariff by a "gradual reduction of tariff duties with just consideration for the rights of the consuming public and of established industry"; for a "strong navy," a central government bank for the issue of currency, and so forth.

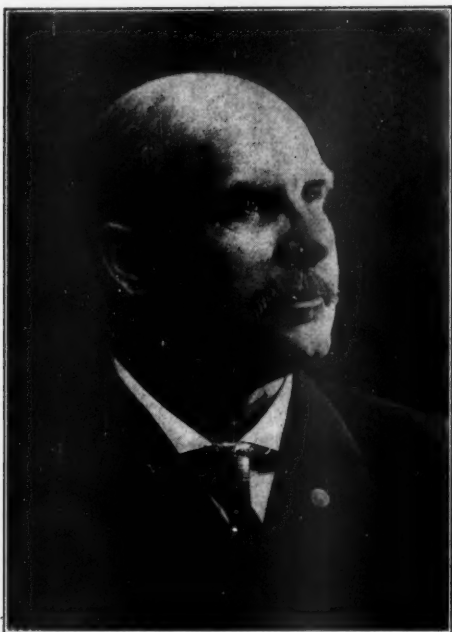
ON LABOR questions, however, the platform makes its boldest and most radical appeal. It calls for the disuse entirely of the writ of injunction in an industrial dispute

"until after a trial upon its merits" before a jury, and for jury trial in all cases of alleged contempt of court; for the removal entirely of farmers' and laborers' organizations from the operation of the anti-Sherman law, and for a half-dozen other things dear to the labor unions. "The Independence party leadership," observes the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "is made up wholly of agitators, and it counts upon an appeal to the one class of discontented working-men. Whatever other classes of visionaries may come that way will be so much to its benefit, but the play is upon the anti-capitalistic sentiment of wage-earners in modern industrial civilization." This bid for the labor vote is, of course, hostile more or less to all other parties, all of which bid for the labor vote; but it will be especially injurious, if successful on a large scale, to Mr. Bryan's hopes this year. At least such seems to be the general expectation. "Hearst's intentions," says the *New York Times*, "appears to be to bury Bryan beyond hope of resurrection," and if the new party institutes a thoro campaign in the doubtful states, "Bryan may receive the smallest vote cast for a presidential candidate of one of the major parties within the past thirty years." The *New York Tribune* sees no reason why the new party should be taken



THE TRESPASSER

"Ding swat 'im anyway"  
—Brinkhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.



"I CAN MAKE JUST AS MANY SPEECHES AS MR. BRYAN"

That is the claim of Eugene F. Chafin, of Illinois, the Prohibition Party's Presidential candidate. He is a lawyer, and for several years has been the salaried superintendent of the Washington Home (for drunkards) in Chicago. He is aggressive, ebullient, and untirable.

seriously by anybody but Mr. Bryan. "It has no vital issue which has been neglected by the two other parties." The *Springfield Republican* says the same thing in other words: "He [Hearst] is trying to do something which has never been done before in this country—to construct a new party in substitution of one or the other of the two great parties in possession of the field, when not only one but both of those parties are giving all possible or practicable attention to the very demands of which his party would become the voice." The humor of the whole political situation this year is thus expressed by the *Baltimore Sun*:

"Mr. Bryan accuses the Republicans of having stolen his principles and put them in their platform. Mr. Hearst says the Democrats appropriated bodily several planks from the Independence League's declaration of principles adopted on February 22 last. Republicans, on their side, accuse Mr. Bryan of having stolen 'my policies.' Down in Georgia Mr. Watson, like a voice crying in the wilderness, is denouncing Mr. Bryan for having stolen his principles. It seems to be a campaign of 'stop thief' and 'Where did he get it?' So far Mr. Watson, the Populist seems to have made out for his party the best case of prior title to some of the leading planks

which Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan are claiming as exclusively their own."

"We cannot understand," remarks the *Nashville Tennessean*, "why the Hearst Independence party and the Watson Populist party do not pool issues, constituencies, and campaigns this year."

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NOT in Great Britain alone is the water-wagon turning into a sort of juggernaut for the politicians. This country has within the last few years seen a remarkable renewal of activity in the fight against the liquor traffic, and the extent to which the growing sentiment against the saloon will find expression this year through a vote for the Prohibition party is one of the questions that makes Republican leaders in close states a little nervous. The Prohibition party thrives upon discouraging election statistics as a donkey thrives on thistles. The convention which it held in Columbus in July was as enthusiastic as ever, and it is talking as confidently as ever of increasing its vote. Four years ago it polled a little more than a quarter of a million votes. This year some of its leaders talk of a million in the South alone. But that was, perhaps, due to the hope of securing Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, as a presidential candidate. Mr. Wright declined to leave the Democratic ranks, and the convention proceeded to nominate, with little regard for sectional considerations, a candidate for president (Eugene F. Chafin) from Illinois, and a candidate for vice-president from Ohio—Professor Aaron S. Watkins. It was a beautifully unbossed convention. There were about twenty-five "booms" on hand during the early sessions, and every one of them was set aside and two men nominated who had not been seriously considered prior to the balloting. The platform contains a round dozen of planks beside those on the subject of the liquor traffic, the "broad-gauge" element again having had its way. John G. Woolley, who was the presidential candidate eight years ago, is no longer working with the party.

TWENTY years ago the national organ of the Prohibition party, *The Voice*, made a postal card inquiry among its readers as to their party affiliations before becoming party Prohibitionists. The result was never published, but it showed that the party had up to that time drawn about four Republicans to



one Democrat. This year, if the hopes for a large increase in the South are justified, the ratio is likely to be more even; but in the doubtful Northern states, such as Ohio and Indiana and Iowa, the ratio of four to one is still likely to prevail. If, therefore, Bryan has his Hisgen to reckon with, Taft has his Chafin. Chafin is a lawyer, a man of abounding physical vitality, aggressive and rather fond of an intellectual "scrap," and full of figures and facts on the temperance question, having been in the fight ever since his youth, and having served as Grand Chief Templar of the Good Templars' organization in Wisconsin, his native state, and Illinois, where he now lives. His attitude, and that of his party, is pretty well summed up in this sentence from one of his speeches since being nominated:

"I ask the people to support the only practical method of destroying the liquor traffic. The very fact that one-half the people are living in prohibition territory and two-thirds of the acreage of the United States is under prohibition and still the consumption of liquor is on the increase, is sufficient argument to show that all non-partisan efforts in the main have been a failure. This campaign will be fought upon this great principle, that we are a government by political parties and that in order to carry out any governmental policy, especially such a radical one as the liquor question, can only be done by the party."

"It is believed," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "that there will be a general increase of the Prohibition vote throughout the country"; but, it adds, there will be no considerable increase in the South: "The liquor question in the South has always assumed a different form from this movement in other portions of the country. It has shown no political cleavage. It has never divided the voters on national questions, and the prohibitionist candidate for President has received little or no support. There is no reason for believing that there will be any change in this respect at the coming election."

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**T**O promote that drastic interference with England's trade in alcoholic liquor which he has embodied in his fiercely fought licensing bill, the King's Prime Minister, the usually sedate Mr. Asquith, pounded the table in the House of Commons, talked for five hours, gesticulated, shouted aloud and in general conducted himself in a style pronounced by the London *Telegraph* "indecent, insane and incendiary." Yet the



ANOTHER OHIO CANDIDATE

Professor Aaron S. Watkins, of Ada, O., is now a vice-president of the Ohio Northern University, and is a candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Prohibition Party ticket. For twelve years he was a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Now he is a professor of literature.

Prime Minister aims at nothing more than an immediate and progressive reduction in the excessive facilities which are now allowed for the retail sale of intoxicating drink in England. His ulterior motive, as he states it, is the gradual but complete recovery by the state—with due regard to existing interests—of its dominion over and its property in a monopoly which has been allowed to slip out of its control. Such is the purpose of a measure which, as the London *Quarterly Review* insists, has filled the market place with "cries pitched in many keys, cries of delight, disappointment, expostulation, dismay and defiance." And England, avers this prophet, "may expect the turmoil to go on and gather strength for many months." It is what we Americans know as an effort to "solve the drink problem" along the lines, more or less, of prohibition and local option.

**B**Y the statute law of King Edward's realm, as Mr. Asquith thundered the other day to the Commons, no one has ever been able to set up or to carry on the retail trade of intoxicating drink except with the express permission and license of the state. The power of granting that permission was always vested

until four years ago in the local justices. These justices, exercising a discretion pronounced by Mr. Asquith "too unfettered," could multiply licenses to sell intoxicants as they saw fit. Again, until some four years ago, these same justices, in the exercise of their discretion, could refuse to renew licenses they had granted. There seems to be no case in the annals of English law for centuries in which any court has assumed to compel any body of justices against whom there was no charge of corruption to regrant any license which, in their discretion, they had refused to renew. "That," said Mr. Asquith, in his great speech on this subject, "is the law of England, plain, simple, indisputable, and at this time of day not by any competent body or authority disputed."

HOW, then, has that which the English are accustomed to call the monopoly value of licenses in private hands come into existence and been allowed to grow up? "How have these enormous values, variously estimated, grown into being?" The state has received nothing beyond a very small license duty for privileges representing in monopoly value fully \$750,000,000 for all England. License fees now paid into the treasury can not be deemed an equivalent for the monopoly with which the state has parted, a monopoly valued by some at \$1,500,000,000 instead of the huge sum just named. What this monopoly value really means, Mr. Asquith says, is that people have been ready to pay not for a right—"there never was any right"—but for an expectation, "or, to speak with greater accuracy, a double expectation, an expectation in the first place that the license once granted would, in the absence of misconduct, be renewed periodically and indefinitely; and, in the second place, that the justices would not allow effective competition with those to whom they had once granted it." It is most important that this should be clearly understood by those who try to follow the future progress of England's great agitation for temperance legislation. The justices might and very often did (the law being administered at one time with laxity and at another with stringency) refuse to renew licenses without any suggestion of misconduct. The justices could and sometimes did establish complete free trade in drink within the area of their jurisdiction.

It followed in either case that, "without any violation of the law, without inflicting any

wrong for which any human being could seek legal redress," either or both of the expectations on which the monopoly value rested might be frustrated, "and the whole fabric of monopoly value itself be brought to the ground." That is the contention of Mr. Asquith, a contention which has brought the price of shares in great breweries from above par to a little above zero and prompted, to quote *The Quarterly Review* again, "a tremendous hubbub." For when England emancipated the slaves, as the indignant London *Telegraph* complains, she compensated the owners. Will she now wipe out license expectations and refuse compensation to the publicans, not to mention the brewers? Mr. Asquith replies that when the conservatives, "the traditional and hereditary protectors of property," came to deal with property in licenses, they threw the burden of compensation not on the public but on the trade. Interests have been allowed to grow up outside the domain of law, interests created or fostered by expectations. What shall be done with these interests and expectations?

THE basis of the measure fathered by Mr. Asquith's ministry is the appointment by the cabinet of a licensing commission, which is to operate for England and Wales. The chief object of this new body will be the reduction of the present number of licensed houses by fully 32,000—one-third the existing number—within a period of some fourteen years. To this end schemes will be prepared by the local licensing authorities and submitted by them to the commissioners. Under the present arrangements, the licensing justices report to a higher court the houses they think should be suppressed, subject to compensation. Under the new bill, a higher court will not act in the matter at all. No attempt has been made to introduce what we Americans call local option features by popular vote, altho the temperance element has been advocating this vehemently.

COMPENSATION for the 32,000 drinking places to be wiped out of existence will come from the same source as at present, that is, out of a fund raised by the trade itself. It is pointed out by that fiery champion of the bill, Mr. David Lloyd George, whose speeches read like somewhat modified editions of the addresses of the late Neal Dow, that "it is a disgrace to England to talk of a compensation for the demon drink." What is the

cause of half the misery and poverty of people? In putting this question to a huge audience assembled to urge the measure on the government, Mr. Lloyd-George replied: "The demon drink." With the help of God and the licensing bill, added Mr. Lloyd-George, "England will down the demon drink." A fair notion of the floods of oratory in and out of parliament by advocates of the measure might be gained by perusal of copies of that now defunct but once belligerent organ of prohibition in this country, *The Voice*. "Drink," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, "is a curse to the country. It leads its victim thro shame to poverty and the workhouse. It drags whole families to ruin." To the same effect argues the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty.

GETTING back into the main stream of the subject, it should be noted that the new licensing bill confers greatly increased authority upon the justices. They are authorized to exclude children from public house bars, the fixing of the age limit being left to them. The licensing justices are to regulate the employment of women and children in public houses, to decide in what way licensed premises shall be arranged, to regulate all access to premises on which liquor is sold and to close the house on specified days. Not only can the local authority thus enforce these conditions upon the holders of licenses, but they can take the license away altogether without any compensation if they see fit. Never have the brewing interests been combined with such solidarity as they have displayed ever since the first mention of this measure. When the managing director of one of the hugest London breweries, among whose debenture holders, he asserts, there are hundreds of widows and orphans and spinsters, thinks of these unfortunates, "dependent on their shares for their little livings," he feels compelled to compare the licensing bill, in the *London Telegraph*, with the edict of Nantes.

THE magnitude of this measure—"as a scheme of public plunder," to quote the *London Telegraph*, "as the finest benefaction of the age," to quote the *London News*—impresses its friends and foes alike. "Mr Asquith may be perfectly assured," thinks the *London Times*, opposed to the bill, "that politics will be convulsed before it comes within sight of passing." It is no overstatement to say that politics are convulsed already.

Ministerialists and members of the opposition have combined again and again to fill the House of Commons with turmoil as the bill progressed from one stage to another. Loudly has Mr. Lloyd-George inveighed against the brewers, who, he says, supply 100,000 electioneering rooms and 100,000 canvassers to the party led by Mr. Balfour. "Beer prevailed where the gramophone failed." The bill provides that all the licenses in England and Wales shall have a time-limit of fourteen years. He thought that was too long, but "King Hezekiah had fifteen years to prepare." The second reading of the bill was moved by the Prime Minister himself and was opposed by Mr. Balfour as "a bit of revolutionary violence." The fate of the measure is altogether uncertain.

TREMENDOUS as have been the demonstrations in favor of the licensing bill, at all of which the emphatic eloquence of David Lloyd-George has fired the audience, the demonstrations against it have been equally great. Mr. Balfour himself lately addressed an overflowing assemblage in London to the effect that the licensing bill is dishonest and ineffective—dishonest in that it confiscates "the expectations of license" capitalized at about \$500,000,000, and ineffective in that it will promote the existence of secret drinking places masquerading as clubs. Into the merits or demerits of the controversies in reference to local option, earlier closing, abolition of barmaids, exclusion of children and so on, the press of all England enters with intense partisanship, for the peculiarity of the situation is that all the followers of Mr. Balfour are dead against the licensing bill, while every supporter of Mr. Asquith is supporting it, some half heartedly perhaps, but all more or less capably. Investors in brewery securities are the most excited of all the government's critics. If the bill passes, many peers, says the *London Standard*, will find their annual incomes cut in two.

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UNFOUNDED reports that the Sultan of Turkey had dropped dead in the gardens of Yildiz Kiosk were exciting Paris dailies when that most distracted of Grand Viziers, Ferid Pacha, was urging the commander of the faithful to sign a decree reviving the constitution suspended by Abdul

Hamid over thirty years ago. The Sultan did not drop dead, but he became so furious, if we may accept the versions of the *Paris Temps*, that he tore the edict to pieces, threw it in the face of Ferid Pacha and vowed never to deny the true faith by adopting a western idea. There the incident might have closed had not the venerable sheik-ul-islam, the most exalted dignitary of the faith in all Turkey, hurried into the study of his sovereign with news from Uskub that the Albanians had taken the Bessa, or oath, to re-establish the constitution imposed years ago upon Abdul Hamid's predecessor by his Grand Vizier, Midhat Pacha. Now Midhat Pacha is to all Young Turks what Jefferson is to our own Democrats. "The effect of this news," says the *Paris Figaro*, "was like that of a thunderbolt upon the Sultan." Abdul Hamid accused Ferid Pacha, who is an Albanian himself, of being in the plot. Again he refused to have anything to do with the revival of the old constitution. The sheik-ul-islam, the wily Jemal-ed-din, is the only man in Turkey who has no dread of his sovereign's anger, for the sheik is the spiritual ruler of the Ottoman dominions, with power to declare the edicts of the Sultan himself, in certain cases, null and void. Unable to depend upon the loyalty of his army, and "gnashing his teeth," as one account says, the Sultan dismissed Ferid Pacha in disgrace and placed himself for the time being in the hands of the sheik-ul-islam

THE government of Turkey, like the government of all independent Mussulman states, is a theocracy of the most rigid kind. The Khalifate, notwithstanding the fact that Abdul Hamid deems himself Khaliph, has been in abeyance for centuries. So long as there was a Khalif (or Caliph) he was at once the head of the political and religious system of Islam. Since the extinction of the Khalifate, the executive organ of the whole system is the ulema, or ecclesiastical hierarchy. The organ of the ulema in every Mussulman state is the sheik-ul-islam. Without his fetva no political act of the Sultan seems to have the slightest validity. Inevitably, therefore, the hapless Abdul Hamid turned to Jemal-ed-din, whose word in Constantinople to-day is law. Jemal-ed-din gently urged Abdul Hamid, the story runs, to revive the constitution. The commander of the faithful gave way. Thus took place what the *London Times* calls a reproduction of the Turkish constitutional comedy of 1876. No one in Europe believes in Abdul Hamid's good faith.

THE immediate causes of the mutinies which made it impossible for the Sultan to put down the constitutional movement with his army are set forth by a well-informed correspondent of the *London Times*. The soldier is neglected to an extent that is almost incredible in an army once rated the best in the world. Except among the troops which enjoy the special favor of the palace, the Turkish soldier is now badly fed, and badly housed. The paltry allowance of about a dollar a month, which he is supposed to receive as pocket money, he does not see for months, sometimes for years at a time. He is usually kept eight years with the colors, double the legal period of service, during which time his parents and his family must struggle along as best they can without his aid. The hopeless mismanagement of the administrative branches of the army, which became painfully obvious during the war with Greece, when regiments were left for days without food, has also done its share in creating discontent and is probably the chief reason why the Sultan found it useless to summon troops to his aid last month. The anger of the soldier simply reflects the rage of the civilian.

APPOINTMENTS to office in Turkey have passed from the Sublime Porte, where the ministers have become figureheads, into the hands of the favorites at Yildiz Kiosk. Public offices have been used to reward intriguers, given to men who with all the vices of the old type possess none of its capacity. "They are just as corrupt, just as brutal, altho perhaps in a less downright way, and in addition they have had no experience of life in the Turkish provinces and no training in administrative work." Hardly less fruitful of discontent has been the almost incredible bungling of everything connected with finance. The taxes collected in the provinces are sent to the capital and only a very small portion finds its way back to be used for the benefit of the taxpayers. Of the remainder, a certain amount is devoted to expenditure which is more or less productive, but no inconsiderable part of it either disappears into the pockets of corrupt eunuchs and courtiers, or is spent upon ships of war that lie rotting in the Golden Horn, or upon the maintenance of the army of spies swarming in Constantinople and to a less extent in other Turkish cities. Even the officials are left unpaid for months, whereupon they plunder the people.



DISCONTENT among the educated classes has for months past been of a kind sufficiently acute to strengthen the agitation of the Young Turks. The Young Turks are a series of groups in isolation rather than an organized party. But they have had their ranks secretly swelled through the circumstance that the reading of the Turkish better classes is subjected to a censorship "of which it would be hard to say whether it is the more stupid or the more tyrannical." The revival of Turkish literature, which showed so much promise when Abdul Hamid ascended the throne, has been crushed out flat. "The works of Shinasî Sadullah Pasha, Kemal Bey and others, of which educated Turks are so proud, have been placed on the index and can now only be read by stealth." Neither in the army nor in the civil service is there any such thing as promotion by merit. To get on, one must secure the protection of someone in the Yildiz Kiosk clique. The only way to secure that is to buy it or turn spy upon one's comrades. Large numbers of young Turks yield to this temptation. Every Turk runs the risk of exile or ruin for any word that can be twisted into a sign of disaffection.

ABDUL HAMID has carried this system of his to such perfection that a school-boy has been banished from Constantinople for giving a light for a cigarette to a man who turned out to be a servant of the heir to the throne, who is kept a close prisoner and with whom it is treason to have any intercourse. The encouragement given to informers has produced a class of blackmailers who live and flourish by threatening to make trouble at Yildiz Kiosk for anyone who refuses to buy them off. The palace practice of exiling persons of advanced views to the provinces has merely had the effect of disseminating the ideas known somewhat loosely as those of the Young Turks among dwellers in the country. It is a well known fact that there are districts where practically the whole of the effendi or gentlemen class is composed of men expelled from Constantinople on account of their liberal opinions. Many of these men manage to keep in touch with their friends and to play the part of missionaries of disaffection. Hence the general foreign impression that the Young Turks are much stronger than they are. But to comprehend the Young Turks one must consider some peculiarities of the Sultan's reign.



ORIENTAL AERONAUTICS

How the Sultan will get rid of the constitution as he navigates his air ship of state.  
—Turin Fuchietto

HAD Abdul Hamid not succeeded a still living Sultan, who remained a possible instrument in the hands of his enemies, and a possible rival to the throne, he would most likely not have thrown himself into the arms of the Old Turks. That is the conjecture of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, supported by much contemporary European press opinion. Abdul Hamid might not have secluded himself in his palace, where an Albanian body guard constantly watches over his safety. He might not have deprived the Grand Vizierate and the Divan of all influence, rendering the Sublime Porte a mere clerical machine and concentrating all power in the clique of courtiers at Yildiz Kiosk, wherein the Sultan himself dwells. Instead of a set of corrupt intriguers, as the London *Standard* thinks, Abdul Hamid might have chosen worthy counsellors to the salvation of Turkey and his own. Had Abdul Hamid not had to fear that his brother Murad would one day be declared sane and capable of resuming the position of Sultan and Khaliph, had it not been persistently rumored among the poor and rich Turks and firmly believed that Midhat Pacha, the statesman who helped the present Sultan to the throne, had obtained from him the promise in writing to resign that throne as soon as Sultan Murad was declared sane; had not the Young Turks, chafing under the tyranny of Abdul Hamid, actually undertaken to rescue Sultan Murad shortly before he died; "in a word, had the present Sultan succeeded, like all his predecessors, in an ordinary way, his right to the throne being uncontested and unquestionable," he might have proved a different ruler of Turkey.

IT would not be too much to say that the circumstances which placed Abdul Hamid thus upon the throne furnish the key to his conception of the Sultanate and to the policy he has consistently pursued. Thus the London *Times*, agreeing with all unbiassed commentators to-day. Abdul Hamid, says Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in the London *Outlook*, never forgot the tragedy which had raised him to the throne. "The Sultan's policy henceforward was to discourage the liberal tendencies that were beginning to make their appearance among the preachers of religion and to launch them in a fresh direction of fanaticism. The army, too, became Abdul Hamid's special care, and, as our well-informed authority says, by such popular acts as the abolition of corporal punishment the Sultan won its good will. In

due time the Young Turks convinced themselves that the story of Murad's insanity was a pure invention of his brother's. The Young Turks idealized Murad as the victim and the martyr of the liberal awakening precisely as to-day they personify in Reshad Effendi, the present legal heir to the throne, the trials and vexations of the people of Turkey. They made verses in honor of Murad and they make verses now in honor of Reshad.

TURKEY might have been a less restless land had Abdul Hamid brought his mind to such a deed as the execution of Murad long ago. "The knowledge that he still lived, that he was the center for the hopes of the Young Turks, that the theological students or Softas of Constantinople retained a tradition that he was their candidate for the throne, poisoned the mind of Abdul Hamid, destroyed his personal courage and surrounded his court with phantoms." The present Sultan thus came to live in dread of assassination and to look for a revolution with the dawn of each day's sun. "He became a monomaniac whose first thought was his own personal safety." Every public measure of a liberal tendency necessarily wore to the Sultan the aspect of a scheme for his own overthrow. Immuring himself more and more in the gardens and terraces of Yildiz Kiosk, Abdul Hamid built himself secret staircases and had his food tasted, before he ate it, by sentinels whom he distrusted. His timidities left him at the mercy of the scheming eunuchs. His jealousies led him to depose one after another all who were not his tools in office. "In a mad world of daily panics and incessant precautions," to quote Mr. Brailsford, "his sanity must long since have vanished, and, if his cunning still survives, it draws its keenness from the terrors of his monomania." Turkey's ruler is to-day not only a poltroon and a prisoner, but a paranoiac.

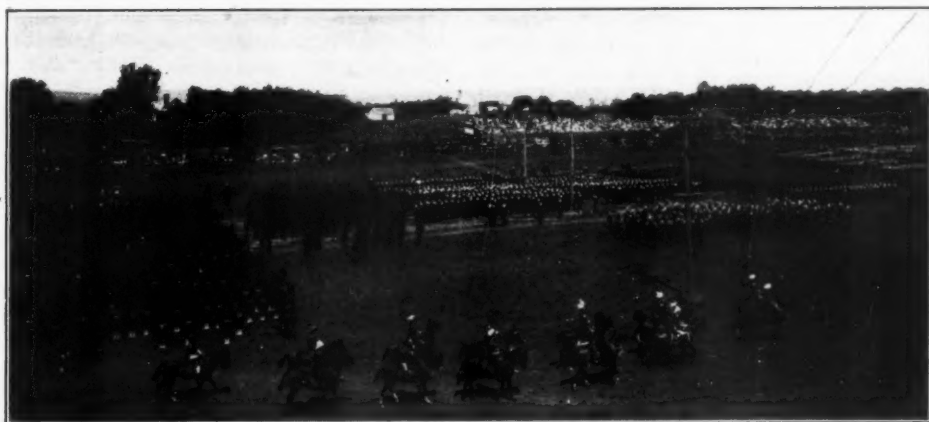
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QUEBEC, having made herself the scene of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed in the Dominion of Canada, bade farewell to the Prince of Wales. She took a scarcely less affectionate leave of Vice-President Fairbanks, who was hailed with enthusiasm all along the route of the pageantry and parades. The one unpleasant episode was the refusal of the French admiral to grant the Roman Catholic archbishop that official recognition which the third republic

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TWENTIETH CENTURY MILITARISM GLORIFYING EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VICTORY

On the Plains of Abraham occurred this, the most impressive exercise held in honor of the tricentenary of Quebec. The troops here assembled were reviewed by the Prince of Wales, among the detachments being several hundred American marines from the United States battleship in the harbor.

deems inconsistent with her new system of separation of church and state. Towards the purchase of the battlefields of Quebec the Prince of Wales handed to the governor-general of the Dominion a purse of nearly five hundred thousand dollars collected in all parts of the British empire. The Prince, in his farewell address to the Canadians, paid a special compliment to the United States for sending ships to the naval review and in landing detachments of marines to participate in the march. His Highness—who, it is announced, intends to ascend the throne of England as George V—confirmed the impression already formed of him that he will prove a democratic and likable king. He shook hands very indiscriminately, showed himself a “good mixer,” and acted with the utmost informality. He personally reviewed the British, French and American ships, the whole of Quebec looking on and applauding from the shore. He was conspicuous through his enthusiasm when the pageant concluded with a dramatic representation of the armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, in uniforms of the period, marching side by side. But his tactful speeches were thought by the Canadian papers the best of all.


WITH his brilliant suite the Prince motored for miles about Quebec, making a particularly impressive pilgrimage to that village of St. Anne de Beaupré, which has won such fame as the American Lourdes. Pilgrims by the hundred stood on their crutches in the highway to cheer. After much urging on the

part of Earl Grey, the Governor-General, and Monsignor Mathieu, Director of Laval University, who accompanied his Highness, the crowds of afflicted humanity afforded the party sufficient space to make their way into the shrine. The steps of the little church were packed with the cripples, to whom the Prince spoke sympathetic words. Men, women and children caught his hands or rushed pell mell before the altar inside, the church organ meanwhile playing “God Save the King.” In a very little while the Prince was within, where he beheld the halt, the lame and the blind kissing the relics. Monsignor Mathieu pointed out stacks of crutches, eye glasses, elastic belts and electric bands cast aside by pilgrims who, having kissed the relics, had departed from the shrine confident of their complete cure.

ANY American Jingo who imagines that Canada may become part of our union would be undeceived, the Montreal *Witness* thinks, had he beheld the ceremonies of this Quebec tricentenary. The demonstrations, according to the Toronto *Globe*, prove the “ineradicable spirit of loyalty to Great Britain” animating the denizens of the Dominion. To the London *Times* it is evident that the French element in Canada is as loyal to the King as are the British there. Yet another lesson learned by the London *Standard* is the fact that Canada is a nation and no longer a mere colony. “No one will ever realize the spirit of the land of the maple leaf,” it points out, “who does not reckon with the intimate devo-

tion to the Canadian idea which fills, without distinction of sub-nationality, those subjects of the King yet citizens of a commonwealth no less free and progressive than the United States itself, who are building up upon the soil of America an empire of the north." It predicts that all the people of the Dominion will make their pilgrimage to Quebec as Englishmen to-day visit Westminster Abbey. "The battlefields will be hallowed ground, consecrated forever to the spirit of Canadian nationality."

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F THE government of Queen Wilhelmina persists in the determination announced with emphasis three weeks ago, a Dutch cruiser will be making demonstrations before a Venezuelan port before the month of September is at an end. President Castro expelled her Majesty's minister from his capital as the result of a dispute between Caracas and The Hague which is more than fifty years old. Accepting the account of the origin of this Caribbean acerbity which appears in the *Amsterdam Courant*, it follows that Venezuelan revolutionaries have long been too fond of taking refuge in the Dutch colony of Curacao. Castro retaliated last June by ordering the trans-shipment of all cargoes at his own port of Cabello instead of at Curacao. This favored coasting vessels flying the Venezuelan flag and discriminated ruinously against Dutch ships. Castro's explanation, repudiated as false in Dutch organs, is that a vast contraband trade exists under cover of the flag of Holland. Castro has carried his measures to the extreme of searching Dutch ships carrying the mails, his plea being that they had fugitive revolutionaries aboard. Queen Wilhelmina's government lately closed the port of Curacao to Venezuelan shipping because a vessel from La Guayra, altho provided with a clean bill of health, was found to have plague in the steerage. Castro denies that. Meanwhile the Dutch in Curacao, threatened with ruin by the progress of hostilities, have made threatening demonstrations against the Venezuelan consul on the island. Castro's turn to move coming again, he expelled the Dutch minister. The Hague at once sounded Washington regarding the length a European power may go against Castro without being halted by the Monroe doctrine. The reply seems to have been somewhat indefinite.

DEFINITE intimations from The Hague that Holland might take the field against Venezuela have stimulated Washington's preparations of a naval and military kind against the South American republic. One European official organ after another has been hinting for the past eight weeks that President Roosevelt's government displays laxity in negotiating with Caracas. Caracas, which has a busier Foreign Office than any other capital in the world, has just committed the diplomatic irregularity of publishing official correspondence prior to its receipt by the power addressed. The purport of the latest effusion was that President Roosevelt's government is conspiring to overthrow one of the republics of the new world and establish upon its ruins a despotism. This act, if successful, means, the Caracas chancellery declares in a circular letter to South American countries generally, the beginning of the end of freedom in the western hemisphere. The only effect of this utterance was a confession from our State Department that Congress may yet be asked to authorize what would amount to military and naval operations against Venezuela.

THE latest news from Caracas is interesting to the *London Post* as providing an additional illustration of the "audacious consistency" with which that truculent republic pursues its policy of despoiling the subjects of European powers. The proofs are cumulative. Germany, Great Britain, Italy and France have had their lesson. Now it is the turn of Holland to give Venezuela a lesson. The French Cable Company was long ago taught, adds the *Paris Temps*, with what ease the authorities at Caracas can dissolve the contracts in which they engage with foreigners and the summary manner in which they carry out their own decisions. No one abroad or even in our own country seems to feel concerned as to the precise merits of the present matter in dispute. It appears to be of a nature analogous to that of the asphalt company in which satisfaction was denied the United States and arbitration refused or practically so. Caracas takes the well-known lofty ground that its action is based on a decision of the highest court of Venezuela. This defence is admitted in the *London Post* to be "superficially complete." It is indeed conceived, it thinks, with consummate cleverness since it rests upon the somewhat cool assumption that the verdict of the highest court in Venezuela is naturally entitled to the same moral weight as the judgment of the Supreme Court at Washington



or of the judicial committee of the privy council in London. The suggestion is, says our contemporary, "grotesque," but it has been put forward with all gravity. The plain fact is that Washington does not believe in the impartiality or the independence of the Venezuelan tribunals nor in the good faith of the Venezuelan government.

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ANY and animated were the conferences at the Vatican that led to the transfer of the Roman Catholic Church in this country from the jurisdiction of the propaganda. "The boldest act of the present pontificate," it is called by the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), and this latest of the many reforms of the present pontificate is to go into effect by November. The first consequence of the Pope's decree affecting his spiritual subjects in this republic is to reduce the importance of that renowned Carmelite friar, Cardinal Girolamo Maria Gotti, who for so many years has held the difficult post of prefect of the Propaganda. The Cardinal has unjustly been suspected of neutrality—an almost benevolent neutrality—of attitude towards the body of opinions somewhat indiscriminately classed as "Americanism." Be that as it may, the Roman Catholic Church in our own land will henceforth come into more direct contact with one whose hostility to Americanism, Modernism, and that sort of thing is pronounced—the Cardinal Merry del Val, pontifical secretary of state, and, as the Socialist *Avanti* of Rome terms him, "the favorite of Pius X." The General of the Jesuits himself, the shy and retiring Father Francis Xavier Wernz, was summoned to the Pope's study many times, it is said, before the decisive step known as "the reform of the congregations"—a momentous proceeding—was taken. Cardinal Gotti, altho a Carmelite, was at one time, as the gossips have it, the candidate of the Jesuits for the succession to Leo XIII. The Pope's first idea was, it further appears, to bestow the prefecture of the propaganda upon Cardinal Merry del Val, which he could have held in addition to the secretaryship of state.

THE congregations "reformed" by his Holiness are committees of cardinals for the better and more expeditious transaction of business accumulating too rapidly for the

Pope's personal attention. They date from the sixteenth century. With the progress of the world not only was the number of the congregations increased or diminished, but in their jurisdictions they manifested a tendency to conflict. Some congregations, again, were overwhelmed with work, while others had little to do. Such was the situation at the accession of the present pontiff. He has long sought a remedy. Hence from next November there will be eleven congregations—equivalent to the departments or ministries of a modern government—five "offices" and three "tribunals." "The keynote of the Pope's reform is the separation of purely administrative from purely judicial affairs, the first being left to the congregations, the other being handed over to the tribunals." Thus runs the official explanation. Of the tribunals, the most important are the Rota and the Segnatura, one a sort of court of first instance and the other a court of last resort. The aim of the Pope is the simplification of the Vatican machinery of government.

OWING to his firm belief that the modernism he condemns is the offspring of that Americanism condemned by his predecessor, the Pope is said to be reading with interest reports now reaching him on the subject of Roman Catholic theological seminaries in this country. Members of the hierarchy began weeks ago to catechise the faculties of these institutions with reference to the doctrines that find currency among them. By the end of this month they must inform the Vatican fully regarding any tendency to modernism still lingering in the Catholic atmospheres between Maine and California. As evidence of what may be anticipated, priests and prelates are agitated by the recent misadventure of an American archbishop who desired a coadjutor. This prelate, having consulted the bishops of his province, submitted to the Vatican the name of a theologian who, besides being a gentleman of the highest character, was noted for the brilliance of his intellectual gifts. Week followed week, but no attention whatever was paid to the subject by the propaganda at Rome, through which the request had been transmitted, in the form prescribed, to the Holy See. To this very day the coadjutor remains unchosen.

DETERMINED to probe this mystery, the archbishop at last made the long journey between his own remote see and that of

Christ's vicar on earth. Blank was his amazement when apprized in Rome that the theologian he wished for a coadjutor was infected with the very heresies for which Loisy had just been excommunicated. Vainly did the archbishop protest that there must be some misunderstanding, that his countryman was a submissive son of our holy mother, the church, and had never, even by implication, professed the slightest agreement with the modernists. Requests for the sources of the Vatican's information were met evasively. The archbishop had to travel back to his see in a state of even denser mystification than ever. He was now resolved, for all that, to sift the matter to the bottom. Having been made aware that the accusation of modernism, which proved so prejudicial to his choice of a coadjutor, was supposed to emanate from one of the suspected modernist's former colleagues in a theological seminary, the archbishop laid the case before the bishop of the diocese concerned.

THIS bishop drew up a protest against the anonymous accuser of the suspected modernist and invited the entire faculty of the seminary to sign the document. All did so eagerly with the exception of one, who, driven to bay by a fire of questions, had to admit that it was he who had lodged the accusation in Rome. The bishop at once proceeded against the informer—whom students and professors now manifested a tendency to boycott—through the diocesan ecclesiastical courts. The accused offered as his defense that part of the Pope's encyclical against modernism which authorizes a secret censorship of Roman Catholic books. The name of the censor is never to be revealed to the author unless a favorable opinion of the work be expressed. The purpose of this secrecy is to save the censor from inconvenience while he is engaged in the examination of a writing or in case he should withhold his sanction. From this mandate of the sovereign pontiff, the professor in the theological seminary would seem to have inferred an obligation on his own part to report secretly to the Vatican his suspicions of supposed modernists. Nor, according to the *Independence Belge* (Brussels), which prints this story on the authority of its correspondent at the Vatican, is the instance an isolated one. A charge of modernism secretly made, it asserts, if accompanied by garbled documents, carries more weight than all the evidence openly given in rebuttal.



EUROPE has watched the progress of our presidential campaign with an interest so profound as to contrast markedly with the languor that has so far characterized the contest here. From London to St. Petersburg there prevails an impression that the foreigner in the old world understands some aspects of the contest far better than do the Americans themselves. "The issue of the election is of the first consequence to Europe," as the Paris *Gaulois* believes, "for the result must react upon international relations from Morocco to the far east." Readers of European newspapers are therefore assured that the balance of naval power for the next four years, the destinies of the German element in South America, and the contest that will soon ensue for possession of the throne of China must be affected—"even materially affected" as the Paris *Figaro* remarks—by the election. Americans, as some European dailies are noting, care little for world politics. They will not take foreign affairs into account when they cast their votes next November. But Europe must do so. "The power of a President of the United States over the diplomatic relations of his country with foreign countries," says the *Temps*, "is absolute. The checks upon him in this field are only theoretical." He can make no treaty of alliance on paper without the Senate, but he can bring about an alliance in fact because he disposes at his will and pleasure of the army and navy of the republic. "There are seven great powers," as the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* says, "and the election will decide who shall cast the vote of one of the greatest of them in the world conferences of the immediate future."

BRYAN would "of course" have no hope, the London *Times*, which rather admires the man, avers, did he "still flaunt the silver standard." But so dead is that issue that this British daily doubts if any efforts of the Republicans to revive it as a bogey will be successful. If Bryan is taken more seriously in his own country to-day than he ever was before, the fact must be ascribed, as the London *Times*, pursuing its analysis, is disposed to believe, to the success of his appearances in Europe. Europe was pleased to take Mr. Bryan seriously, we are assured, and the Americans are so greatly impressed in consequence that they, too, feel quite a new respect for Mr. Bryan. "He is more highly regarded at home because of the seal of ap-

proval which he has received from foreign lands." It was not always thus. "Less than a generation ago an American politician with presidential or other aspirations would scarcely have permitted himself to be received by the King of England, and to be entertained by prominent people in England." If he had, says the British daily, he would have been set down by "the stern democracy" of his vast constituency as toadying to royalty and hobnobbing with the aristocracy, and his political career would have been at an end. "Yet Mr. Bryan, the leader of that party which of all in America has been most anti-English, anti-royalist and anti-aristocratic, has done these things, and his doing of them has been exploited by his political managers and aids." His popularity with the rank and file of the common people has been thereby immensely increased.

MORE important from an international standpoint than any other theory put forth by Mr. Bryan, the London *Westminster Gazette* thinks, is his proposition—well remembered in Europe altho overlooked at home—that the naval strength of the union shall never be used for the collection of debts of a private nature, but only for the personal legal protection of citizens of the United States. "This principle, if adopted, would be a fair and reasonable corollary of the Drago doctrine, which requires other powers to submit to a corresponding limitation. The two together would, no doubt, be taken as some evidence that the Washington government is in earnest, if, under Mr. Bryan's direction, it proposes a general treaty of arbitration by which every nation shall bind itself, before declaring war or commencing hostilities, to lay its case before some authoritative international tribunal." A noble scheme, comments the London paper, but unpractical. Mr. Bryan is told that he forgets how impossible it is for his country to sign away its honor or its interests or let them be juggled away by legal pundits.


TAFT, like Bryan, enjoys in Europe so wide a fame that perhaps for the first time in American history two presidential candidates confront each other with reputations enabling the foreigner to institute a comparison. The Paris *Temps* finds the men alike in personal integrity; but whereas Taft is the constructive administrator, Bryan is a popular orator. "Taft can solve a problem by doing something. Bryan would talk about it." Both

statesmen are able, "but the ability of Taft is practical. The ability of Bryan is theoretical. The Ohio candidate has experience. The Nebraska candidate has ideas. Taft knows. Bryan thinks." There is little likelihood of Bryan's election. "Still, there is a possibility of it." Nothing impresses this Paris paper more than the conviction in the mind of the average educated American that Bryan can not possibly be elected. "Those who have looked below the surface, those who have followed the details of the situation from first hand knowledge, understand the defection of the humbler classes of the citizenship from the Republican party, in spite of the power of the Roosevelt personality. The very poor everywhere are for Bryan. The working men are for Bryan largely. The educated, the cultivated, the conservative are for Taft. But these classes, failing to realize the extent of class cleavage in the republic, are out of touch with the realities around them. Nothing is so misleading as the opinion of the situation to be gathered in the offices of business men, in the studies of the leisured thinkers, in the lobbies of the fine hotels." Bryan, we are told, has a much better chance than the people of the better sort in America now suspect.

WERE the contest to be decided upon some issue concerned with the foreign relations of the republic, notes the *Journal des Débats*, a paper which is hostile to the Monroe doctrine and on the whole conservative, Taft would be elected beyond all doubt. Taft understands the naval situation in the world at large. He has a grasp and a comprehension of military problems. He is at home in the work of colonial administration. He has traveled around the world on diplomatic missions. "It may be doubted if Europe to-day possesses a statesman with a keener insight into the problems of world politics. If the United States became embroiled in any question of world-wide importance, like the Morocco difficulty or the dispute over Venezuela, Taft, as President, would have the firmness, the tact and the patience to gain every advantage for his own country. Americans, however, seldom concentrate their attention for long upon international problems. Taft's availability from this point of view may not avail him much." Mr. Bryan is wise, the French daily adds, in ignoring world problems. He can stand no comparison with his opponent as an authority on those matters which concern the relations of the great powers with one another.

# Persons in the Foreground

## THE STORY OF HISGEN AND THE OCTOPUS

ONEST TOM HISGEN," the presidential candidate of the Independence Party, has a story to tell. The telling of this story will probably constitute his campaign. He makes a speech with difficulty, but he tells his story with good effect, an effect all the better because of the man's evident diffidence on the platform.

It is a story of his fight with the Standard Oil Company—a successful fight up to date. Unsuccessful foes of the Standard are common enough. A successful foe is so rare that it is not surprising he is a candidate for president. It is obvious that the Standard is to have no friends on the stump this year, however it may fare in the courts. Taft and Bryan and Debs and Watson are all likely to take a hand in the game known in San Francisco as "soak the skippie," with the big oil octopus playing the part of "skippie." But Hisgen is the only man of them all who can tell a story of personal encounter with the octopus. For years he has been fighting it at close grips, and lives to tell the tale.

The story begins with axle grease. That is a side product manufactured by the Standard. The elder Hisgen, father of Thomas, was a jeweler by trade and something of a chemist by instinct. He invented an axle grease and four of his sons formed a company to manufacture and sell it. All of them had been, up to that time (1888), clerks in a clothing store in Albany. The combined capital they managed to raise was \$500. A month or two after they started, a cauldron of axle grease caught fire and burned up the whole plant, the elder Hisgen barely escaping with his life. Then Thomas, Gustave, Henry and George got together to make an inventory of their resources. Thomas had an old fiddle that his father had brought from Germany. Gustave had a diamond pin. Henry had \$25 in the bank. George had credit enough to borrow. \$20. They raised about \$100 altogether and started the business again. When they made a stock of axle-grease, they got up with the milkman in the early morn, walked to the market-place where the farmers came with their products, and went around selling the grease

to them. It was good grease, and the farmers found it out. In a few months a genuine demand had been created, and Thomas and Gustave were able to redeem the fiddle and the diamond pin at the pawnbroker's. In ten years the four brothers erected the largest axle-grease factory in the country.

Enter now the Standard Oil octopus. It made an offer to buy out the Four Brothers Company for \$600,000. They had the temerity to refuse. They were proud of their business, and they wanted to keep on developing it and hand it down to their children. Then began the war.

The Standard Oil people, unable to crush the business by ordinary competition, sent agents to the country dealers to tell them that if they did not quit handling the axle grease of the Four Brothers Company they would not be able to get kerosene to sell. That was a serious threat, of course. The Hisgens met it promptly. They went into the oil business, too, and announced their readiness to supply kerosene to the country stores. That was in 1899. The following year they extended their operations to New England, establishing a distributing center in Springfield, Mass. Thomas, the senior of the brothers (only three of whom are now living), went to Springfield to take personal charge there. The Standard Oil began to cut rates, and the Four Brothers met them as long as they dared. The price went from 12½ cents a gallon down to 9, then to 8½, then to 8, then to 7½, then to 7, at which price it was being sold at an actual loss. The Four Brothers appealed to customers to stand by them, and kept their price at 8 cents. Their customers were loyal, and the labor unions took up their cause also. They kept their footing and made things interesting for the enemy. They came near getting a law through the legislature requiring all corporations to sell their commodities in all parts of the state at prices differing only by the amount of the difference in freight rates. Thomas Hisgen in this way got into the political game. The way to a presidential nomination was, for him, made smooth and easy by axle-grease and oil.

Two years ago, being a Democrat, he was





#### A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE WHO COMPOSES LOVE MELODIES

Thomas Hisgen, candidate of the Independence Party, is the author of "The Language of the Soul" and other musical compositions, and the hero of a protracted and successful fight in business with the Standard Oil Company. He is the only one of the seven presidential candidates who hail from an Eastern (and Northern) state, being a resident of Massachusetts. He was second last year in the race for gubernatorial honors in the Bay State, leading the Democratic nominee.

nominated, much to his surprise, for state auditor on the Democratic ticket. When, one year ago, Henry M. Whitney was nominated by the Democrats for governor, Hisgen bolted the party, declaring that Whitney was a tool of the Standard Oil. Mr. Hearst's Independence League thereupon nominated Hisgen for governor. He made a phenomenal run, greatly outstripping the rest of the League's ticket, and polling the second largest vote for governor, Whitney being third and the Republican candidate first.

That is why Thomas Hisgen came to be nominated for President.

He is half German and half Irish. His father was identified with the revolutionists in Germany in 1848, and, when the movement failed, he followed the example of Carl Schurz and came to this country. He married an Irish lass, Catherine McNally, in Albany, and they went out to Indiana to keep a country store. Eleven children blessed the union, Thomas's turn coming in 1858. He has had to pick up most of his education as he went along, and a good share of that he picked up is of a musical sort. He is proficient on the violin, and he is a composer of music. One of his compositions, entitled "Language of the Soul," is described as "an exquisite love reverie"; another is "a stirring schottische," a favorite selection for bands in the locality of Springfield, and perhaps elsewhere.

His efforts at speech-making have been successful because of their freedom from oratorical effort. He just talks and tells his story of How I Fought the Octopus. Says the *Springfield Republican*: "His manner is one of the utmost simplicity and directness. There is

no appearance of manner or affectation. In fact, his simple, straightforward way of speaking, at times seeming to reveal a bit of stage fright, has been one of his strongest assets. Wherever he has spoken all who have listened, whatever their political beliefs might have been, have been impressed with the apparent honesty of Mr. Hisgen's utterances. He appears on the platform to be a retiring, bashful business man whom some strange fate has suddenly dragged into the limelight, much against his own will, and compelled to address the multitudes."

The same paper adds that his fellow townsmen in West Springfield believe in him thoroughly. "To his neighbors he is the fellow-laborer, the man who goes to work in his shirtsleeves, innocent of collar or tie."

Mrs. Hisgen was Miss Barbara Fox, of Albany. They were married eight years ago, and have three children. The family attend the Baptist church, tho Mr. Hisgen was baptized a Presbyterian, and would attend a Presbyterian church if there were one near enough. He is an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of the order of United Commercial Travelers. With Hearst and the Hearst papers to back him, he expects to tell his story throughout the union, and, of course, to poll a million votes. Every presidential candidate talks about polling at least a million votes. Hisgen has as good a chance of doing it as any of the seven candidates, except, of course, Taft and Bryan. His vote-getting power is the most uncertain factor in the campaign, and is likely to decide results in a number of states.

## THE SECRET SORROWS OF THE SULTAN



PERPLEXING as it must seem to all whose eyes have lighted upon the month's despatches from Constantinople, telling now of a crisis precipitated by "Young Turks," again of efforts to slay the commander of the faithful in his palace, no one knows—least of all Abdul Hamid—who is to succeed the Sultan on his throne. It is the unfathomable mystery of Yildiz Kiosk, the source of those sorrows which render these closing years of the head of the Ottoman dynasty one long torment. Not that the public panics and the private tumults of the fort-

night just gone by have modified in the least the perfection of manner and the sweetness of temper for which the Sultan has been celebrated so long. "His entire demeanor," notes the *Temps* correspondent, who watched the commander of the faithful throughout his recent memorable walk along a Constantinople street, "was so regal and so unassuming, his least gesture and his every look betokened such indefinite distinction without affectation of pride and with no trace of self-consciousness, that none need wonder at his reputation for possessing the grandest air that ever mortal had." His manners were likened by a

diplomatist who had many occasions to study them to those of the angels, and from all accounts they have retained their irresistible fascination. The benign smile, the calm glance of the eye, the deferential attention with which the Sultan meets the humblest of his subjects, and the music of a voice that charms all who listen to it—these characteristics still remind the visitor to Yildiz that the commander of the faithful is the most entrancing personality of the age.

Physically, however, Abdul Hamid is described by those who have seen him lately to be but a melancholy reminder of his once splendid self. The emaciation which has been growing upon him in the past two years is seemingly extreme to-day, the shapely arms he inherited from his beauteous mother being two mere stems. His lips look always parched, and he is rumored to suffer from a thirst so constant and so burning that nothing can allay it. He suffers, too, from increasing muscular weakness. The loss of several of his teeth has troubled him. His skin presents a dried and harsh appearance, by no means assuaged through the boils which now excoriate his neck. One of his eyes was said to have been operated upon for cataract last year, although this report, like all stories about the Sultan's ill health, has been officially denied. Bulletins from Yildiz Kiosk never fail to make the Sultan out a prodigy of vigor, but the evidence that he is an invalid seems overwhelming. Not so long ago His Majesty had an attack of giddiness at the Selamlık while leaving the mosque, and on the very next day he fainted while engaged in his devotional practice of reading the Koran aloud.

The practice of dyeing his hair and beard an intense black, to which the commander of the faithful was given for twenty years, has been abandoned. He has ceased to be an early riser although, from the accounts of the well-informed correspondent of the *Figaro*, he seems to be as fond as ever of music and of his pets in the Yildiz gardens, whom he visits with regularity. In defiance of the recommendations of his German physician, the Sultan refuses to go to bed in the dark. He fears the assassin too much. In one of the ante-chambers leading to his private apartments is that life-sized figure of the commander of the faithful which was set up a few years ago to mislead any nocturnal slayer chancing to escape the vigilance of the guards at the door. Although the Sultan has never consented to face a camera, there is an authen-

tic photograph of him in existence, taken by an artist who stole in upon the Kur-ban-Bairam ceremony of kissing hands at the Mir-assim Kiosk within the Yildiz grounds. The snap shot was not good, as the light was poor.

That complete recovery with which last month's official bulletin from Yildiz credited the Sultan is, of course, purely imaginary, it being well known that Nefiz Pasha, the court physician, resorts regularly to injections of morphine to relieve his sovereign's agonies. His Majesty is suffering, says the London *Lancet*, from all the train of symptoms referable to and connected with chronic prostatitis. There is irritability of the bladder, which is said to be enormously distended. There is cystitis. There is disordered digestion. There is, finally, that aggravated condition of the kidneys known to medical men as pyelonephritis. His Majesty prefers the occult lore of Arabic therapeutics to the attentions of those eminent surgeons who are summoned from time to time from Berlin University to assuage his more excruciating symptoms. Yet all these physical ills combined are affirmed to try the commander of the faithful less than the harrowing suspense with reference to his favorite son, Bur-han-ed-din—the name is variously spelled—whom his Majesty wishes, in defiance of all Moslem statutes, to succeed him on the Turkish throne. It is a wish that may never be fulfilled. The controversy it precipitated dates a few years back. It is now plunging Yildiz Kiosk in an uproar.

Students of that system of jurisprudence which bases itself upon the precepts of the Koran insist that the rightful heir to the throne of Turkey to-day is Reshad Effendi, brother to the present commander of the faithful. True it is that some few learned cadis deny the religious sanctions of Reshad Effendi's title. Much will depend upon the attitude, when the crisis comes, of that venerable interpreter of the faith, the Sheik-ul-Islam, whose divine office it is to decide infallibly whenever questions of religion are involved. Suspicion is rife that this venerable and serenely grand Jemal-ed-din, with his superb black and oily beard, trailing through Yildiz in his white turban and long robe, has been won over secretly to the cause of the Sultan's third son. The Sheik-ul-Islam is sly. He is accused of attaining his lofty post by intriguing against his predecessor in the dignity. No political act of the Sultan has any validity without the Fetva of the Sheik-ul-

Islam representing the spiritual power. So, at any rate, contend the interpreters of the Koran, some of whom not only pronounce this a fundamental law of the Ottoman Empire, but insist that any Sultan who openly dared to put any hatt, firman or irade in force without the spiritual sanction would incur the penalty of deposition. Now, Jemal-ed-din is a stalwart champion of his own divine supremacy in matters of faith. The fact that no one at Yildiz Kiosk has the slightest idea whether this refined and learned Mussulman will or will not declare for Reshad Effendi when the time comes is responsible for much of the intrigue at Constantinople.

Reshad Effendi himself dwells immured in the palace which has been his prison for over twenty-five years. He is described as a delightful old gentleman of sixty-four, tall, blue-eyed, with red hair and red beard, which he will have to dye as black as ink should he ever ascend the Turkish throne. "No Sultan must show a gray hair in Turkey," notes the *Paris Débats*. "If he live to be a hundred his hair must remain without a sign of age." Reshad Effendi possesses that charm of manner and all the angelical affability which render personal intercourse with princes of the Ottoman dynasty so delightful. He is destitute of the profound astuteness of his brother, the Sultan, nor is he so handsome and magnetic, but he lacks, too, the extreme nervousness of the present commander of the faithful. Reshad Effendi has the piety of his family, and is said to know long passages of the Koran by heart, besides conforming, even in trivial details, to the rules of the life prescribed in the sacred tome.

Of European culture and learning, Reshad Effendi has always lived in the densest ignorance. Being only the third son of the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, his education was neglected, and he received little in the shape of homage even in the glorious days of his uncle, the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz. Having spent the past thirty years in practical imprisonment within the walls of one palace after another, Reshad Effendi retains of the outside world only such ideas as may be afforded by intercourse with his jailers, his slaves and his wives. He is forbidden to receive visits from anyone at all excepting only the physician, the tailor and the tradesmen selected for him by his reigning brother. On the comparatively few opportunities afforded the heir to the Turkish throne of escaping the city's heats by a sojourn in the country, he is thrust into a closed carriage and

escorted by mounted troops armed to the teeth. It is dangerous even to loiter outside the residence of this prince. Some students at a military academy in Constantinople were jailed for saluting Reshad when they met his carriage in the streets. The three sisters of this close prisoner have seen him but once in fifteen years. No one in Constantinople seems to know what to make of rumors that the old man is suffering from diabetes. His character is described as mild and his disposition is reported to be quite unsoured by the restraints of his peculiar existence. Such is the sum of all the information available regarding the personality of the man who may be called upon to-morrow to fill the Ottoman throne at the behest of the subtle and inscrutable Sheik-ul-Islam.

If, as some commentators upon the Koran maintain, the Moslem law of succession be interpreted in the spirit of the founder of the one true faith, Abdul Hamid will be succeeded by the witty and extremely courteous Yussuf Iz-ed-din Effendi, whose candidacy, according to the *Paris Temps*, has the powerful support of the German Emperor. Yussuf, whose name is variously spelled, like those of his relatives, in European dailies, is the eldest son of a former Sultan, and is now past fifty. His intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Europe, his deep study of German literature, and the tendencies he has shown to assimilate western ideas make him an object of some slight suspicion to the pious. He seems to lack the magnetism of his family, and to have acquired a reputation for cruelty of disposition. Abdul Hamid is said to loathe the sight of him. Yussuf has more liberty than the hapless Reshad, but he may not go and come as he pleases. He is an anemic, yellow, and somewhat thin man, with a cadaverous expression of face, and the only wit in the Ottoman circle at Yildiz. Yussuf is said to be decidedly literary in his tastes, and, as one account has it, he is something of a poet. The Sultan forces him to live in seclusion when he is not sojourning within the grounds of Yildiz, although, thanks to the influence of the German Ambassador, he does not live immured like a monk. His avarice and closeness generally in money matters may explain the prevailing impression that he possesses vast wealth. When Abdul Hamid ascended the throne he sent for Yussuf.

"You are the eldest," said the Sultan. "You must let me have the estate your father left to you and your brothers."



Yussuf obeyed—in part.

"Here is the share of my brothers," he replied. "My own I shall keep."

The story is so well vouched for that it seems authentic. His growing intimacy with the Sheik-ul-Islam leads the gossips of Constantinople to infer many things from the circumstance that it will devolve upon Jemal-ed-din to proclaim the Sultan's death and announce his successor. Object of suspicion though he be to the commander of the faithful, Yussuf is not without a degree of influence over the mind of Abdul Hamid. The Sultan's second brother, Suleyman, had to divorce his wife at the instigation of Yussuf, it is said. The lady is quite beautiful, and wanted to be photographed—a scandalous aspiration to the faithful. Suleyman remains inconsolable, and is invariably pitted against Yussuf in the palace intrigues. So, too, is Wahad-ed-din, still another of the Sultan's brothers, who is apparently the only member of the Ottoman family circle with courage enough to tell his reigning brother that his imprisoned brother, Reshad, is the rightful heir to the throne. Wahad-ed-din literally fought his way to the Sultan's apartments on one occasion for the sole purpose of introducing the delicate topic, since which indiscretion he has been banished to his estate in Asia Minor, coming in to Constantinople only occasionally.

Why the Turkish sovereign should prefer his third son, Bur-han-ed-din, to his eldest, Selim, in the fierce contest for the succession remains a secret. Selim is in his thirty-eighth year, and a most promising prince, whereas Bur-han-ed-din, who is but little past twenty, is affirmed to lack both magnetism and intelligence. All the world knows how tenacious is the hatred of Abdul Hamid, notes the Rome *Tribuna*, "but the commander of the faithful hates no one so intensely as he hates his eldest son." This sentiment is averred to date from the time Selim became an especial favorite with one of the innumerable denizens of the harem at Yildiz. Another legend is that, entering Selim's study one morning, Abdul Hamid found his eldest son intently studying a map of Turkey, and marking with pins all the provinces lost to the empire since the beginning of his father's reign. Abdul Hamid, the story runs, struck Selim in the face and cursed him then and there.

Bur-han-ed-din, while deficient in those personal attractions for which his father is admired, is the Sultan's constant companion.

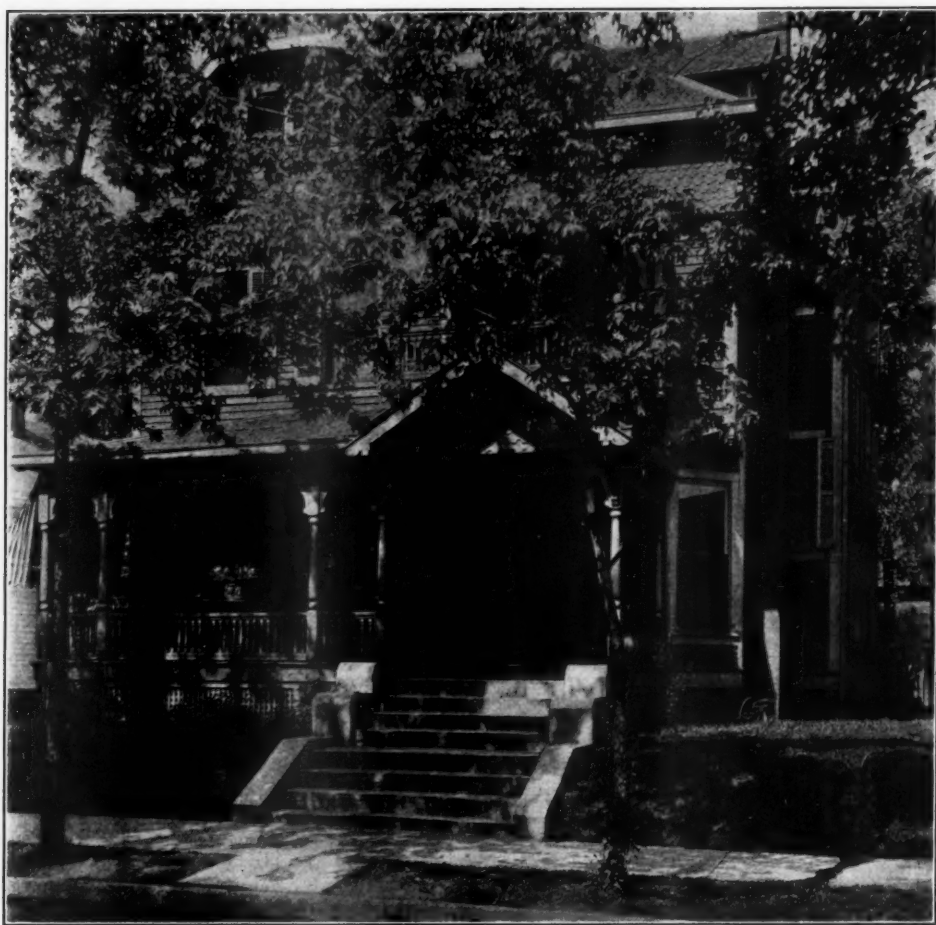
The education of the prince has been mainly German. Tutors from Berlin have taught him the art of war, and professors from Jena have given him courses in philosophy. His religious training has long been the object of his father's special solicitude, and it is said that Bur-han-ed-din is the delight of all sheiks on account of his acquaintance with the commentaries as well as with the sacred text. Bur-han-ed-din greatly distinguished himself when he was a student at El-Azhar, the supreme seat of learning of the whole Islam world at Cairo. For all that, he is not deemed brilliant, nor does he inspire popular enthusiasm when he goes with his father to the mosque for the sublime ceremony of the Selamlık. Truth to tell, the courage of Bur-han-ed-din has been impeached more than once by his detractors, who roundly accuse him of bolting a few years ago, when an attempt was made to assassinate his father. Bur-han-ed-din is likewise accused of secret indulgence in champagne—a flat defiance, this, of the prescriptions of that religion he professes to revere. It is further intimated that the number of his wives is remarkably large for so young a prince. He has become fat in the past few years. In short, Bur-han-ed-din is pronounced by some Constantinopolitans a coward and a glutton, overbearing in demeanor and spoiled. He shocked the whole palace once by whipping a servant until the man's back bled. That is the story, altho it must be confessed that the tendency to slander him increases with the possibility that he may win the hot contest for his father's throne.

The Sultan's determination to alter the order of succession in Bur-han-ed-din's favor is held to explain many contemporary Turkish mysteries. Why was the son of the Sheik-ul-Islam granted the rich railway concession from Aleppo to the coast? To buy his father's support for Bur-han-ed-din. Why was the Grand Master of the Artillery given a monopoly of the electric lighting in Constantinople? It was a bribe in Bur-han-ed-din's behalf. Thus, one after another, are explained decrees, firmans and irades. Bur-han-ed-din himself is said to be so sure of taking his father's place that his natural arrogance has become well-nigh insupportable to the partisans of Reshad Effendi and the champions of Yussuf Iz-ed-din. That the accession of Bur-han-ed-din would constitute a violation of the Moslem law of succession to a throne—depriving of their rights the legitimate heir, Reshad Effendi, seems to be beyond dispute.

## THE AFFABILITY OF MR. KERN

WE ARE to be congratulated, some one has observed, upon the speckless moral character of the candidates which the two leading parties have placed before us for President and Vice-President. We are also to be congratulated upon their affability. It would require a long search with a lantern to find four more affable beings on American soil, or any other soil, than Taft and Sherman, Bryan and Kern. If it is to be a personal campaign, there is no chance apparent at this juncture of its degenerating into a campaign of mud-slinging or of bitter

personal rancor. It would be hard to hate any of the four; it would be almost inconceivable that they should hate one another. Affability wells out of their eyes and gurgles in their throats. It is not a mere impromptu campaign affability either; you can see that in their photographs even before you see the men themselves. It is a deep-seated, ingrown, doesn't-come-out-in-the-wash sort of affability that threatens, more than any other one thing, to give us an uninteresting, saccharine campaign without anything in it to make the blood really tingle and the nerves grow tense. We shall all probably be longing for something



THE HOME OF A HOOSIER DAVID HARUM

John W. Kern, Democratic nominee for Vice-President, is described as above by one writer. He is long and lank and lean, is a master of sarcasm that, however, has no venom in it, and dearly loves to tell a story. When they came to tell him of his nomination he was telling a story and kept them waiting until he finished.

tart and acidulous before we get through, if appearances are not deceitful.

The affability of John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for vice-president, is of a piece with that of the other candidates. It is his chief political asset. Everybody that writes about him bears down hard and confidently on his affability, however wavering and uncertain their touch may be on other points. It was shown in the tribute paid him by his personal friend and neighbor, Vice-President Fairbanks. "There is no better man in the city of Indianapolis nor in the state of Indiana," said Mr. Fairbanks, "than John W. Kern."

Mr. Kern escaped by a few years being born in the state of Ohio; but he has other advantages of birth that in part compensate for that. His father was a Virginian by birth, and his mother an Ohioan, and the stock whence they came runs back many generations on American soil. His mother's grandmother was a sister of old "Tippecanoe" Harrison, and his father was a direct descendant of Robert Bruce. John W. was born a few miles from Kokomo, Indiana, fifty-nine years ago. "Kern himself," remarks E. J. Lewis, in *The Independent*, "has some of the distinctive earmarks of Daniel Voorhees Pike in Booth Tarkington's 'The Man from Home.' Like Daniel Voorhees Pike, he hails from Kokomo, Ind., and, like Daniel, Kern was a long, lean, lank country lawyer that, from the stories told of him in the old days and his witticisms today, seemed—like Daniel Voorhees Pike—to have been a sort of a David Harum of the law as practised and mixed with Democratic politics in the oldtime Hoosier county seats. Whenever the scattered clans gather at Kokomo it is always to Kern and to Tod Sloan—another illustrious son of the old natural gas town—that people refer as the two glittering successes turned out by the community."

We get a picture of young Kern at five years of age dropping corn in the field. We see him lying on his stomach a few years later before a blazing fire-place, reading and studying. His father was a doctor, and young John had few books to read but medical treatises. He began on them about the age of seven. He was fifteen before he saw a railroad train. He had to earn money in the summer to pay for his schooling in the winter, getting the latter at the Indiana Normal School, in Kokomo. He rode horseback five miles every day to get to the school, and five more to get back home, and he first practised oratory on these rides

with the patient old mare as his sole auditor. He taught school when but sixteen, and his affability, not his muscle, carried him through that harrowing experience triumphantly. He went to Ann Arbor, and when he was but nineteen he was a graduate of the law department of the Michigan University, and considered by the home folks a sort of infant oratorical prodigy. When he was twenty-one they ran him for the legislature in a campaign where his election was impossible. But the campaign helped him get a start in law practice, and his affability made a host of friends. Kokomo was a Republican town, but the board of trustees unanimously appointed him, a Democrat, as "city attorney," and he held the office seven years. Then he was placed on the Democratic state ticket, in 1884, as candidate for reporter of the Supreme Court. His election took him to Indianapolis. The fees and salary of the office were considered quite a handsome remuneration, but Mr. Kern had too many friends and too much affability to save up anything, and came out of the office but little better off than he went in. That does not mean, however, that he spent his substance in riotous living. He always was a temperate man, and is now a teetotaler. He neither drinks nor serves alcoholic drinks at his table, and it is said that he was the only one who refrained from drinking the cocktail served by Mr. Fairbanks's caterer at that Roosevelt dinner that caused so many explanations and so much unholy glee.

For four years, 1893 to 1897, Mr. Kern was leader of his party in the Indiana senate, and for the subsequent four years he was city attorney of Indianapolis, being appointed by Mayor Thomas Taggart. Two unsuccessful campaigns for governor completed his record as a candidate up to the present year. He ran ahead of the rest of the state ticket each year, but not enough to overcome the Republican plurality which the state has been turning out steadily for many years. The vote for him in 1900 for governor was 3,216 less than his state gave for Bryan the same year, and in 1904 he received but 347 votes more than were given to Parker. "It is perfectly obvious, however," says Frederic Austin Ogg, writing in the *Review of Reviews*, "that Mr. Kern is justly the most popular Democrat in the state. And Mr. Ogg goes on to explain why:

"He possesses the faculty of forming friendships readily and naturally, with the result that, after forty years of successful legal practice and not less than twenty-five of active public life, he



A MAN OF "UNFAILING AFFABILITY"

"There is no better man," says Vice-President Fairbanks, "in the city of Indianapolis nor in the state of Indiana than John W. Kern." And the editor of one of the papers of Indianapolis says that "he has that one thing, the indescribable something, a good 'warm heart,' that makes him beloved by his neighbors and by all who know him."

is probably as well known to the citizenship of Indiana as any man in the State. And he is one of those happy individuals of whom it can be said that invariably those who know them best like them best. There is about him a peculiar quality of simplicity, earnestness and manliness, an unfailing good humor and cheerfulness under

political disappointment, and personal ill-health, a frankness of speech and a generous impulsiveness of act that endear him to everybody who is brought in contact with him, whether in public or private capacity. His most prominent personal trait is, perhaps, his unfailing affability."

This affability is all the more creditable because Mr. Kern is not a man of robust health. Several years ago he was warned by his physician of the danger of consumption, and he went South for a six months' stay to avert it. He recovered his health and came back home a new man; but his wife and his friends fear the effects a strenuous campaign this year may have upon him. His personal appearance is thus described by Mr. Lewis, one of the editors of the *Indianapolis News*:

"His assets are three—first, an attractive personality, that during the campaign will win for him—personally—many friends and admirers, if it does not win votes for the ticket; second, good oratorical powers and satirical wit, with which he combats opposition largely by ridicule; third, one pair of the most picturesque whiskers that have ever been brought into American politics, and which, toyed with by the cartoonists and humorists of the country, should bring him into a full measure of fame within a month. He is a very fine and pleasing type of American—a cultured gentleman, traveled and carefully read, a good talker, an adept in the American art of telling stories, and very nearly a master of sarcasm that does not cut, but that is destructive as ridicule. He looks the American type, being tall, rather lanky, and decidedly energetic. And he has that one thing, the indescribable something that we as Americans like to see in all Americans—a good, 'warm heart,' that makes him beloved by his neighbors and by all who know him."

The present Mrs. Kern is her husband's second wife, the death of his first wife having occurred many years ago. She is domestic in her tastes and is not covetous of political honors for her husband that mean a strain upon his physical resources. Possibly also she has a regard for his financial resources as well. He is not the kind of a man that can make politics "pay." Even with a good law practice—and he is regarded as one of the best lawyers of the state, with a particularly persuasive tongue—he has accumulated little or nothing beyond the home in which he lives. His wealth is estimated from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars. "He is probably the poorest man in this world's goods," says one writer, "that any leading political party has nominated for the vice-presidency in a generation."



## "THE BLACK POPE"



AS TIME brings with it the prospect of some termination to the labors of that commission which has been so long engaged at the Holy See in revision of the canon law, rumors of the summons of another Vatican Council before the termination of the present pontificate make their way into the European press. No action of such historical importance would be taken by his Holiness, thinks the well-informed *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), without the approval of the General of the Jesuits, who not only enjoys the favor of Pius X but who has become, within the past few months, the most influential personage in the environment of his Holiness. Now it happens that Father Francis Xavier Wernz, the head of the Society of Jesus—"the black Pope"—has not committed himself one way or the other on the subject of a new Vatican Council. But the fact that the sovereign pontiff has asked for the judgment, or rather intimated that he would be guided by the opinion of the Jesuit General, is accepted abroad as final evidence of the real source of papal policy just now. It was Father Wernz, adds the Belgian daily already cited, who, more than any other ecclesiastic, inspired the famous encyclical on Modernism. He is held responsible for the uncompromising decree which has so recently driven that most famous of living priests, Father Loisy, out of the Roman communion. "Vatican policy," as the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) tells its readers, "is another term for the black Pope."

Had this General of the Jesuits, Father Francis Xavier Wernz, been elected to the exalted post he has now filled for about two years for the sole purpose of belying the traditional conception of what a successor of Loyola must be, the choice was ideal. Readers of romances of the kind made classic by the genius of the elder Dumas know nothing, as the London *Times* remarks, of the dull reality of the existence of the General of the Society of Jesus, a life of almost perpetual confinement and of dreary routine work, "the chief distinction of which is that of being the most suspected and the most bitterly abused of all the public men of Europe." Those qualities which the founder of the Jesuit Order set down in his constitution as indispensable in its General, Father Wernz, indeed, possesses. "He is to be gentle, approachable and truly humble, showing kindness to all and

prudence in every affair committed to him." Father Wernz has, besides, a personality that might accurately be termed negative and even quite colorless.

So monastic in its seclusion is the routine of the life led by the Jesuit General that comparatively few, even of the clergy in Rome, have caught much more than a passing glimpse of him, while to the vast majority of the laity he is unknown by sight. He is practically indistinguishable by his attire from the humblest priest in the eternal city. This most conspicuous, officially, of all the ecclesiastics who frequent the curia, with the solitary exception of the Pope, is entering his sixty-sixth year—a handsome, white-haired, reticent man, with steel gray eyes that show blue in a bright light and a timidity of manner that suggests the recluse. Of all the rooms in the great monastery housing him in Rome, that of Father Wernz is perhaps most suggestive of the vow of poverty. His bed is a cot upon which a straw mattress covered with a sheet is the only approach to luxury. The floor is quite bare. A wooden table and a wooden chair are the other features of this cell, which is without a washstand or a pitcher or basin, for the General bathes every morning beneath a shower in a compartment at the end of the corridor. A crucifix on the wall opposite the cot is made conspicuous by the fact that it monopolizes the whole space.

As the General says mass every morning at five punctually, he rises betimes, partaking of no breakfast until seven. His principal meal is eaten in the middle of the day, and it seldom comprises more than fruit, a glass of light beer and a plate of soup. Father Wernz is said to owe his excellent health to a lifelong abstinence in diet. His one dissipation takes the form of books. He has always lived among them, and his learning is simply prodigious. He is intimately acquainted with the English language, altho he uses German in ordinary conversation when his interlocutor happens to be versed in that tongue. He speaks French and Italian fluently. The Ciceronian finish of his Latinity has been much admired, for he speaks the tongue of ancient Rome readily, and writes it so easily that he can translate anything, it is said, into beautiful hexameters. His daily strolls, sometimes in the Vatican gardens, more frequently in the grounds of the Gregorian University, and occasionally along a Roman street, bring



THE BLACK POPE

Father Francis Xavier Wernz is here shown in one of his latest pictures. He is the General of the Jesuits and an influential adviser of Pius X

him into no particular notice, because his rank in the Jesuit order entitles him to no very special distinction in the matter of attire.

The countenance of this grave but amiable ecclesiastic reveals little of that penetration and subtlety, that firmness and air of command, which, as French romancers insinuate, are inseparable from a Jesuit General's consciousness of secret power. The most fructifying imagination could associate no romance with the black Pope of to-day, "the master of monarchs and the equal of pontiffs," whose appearance is simply that of an elderly bachelor of inadequate stipend, with a slight stoop and a tendency to myopic vision. He is the incarnate antithesis of that General of the Jesuits who dies so dramatically in the pages of Dumas's masterpiece, "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." The candidates for the exalted dignity now so colorlessly filled by Father Wernz included, according to Dumas, an Austrian brigadier, a Spanish cardinal, a merchant of Bremen, a Scotch laird with seven Highlanders in his train, a Venetian

Senator and a Flemish lady. Father Wernz could sustain no comparison on the score of picturesqueness with the least flamboyant of these personages. Dumas makes them meet at the inn of the Beau Paon at Fontainebleau and take part in a sort of competitive examination in which the coveted dignity of the Jesuit Generalship shall be the prize of whosoever revealed the most important political secret to the dying General of the Order. Aramis comes out winner in the pages of Dumas, but in respect of amazing secrets Aramis himself sustains no comparison with Father Wernz, if the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) says truly. The General of the Jesuits is supposed to be intimately acquainted with all that is of real significance in the contemporary history of every great ruler. In this detail alone is Father Wernz comparable, it seems, with the twenty-four wonderful men who preceded him in the post he occupies. Otherwise he is a cipher, neither brilliant nor masterful nor magnetic.

The working days of the Jesuit General are passed at a large desk in a small study which is contiguous to an immense theological library. He studies with meticulous attention every paper in the mass of documents that come to him every morning. Every member of the fifteen or sixteen thousand who make up the Society of Jesus is understood to be at liberty to communicate with the General by letter. Certainly the mail of Father Wernz is prodigious and altho the replies are written, as a rule, by secretaries, the General himself signs nearly every letter. Moreover the General is made acquainted, through the medium of special reports, with the career, the characteristics and the daily activities of every member of his vast army. Nothing is likelier to commend a subordinate to him than a capacity for silence. His own conversational accomplishments may be considerable, but it is reported on good authority that the General has a prejudice against all eloquence of a redundant tendency. His disposition, on the other hand, is not of the morose description. No type of ecclesiastical character could be more amiable or more kindly than his. Neither the simplicity of his character nor the unaffected modesty of his bearing has been modified in the least by a fame which now fills Europe. Good nature, plain manners and active kindness endear him to the priests who dwell with him in the Gregorian monastery.

As a professor in the Gregorian University in Rome, and an authority on canon law, as



THE MOST FAMOUS PRIEST IN THE WORLD

Father Alfred Loisy, who was excommunicated by Pius X, is said to owe his punishment to the influence of the Black Pope. The General of the Jesuits has led the campaign against the writings of Father Loisy, and the result has been the present Vatican opposition to Modernism

well as adviser to the Congregation of Extraordinary Affairs, the Congregation of the Index and one or two other Vatican ministries, Father Wernz has built up for himself in the past twenty-five years the reputation of being perhaps the greatest legislator within the Roman communion. His works on the canon law are standard texts in the higher educational institutions of the church. But he has always been in the past, as he continues to this day, an unfamiliar and an unknown figure. His distaste for any kind of publicity has grown upon him since his election to the post of General. He seldom poses for a photograph, and it is said that he never reads a newspaper except the official organ of the Vatican.

When Father Wernz was a little boy, a gypsy predicted, according to one story, that he would be greater and more powerful than the Pope. The prediction, says the anticlerical *Avanti*, a Roman newspaper which dislikes Jesuits, has been exactly fulfilled. Be this as it may, the firm friendship between Pius X and Father Wernz dates from a period long

before the one was elevated to the supreme dignity of the pontificate or the other was made supreme commanding officer of the most famous religious order in the world. When Father Wernz was a somewhat obscure writer of books on canon law and when his Holiness was Patriarch of Venice, the two learned to esteem one another. That accounts for the fact, according to one authority, that the election of Father Wernz to his present post about two years ago was a source of infinite pleasure to Pius X. The two men are said to possess in common simplicity of taste, but in the matter of learning they are as the poles apart, for the present General of the Jesuits is one of the most profound students of the age. Theoretically, of course, he is strictly subordinate to the Pope, and his influence at the Vatican is no whit more than the pontiff may be pleased to allow him. When Father Wernz comes to the Vatican, however, military honors are paid him by the guard there, and when he reaches the papal apartments he is invariably met at the door by the sovereign pontiff in person.

# Literature and Art

## ANDREYEV—A NEW PORTENT IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE



OF all human gifts, the rarest and most precious is authentic creative genius, and wherever it appears we needs must honor it. In our own time, the evanescent flame of inspiration, flickering now here, now there, seems to have blazed up anew in Leonid Andreyev, the Russian. It is but six years since his stories began to attract attention, yet already his name and writings are penetrating into every land. He is peculiarly and intensely the product of his own country, and is chiefly significant because of that fact. At the same time he is universal in his appeal. His friend Gorky has said of him what Ibsen once said of Strindberg: "Here is one who will be greater than I."

Andreyev has been called "the Edgar Allan Poe of Russian literature," and the characterization is suggestive. There is, indeed, in his work something weird, gruesome, haunting and vaguely reminiscent of Poe. But the comparison should not be carried too far. Poe, unhealthy as he was in certain aspects of his genius, is not to be compared, in point of morbidity, with Andreyev, whose imagination at times is positively diseased; and the problems of sex, which obsess the Russian author, were not so much as touched upon by the American. Moreover, Poe was dominantly the *artist*, detached from every worldly and human interest; a dreamer weaving dreams that enchant by reason of their sheer imaginative quality. Andreyev, on the other hand, is *humanist* as well as artist; a child of the Revolution, reflecting the thwarted hopes, the confusion, and the agonies of his people. He is a grim portent, betokening disease, not health; preoccupied with the nether side of life; recalling the old saying that genius is akin to insanity.

The stories that first brought him fame were published in 1902 under the titles "The Abyss" and "The Fog." They are as remarkable for their art as for their revolting themes. Even in Russia the tales aroused a storm of hostile criticism, culminating in a public letter of protest written by the Countess Tolstoy, wife of Leo Tolstoy. The Anglo-Saxon reader will find it difficult, if not impossible,

to conceive of the boldness with which Andreyev in these two stories deals with subjects which in English and American literature would be ruled out of court, even if handled with silk-gloved delicacy. In "The Abyss" the horrible end is made even more horrible by the beauty of the idyllic scene with which the story opens, and which in its poetic sweetness is comparable only to the exquisite romance of Richard Feverel and Lucy depicted in Meredith's novel.

"Their conversation was not interrupted by the growing darkness," so runs the story. "Clear, calm and cordial, it flowed on like a placid stream. They talked about power, about beauty and about undying love. They were both very young; the girl was no older than seventeen, and Nemovetzky was four years her senior. And they both wore students' uniforms; she, a modest brown dress; he the red uniform of a student of technology. Like their speech, everything about them was young, beautiful and clean—their graceful, supple figures that seemed to be saturated with air and a part of it, their light, elastic step and fresh voices which sounded pensive and tender as the purl of streams in a quiet spring night when all the snow has not yet disappeared from the dark fields.

"They came to a ditch and he extended his hand to her. Zhinochka felt blithe and happy. She wanted to jump across the ditch and to shout, 'Catch me!' but she restrained herself, inclined her head lightly in thanks, and somewhat timidly gave him her hand, which still had the tender softness of a child's. He felt a desire to squeeze this palpitating hand until she should cry out in pain; but he, too, restrained himself, took her hand with a respectful bow, and modestly turned aside when her dress lifted a little.

"And again they walked and talked, but their heads were full of the sensation induced by the momentary contact of their hands. She still felt the dry heat of his palm and of his strong fingers. It was a pleasant emotion, but it made her blush a little. He felt the yielding softness of her tiny hand, and saw the dark silhouette of her foot and the



little shoe which clasped it naively and tenderly. There was something sharp and disquieting in the mental image which flashed up before him every now and then. . . . and he suppressed this feeling with an unconscious effort of his will. And then he grew cheerful, and his heart expanded, and he felt so free that he wanted to sing, to throw up his arms to the sky, and to shout, 'Run, I will overtake you.' . . .

"And as a result of all these desires a lump rose in his throat, and tears began to glisten in his eyes.

"The long, droll shadows disappeared, and the dust on the road became gray and cold, but they did not notice, and continued their talking. They both had read many good books, and the bright images of people who had loved, suffered and perished for pure love hovered before their visions. Lines of poetry, read they knew not when, were re-born in their memories, tuned to a sonorous harmony, and wrapped in the sweet melancholy which love imparts.

"Do you remember where this is from?" asked Nemovetzky, reciting: 'Again she is with me, she whom I love?' and that line, 'All the pang, all the sweetness, all the infinite love of mine?'

"No," replied Zhinochka, and she repeated, musingly: 'All the pang, all the sweetness, all the infinite love of mine.'

"All the infinite love of mine," Nemovetzky echoed, involuntarily.

"Could you die for the one you loved?" asked Zhinochka, looking at her childish hand.

"Yes," answered Nemovetzky, deliberately, regarding her with an open, sincere look. 'And you?'

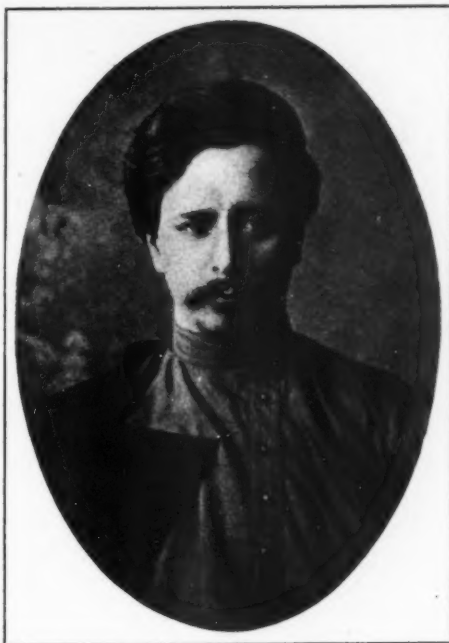
"Yes, I, too. It must be such bliss to die for the person you love.'

"Their eyes met, clear and serene as the balmy air around them, and they sent a message of good cheer into each other's hearts, and their lips curled into smiles.

"Stay," she said at last. 'There is a thread on your coat.' And she raised her hand trustfully to his shoulder and removed the thread with two of her fingers.

"There," she said, and growing serious, she asked, 'Why are you so thin? Do you study very hard? Don't overwork yourself. You mustn't.'

"Your eyes are sky-blue, and there are bright tiny specks in them like sparks of fire," he answered, looking into her eyes.



"THE EDGAR ALLAN POE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE"

Leonid Andreyev, the youngest and most original of the Russian authors of to-day. His work is as morbid as it is powerful.

"And your eyes are dark—no, hazel and warm, and there is in them—"

"Zhinochka interrupted herself in the middle of the sentence and turned aside. Her face reddened, her eyes clouded and grew timorous, and an involuntary smile played upon her lips. She hurried forward without waiting for Nemovetzky. Upon his face appeared a smile of contentment.

"Look, the sun has set," she cried in sorrowful astonishment, stopping.

"Yes, the sun has set," he repeated, seized with sudden melancholy."

This scene of pure love is but the prelude to tragedy unspeakable. Its very innocence is enough to rouse the suspicions of every reader acquainted with the style and spirit of Andreyev. The Russian writer is incapable of treating innocence simply as innocence, and for its own sake. A darker purpose perpetually lurks in the background. The closing words of the above-quoted passage already indicate some menacing change, for in Andreyev's stories the aspect of nature is always symbolical of an inner and spiritual event. In this case, the event cannot be even hinted at here. Its horror surpasses the

flights of even the most morbid imagination. Suffice it to say that the story closes in a darkness that is worse than death—in a veritable "abyss."

The story of "The Fog" is, if possible, still more ghastly. It is a study in moral decay, and the leading character, Pavel Rybakov, becomes so repulsive to himself that when his little sister runs into the room he hides his face in his hands and cries out: "Go away, Lilly; don't touch me! I tell you I am dirty, dirty, dirty!"

Upon the appearance of these stories, the Russian critic Burenin attacked them severely in the *Novoye Vremya*. His protest was soon followed by that of the Countess Tolstoy. She said:

"On reading Andreyev's stories one feels that he takes an actual delight in vice and in the low manifestations of human life. This love of sin contaminates the uncultured reading public, and the young men and women who do not yet stand morally upon a solid basis, who have not yet been able to adjust themselves to life, and who merely repeat their favorite, senseless phrase, 'Why, this is life, real life.' Such sorry writers as Andreyev are only able to concentrate their attention upon the dirty side of human life, upon the fall of man, and they appeal to the undeveloped and semi-intelligent to look upon the decaying corpse of man's fall, and to close their eyes to the whole magnificent world of God—beautiful nature, sublime art, the lofty strivings of human souls, religious and moral struggles, and high ideals of goodness. There is something noble even in the description of the fall of unfortunates and weaklings, if it is done in the manner, let us say, of Dostoyevsky. But in such description every true artist should bring light to humanity not by seeming to sympathize with sin, but by portraying the struggle against the evils of the world, high ideals, goodness and truth, and their triumph over the weakness and the sins of men. I should like to cry aloud to all the world: 'Help bring back to their senses those unfortunates whose wings are clipped by the Andreyevs, the wings which are given to every man for the high flights toward an understanding of the spiritual light, the beauty and goodness of God!'"

In the ensuing discussion, the Countess's letter was bitterly criticized. The friends of Andreyev were stung to the quick by this imputation that their author was himself in love with the vices he described, and expressed their indignation with trenchant eloquence. Young Russia, it seemed, rallied almost to a man to Andreyev's defence. Women also participated in the controversy. One girl wrote to the Countess reminding her that precisely the same charges had been brought against her distinguished husband, at the time of the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata," that

she was now bringing against Andreyev. Another writer declared:

"I have not met a single person who takes pleasure in reading the dirty scenes depicted in 'The Fog.' All read them with pain in their hearts, with pity toward the young man described, and all carry away the desire to escape the lot of Pavel Rybakov. The significance of Andreyev's story is in the warning which it conveys, and there is no doubt that the reading of 'The Fog' will make many a young man reflect on his life, and try to put a moral curb upon his impulses. For this incentive to self-analysis and moral betterment Leonid Andreyev deserves our deepest gratitude."

Six years have passed since the publication of these stories and Andreyev has shown that his genius is many sided. The morbid still engages his pen. Nothing fascinates him so much as the analysis of failure and decay. But he has taken new flights, has plumbed new depths of human psychology.

At the time of the Russo-Japanese war he wrote a story called "The Red Laugh." It is a masterpiece, and depicts the gradual disintegration of a sensitive man's mind brought into intimate contact with the seamy side of militarism. No anti-militarist tract has done so much to reveal to the Russian people, and to humanity at large, the meaning of war. No reader who has scanned its pages could ever forget the impression of *horror* it conveys. The most memorable passage in the book describes a battlefield running with blood at the dawn of day. The conquerors have departed, and corpses with gaping wounds are strewn over the ground. Spectators come to gaze, shuddering, at the scene, and understand for the first time what war really is—a "red laugh!"

In another of his stories, "The Life of Vassily Fiveisky," Andreyev follows, with the precision of a surgeon or a pathologist, the slow mental decay of a Russian village priest. Vassily loses everything—wife, child, property and finally his own reason. He is a modern Job, and the tale is symbolic of the black despair and intellectual confusion through which the whole Russian people are passing at this time.

"Lazarus" (reprinted in *CURRENT LITERATURE* for May, 1907) is a third study in decadence, conceived in a spirit of high poetic imagination. It is based on the New Testament story of Lazarus returned from the dead, but Andreyev, instead of creating a radiant figure bearing a message of light from worlds unknown, depicts a monstrous, deformed crea-

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ture with an infinity of darkness in his eyes. This Lazarus of Andreyev's story may have looked upon the face of God, but if so he saw Death, and not Life, there; and he comes back to earth blighting and corroding everything he touches. Nothing more pessimistic has ever been written than "Lazarus."

In view of Andreyev's predilection for the morbid, it is not surprising to find him turning, next, to a portrayal of the traits of Judas Iscariot. Here again we are confronted by an imaginative study as powerful as it is unhealthy. (See *CURRENT LITERATURE* for April of this year.) Andreyev treats Jesus Christ and Judas as symbols of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Perhaps he also means to convey the idea that evil needs must love good, yet ends by destroying it. The act of betrayal is represented as growing out of Judas's sense of hopeless and unreciprocated love for Jesus. He yearns to have Jesus with him against the whole world. He wants to prove to the Master that those disciples who to-day clamor for the first place at his right hand will be the first to desert him on the morrow; that he, Judas, is the only one who is really loyal. Having failed to win Jesus alive, he will even betray him to death to show him the truth as he sees it. This strange motive is developed by Andreyev with consummate skill; and in style he most happily assimilates the tone of the New Testament narratives.

Of an entirely different character is the story, "So It Was," written at a time when Russia was in a state of incipient revolution. On the surface, this seems to be a fantasy based on the French Revolution; but actually it is a thinly veiled satire on the Russian people's present relation to the Czar. Under the pretense of describing a revolution a hundred years old, the author tries to convince his fellow-countrymen of the foolishness of their submission to absolute rule. The people, he intimates, are quite as much to blame as the Czar. "It is necessary to kill tyranny," says one of the characters in the story. "It is necessary to kill slavery," replies his friend. "There is no tyranny; there are only slaves."

Now that the revolution has subsided, Andreyev has returned again to the treatment of more general questions, and his novel, "Darkness," may be regarded as a sequel to "The Abyss." But tho externally dealing with the same problem as that treated in the earlier story, the real issue in "Darkness" turns upon quite a different point. A terrorist of the

highest ideals and of the purest character is thrown by chance with a "fallen" woman. He scorns her and wants to leave her, for the next day an important terrorist act is to be performed. But she tells him that he has no right to be good when she is bad. At first he does not understand her, but on reflection he finds that she is right, that it is a shame to be good when there are bad people in the world. "I will have to learn to become bad," he says. "This is what honesty and truth demand. Goodness requires only the sacrifice of one's life, but honesty requires the sacrifice of one's soul also. I will go out in the street," he continues, "a fallen man, and I will say, 'Behold, what has become of me! I had everything: intellect, honor, worth, and—horrible to think!—even immortality; and I have cast everything away at the feet of a prostitute; I have renounced everything because she is bad.'"

Andreyev has been attacked on all sides for his latest story. The plot, in fact, is highly improbable. But like most of Andreyev's works, "Darkness" must be interpreted symbolically, and it is evident that what the author means to convey is a sense of the responsibility and blame attaching to every member of society for the ills existing therein of which the unfortunates are made the victims.

Andreyev is a dramatist, as well as a novelist, and has written nothing more impressive than his morality play, "The Life of Man." This deals with the five (not seven) ages of the ordinary mortal, and is regarded by Russian critics as an indictment of life and death without parallel in the world's literature. A prolog is delivered by "one in gray," and this "one" (personifying Fate) remains a passive but awe-inspiring spectator throughout the play. As the curtain goes up, he recites:

"Behold and listen, you who have come here for amusement and laughter. Directly there will pass before you the whole life of Man, with its dark beginning and dark end . . . and I, whom everybody calls He, will remain the faithful companion of the Man in all the days of his life, in all his ways. Unseen by him and by those near to him, I shall be by his side unfailingly, when he is awake and when asleep, when he prays and when he curses. In the hours of joy, when his free and bold spirit mounts high; in hours of depression and dejection, when the spirit is oppress by deadly gloom, and the blood turns cold in his heart; in hours of victories and defeats, in hours of great conflict with the inevitable—I shall be with him, I shall be with him.

"And you who have come here for amusement, you who are doomed to die, behold and listen: the life of Man, fast-coursing, will pass before

you, with its sorrows and joys, like a far-off and ghostly echo."

The scenes of the play, which are little more than dramatic pictures, may be described as follows:

"The first scene is 'The Birth of Man and the Sufferings of His Mother.' The mystery of birth, the sacrifice of motherhood, and the vulgarity of the surroundings in which man is often ushered into the world are depicted in this scene. The mother nearly dies, but the new being is started on his earthly career.

"Poetry and sunshine fill the second scene, 'Love and Poverty.' Here the author paints the illusions, the brief happiness, the spiritual expansion of man. It is the period of ideals, dreams, courage, and pure unselfish affection. The man has met his helpmeet, his friend, his wife, and there is magic and music in their speech.

"The third scene is 'A Ball at the Man's House.' This is savagely satirical throughout. It reveals the hollowness, the insincerity, the pettiness, and meanness of ordinary society. It is filled with low intrigue, ignoble passions, envy, malice, and egotism.

"This is followed by 'Man's Unhappiness.' The hero loses his child, his dear and cherished son. He is overwhelmed with despair and rage. He asks 'Why?' and angrily, vainly interrogates the silent heaven as to the meaning of life and death.

"Finally, there is the scene in which the hero dies—'The Death of Man.' The man had not become reconciled to his great loss, had sought forgetfulness in drink, and had descended to the lowest depths of vice and degradation. He dies in a grog-shop, amid brutal and filthy creatures; he dies raving and cursing. The cycle is over.

The thing that was Man has passed into non-existence."

It will be noted that even "The Life of Man," which seems to indicate Andreyev's philosophy more clearly than it is indicated in any other of his works, ends in crushing pessimism. Yet Andreyev himself, at least in his more hopeful moods, disclaims the title of pessimist. "His pessimism," says B. F. Botzianovsky, a Russian critic, "if pessimism it be, is of a peculiar nature." This critic continues:

"It is the sorrow of the lonely man who longs for another life, for other, real people, who seeks the truth with a terrible zeal, who believes in the possibility of truth, but who is continually compelled to combat the various obstacles which life puts in the way. The pessimism that grows out of such a struggle assumes a character which is the very antithesis of pessimism. Thus in Andreyev pessimism becomes most naturally transformed into optimism."

Andreyev's own words on this subject are highly significant as an aid to the interpretation of his works. "By denying everything," he says in an essay, "you arrive at a belief in the symbol. By refuting the whole of life you involuntarily become its apologist. I never believe in life so much as when I read Schopenhauer, the father of pessimism. Here is a man, I say to myself, who thought as he thought and yet lived. Hence I conclude: life is mighty, life is invincible."

## A FRENCHMAN'S FERVID TRIBUTE TO WALT WHITMAN

**I**T has been the curious and ironical destiny of "Leaves of Grass," which was written by an artisan for artisans and by an American for Americans, to be appreciated chiefly by "intellectuals" and to be welcomed most cordially by foreigners.

For a generation, the reputation of Whitman as a great poet has been established on the other side of the sea. England, almost from the beginning, accorded him a consideration which he was refused at home. The first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (that of 1855) evoked the enthusiastic sympathy of Swinburne, the Rossettis and the members of their group, and the edition of 1860 created a veritable sensation in English literary, artistic and university circles. Tennyson, Robert Bu-

chanan, Edward Carpenter, Edward Dowden, H. Buxton Forman, John Addington Symonds, Robert Louis Stevenson and scores of other Englishmen of letters were not slow in recognizing Whitman's genius. In Germany, as far back as 1868, the poet, Ferdinand Freilich, called the attention of his countrymen to Whitman in a study entitled "The Bard of Democracy," and, in 1839, Knortz and Rolleston published at Zurich a partial German translation of "Leaves of Grass." In 1905, the German interest in the American poet had become so great that Dr. Eduard Bertz and Johannes Schlaf engaged in a heated controversy regarding his sexual normality. The Italian, Enrico Nencioni, signalized "Leaves of Grass" in 1881 in the *Fanfulla* and extolled it, in 1885, in the *Nuova Antologia*, and, in

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\*WAL Bazz



1887, Luigi Gamberale printed at Milan (under the title "Canti Scelti") an Italian version of a portion of the same book. Whitman was introduced to Denmark in 1871 by Rudolf Schmidt, who, besides affirming his admiration for his poems, translated one of his prose works into Danish. In 1883, Dr. Popoff translated portions of "Leaves of Grass" into Russian.

In France, Whitman, without being intimately known, except by the few who read English, has nevertheless exerted indirectly an appreciable literary influence. In fact, a veritable Whitman cult has long existed among the French practitioners and partisans of the *vers libre*. In June, 1872, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published a twenty-page article on Whitman by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon), which recognized in him a number of exceptional gifts, altho it pronounced his instincts "detestable," his philosophy "repugnant materialism," his language "grotesque jargon" and his demeanor that of "an escaped lunatic." A few years later, Charles Bonaparte-Wyse adapted a portion of "Leaves of Grass" into Provençal. In 1884, Léo Quesnal contributed a laudatory study of Whitman to the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*; and, in 1887, Gabriel Sarrazin published an essay on Whitman which the poet himself affirmed to be "the boldest blow" which had been struck up to that time for his cause.

At the present time Leon Bazalgette is undertaking to give his countrymen an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with Whitman. His plan of campaign embraces a biography, entitled "Walt Whitman—L'Homme et Son Oeuvre"; an interpretation, entitled "Walt Whitman—Le Poète-Prophète"; a translation of the last edition of "Leaves of Grass"; and a translation of Whitman's prose works. The first volume\* of this series—the biography—has already appeared. It is characterized by an admiration for the "Sage of Camden" which is so unbounded as to amount to adoration. M. Bazalgette rates Whitman as the greatest of American writers:

"The America which muses and sings, back of the America which labors and forges, has given to the world thus far four universal geniuses: Poe, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. Among these four figures is one which, more and more, dominates colossally the group: Walt Whitman. Poet, seer, you hesitate to define him. He is the one and the other and much more besides. In him an entire continent seems suddenly to become

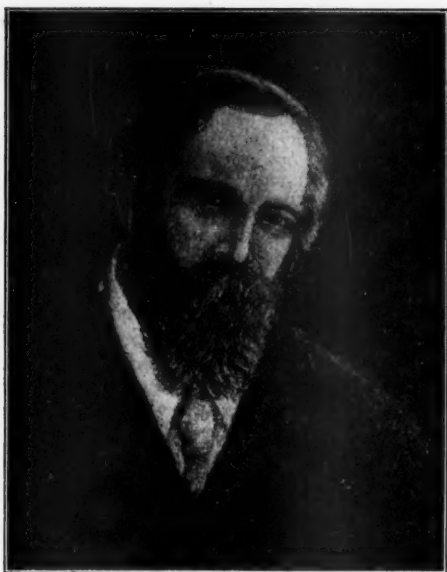
vocal, to celebrate itself; a young race to incarnate itself in the features of an individual wrought out of a new material; democracy to unfold itself in hymns of unforeseen accents. In listening to him, you seem to hear a rhapsody, enormous and rude, which had passed from the world of antiquity to American soil to proclaim the desires, the marvelings, and the faith of the modern man. Its crowded frescoes are the Vedic hymns, so to speak, of our age. They quiver with the emotion which accompanies the beginning of an era."

M. Bazalgette implies further—without positively committing himself, however—that Whitman, by virtue of his universality, is the greatest poetical genius, all considerations of nationality apart, of the century just closed.

"The conviction of a few chosen spirits, expressed in diverse tongues, is that Whitman should be regarded as not only incontestably the first of the singers of his race, but as the most powerful and the most original poet of the entire nineteenth century—a conviction at which one may smile *a priori*, but which, nevertheless, is gaining ground from day to day. Many who would not venture to share it are constrained to admit that there is no other poet of modern times so prodigiously vast. In truth, his verses possess to an astonishing degree a quality which those of only a dozen, perhaps, of sovereign geniuses have possessed: that of addressing themselves to the entire world. They correspond more closely than any other utterance to the aspirations, to the needs, to the fervors felt by every element of young and progressive humanity upon the planet. The revelation with which his work is pregnant appears as decisive for us Europeans as for his compatriots of the East, of the West, or of the South. Indeed, it would be idle for his compatriots to attempt to appropriate Walt Whitman to themselves: he escapes them. Passing all the frontiers, he addresses himself to each and every one of the peoples of the earth; and, if he shall not be recognized one day by all without exception, he will not be recognized fully—that is to say, in the measure in which he ought to be recognized—by any. In certain respects, Walt Whitman is nearer to us Frenchmen than if he were of our own blood. He does not emerge for us from the night of time or from the mists of space, like this or that imposing figure who remains solitary and remote in spite of everything. He is a big elder brother who illumines our march after having breathed our atmosphere, followed our paths, experienced our appetites, and ruminated our thoughts. It is not a question, then, of presenting here an 'exotic,' but of suppressing the barriers which debar us from a living fountain of beauty and of love, at which generations will quench their thirst, as generations have quenched their thirst at the fountain of Shakespeare."

The personality of Walt Whitman appears to M. Bazalgette as wonderful as his writings. "Whatever," he says, "be the value of the work left by the American bard—and this

\*WALT WHITMAN: L'HOMME ET SON OEUVRE. By Leon Bazalgette. Paris: Société du Mercure de France.



"A PAINTER OF DREAMS"

Mrs. L. Fitzpatrick's Portrait of Albert Ryder

is incalculable—it is no exaggeration to affirm that the man seems still more extraordinary.

His life was the life the most simply grand, the most ample, the fullest, the most extraordinary which has ever been lived, perhaps, upon this planet; a life candid, joyous, expansive, multitudinous and zestful without ostentation, which has passed bodily into a strange, phenomenal work without equivalent in origin, character and significance; a life beside which the careers of the great adventurers or the most strenuous of the modern captains of industry appear almost poor as soon as we have pierced the surface and grasped the ensemble; a life which seems to explode the word 'live' for the purpose of recreating it with new meanings." M. Bazalgette is particularly impressed by the complexity of Walt Whitman's character:

"Walt Whitman englobes a world of antinomies. As soon as you succeed in seizing and fixing what you think his essential traits, other characteristics of at least equal importance immediately solicit you. . . . Among the many strong contrasts, the most striking, perhaps, is that which is revealed when, in considering him in his daily walk and conversation, you discover him by turns so close to common mortals as to be confounded with them, and formidably isolated by his superhuman proportions. As a perfect democrat—not in attitude and word, but in daily practice—he superimposed upon the qualities of the mass, in which he shared largely, the inappreciable

spiritual faculties which belonged to his own particular individuality. There was no divorce between the crowd and his gigantic personality: he possessed the attributes of ordinary humanity, and, besides, that 'great something' of which Thoreau and Tennyson suspected the existence without being able to define it, and which was not that which is commonly called genius. Nature did not force him to expiate the superiority with which she had endowed him by marking him, as she marks most very great men, with the freakishnesses, inaptitudes and defects from which the average man is exempt, but, prodigiously generous towards him, she willed that he should rise as high as the loftiest peaks, and that, instead of the snows and denuded rocks corresponding to his altitude, he should conserve to the very top the vegetation of the warm valleys which are adorned with farms, shade trees and harvesters. It was in this respect that Walt Whitman was a new specimen of humanity, a product *sui generis*, springing out of the soil and the democracy of the New World."

There were certain curious contradictions in Whitman's nature to which M. Bazalgette calls attention. The great poet could be both egotistical and humble. On occasions he wrote "puffs" of his own poetry for the papers; at other times he would talk of his "pomes" and "pieces" with the guilelessness of a rustic. He was audaciously frank in "Leaves of Grass" regarding his private life, but in presence of his friends he was secretive. He saluted joyously the conquests of science, while permitting himself only the most primitive objects for his personal use. He glorified the mercantile spirit, yet affirmed throughout his whole career a masterful disdain of money. These contrasts (and others equally striking which might be mentioned), disconcerting as they appear at first blush, are not, to M. Bazalgette's thinking, real contradictions, but merely manifold manifestations of an underlying unity. He says:

"Like life, like nature and like truth, Walt Whitman was made up of contrasts which were blended in a higher harmony. For, if there was one quality in Whitman regarding which it is impossible to doubt, it was the perfect equilibrium of his nature. You recognized this immediately by the monumental impression you received in his presence. He seemed the living confirmation of those truths which impose themselves and cannot be proved. One would have said that he shared the immense indifference of nature. Events seemed to affect him no more than they affect a block of inorganic matter; and, in circumstances where the least excitable man would have lost his head, bounded with indignation, or burst into laughter, he remained perfectly impassive. If, by his invincible penchant for the indolent and musing absorption of life, Walt evoked the South, by his absolute self-control he showed himself possessed of a Northern temperament. The same

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person who, in his innermost being, vibrated with the most imponderable psychic emotions, and who, in the evening of his life, reverting to the thrills of his heart and of his senses, confessed his numerous racking passions, was capable of maintaining the impassibility of the Himalayas. The ardent curiosity which impelled him towards all the aspects of multitudinous life, the quiverings of his ramifying sensibility, the movements of his terribly hot blood—all these were fused in a sovereign calm to which every witness bears testimony. This man, who had pushed his investi-

gations into the spiritual domain as far as anybody, remained in his attitude a brother of the ruminants and of the hills. And, recognizing how the world of emotions proclaimed through him its affinities with the inorganic world, we admire this exceptional fusion. All antitheses met in his being to recompose, as it were, a synthesis in which the universe should appear. There were no more walls of partition; the material world and the spiritual world effected a supreme reconciliation in the flesh and soul of an individual—Walt Whitman, a cosmos."

## ALBERT RYDER'S MYSTIC ART

**N**O GREATER contrast could well be imagined than that existing between Albert P. Ryder and the spirit of twentieth century New York. That the two should somehow have managed to blend is nothing short of a miracle. But then Mr. Ryder is himself a kind of miracle, and suggests the thought that if the inward vision is strong enough, the environment is immaterial. In a city dominated by commercial ideals he has chosen to follow the gleam of far-off, mystic ideals, and as if to emphasize his contempt for material things he lives in a back room in a lodging-house, amidst piled-up debris and confusion. The visitor to this squalid workshop is bound to feel a pang of disappointment; but in Mr. Ryder himself he cannot be disappointed. The man is as genuine and as simple as an oak.

It is twenty years, now, since Mr. Ryder's paintings brought him the fame of a master. He belongs to the "old guard" in American art, and has won the right to be ranked with Homer Martin, George Inness and John La Farge. As individual as any of the three artists named, his subjects are entirely different from those they have selected. Mr. Ryder is pre-eminently a poet, and he delights to realize on canvas the dreams of the master-poets. His "Temple of the Mind," which many regard as his greatest achievement, is a symbolic por-

trayal of a moon-lit temple from which a satyr has driven the Graces. The subject was inspired by Edgar Allan Poe. His "Constance" is based on the Chaucerian legend of the unfaithful wife who was set adrift, with her babe, in an oarless boat on the North Sea. Shakespeare and Wagner have furnished many of his themes. In all he does is a touch of the



Owned by R. B. Angus, Esq., Montreal.

### "THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND"

(By Albert Ryder)

"A piece of pure symbolism," says Charles de Kay, "as beautiful in thought as the finest work of the kind during the Middle Ages, and lovely in color as nothing else. It is a picture steeped in fancy, and may be taken as one of the greatest achievements American painting has yet shown."



Owned by John Gellatly, Esq., New York

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

(By Albert Ryder)

The reproduction gives but a faint idea of the beauty, the terror and the weird poetic mystery of this daring creation. "Ryder has painted in it," says one critic, "the sound of rushing waters and the melancholy whistle of the wind"

archaic; but *mystic* is the epithet that best describes his art.

Mr. Roger Fry, for awhile curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum and now foreign representative of that institution, has lately taken occasion to express his surprise that American critics have not long ago made clear "the undeniable genius, the unmistakable inspiration" of Albert Ryder. Perhaps Mr. Ryder is himself partly to blame. He is much more interested in achieving great work than in publishing its merits. And yet for years his work has been highly esteemed in art circles.

As long ago as 1890 Mr. Charles de Kay published in *The Century* an article hailing Mr. Ryder as a painter of rare, if not unique gifts. "His pictures," said Mr. de Kay, "glow with an inner radiance, like some minerals, or like the ocean under certain states of cloud, mist, wind. Some have the depth, richness

and luster of enamels of the great period." And Sadakichi Hartmann has written in his "History of American Art":

"My first visit to Ryder was one of those hours never to be forgotten. It is Ryder's overflow of sentiment curbed (sometimes even suppressed for the moment) by a sturdy awkwardness which also now and then appears on the apparently so mild surface of his character; his patient waiting (running away from his studio to absorb November skies on moonlit nights, and returning to his canvases at all times of the day and night whenever an idea suggests itself), until he can condense all the manifold inspirations of which a picture is created, into the most perfect one at his command—which makes his art so great that it can hold its ground even in the company of illustrious masterpieces. One must see his 'Siegfried' (owned by Sir William Van Horne, Montreal) riding along the Rhine, meeting the Rhine daughters near a mighty oak, all bathed in a cold armor-glittering moonshine, to realize how he can flood a picture with sensuous, bewitch-

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ing poetry; and in order to fathom how far he can climb in grandeur of thought and composition one must study his 'Jonah' (owned by C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Ore.), and his 'Flying Dutchman.' The world-weary phantom ship, adrift on the tempestuous sea of time—its colossal troughs bedizened with the lurid glamor of a goblin sun—is seen struggling in the left distance, in an atmosphere laden with Good Friday gloom and glory, on a mighty wave, *upwards!* This upward movement is genius, pure and mighty, that will live for centuries to come (if no varnish slides occur). It is a picture as impressive as religion, one of the few that sound the note of sublimity which is, after all, the highest in art."

In an article published in *The Broadway Magazine*, Joseph Lewis French has paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Ryder's art. He says:

"Ryder paints dreams. This is the simple and best definition which the art world has given him for thirty-five years. His paintings are evolved from his inner consciousness and are pure *tour de force* of the imagination and memory.

"One looking at his canvases hardly cares to separate them into detail. It would be dissecting

a dream. And yet each and every part of a picture, which may have occupied him from two to ten years in the painting, is a faithful transcript from some well-remembered original which he has seen and noted in his long and solitary walks abroad. Even the slightest detail of the pose of figures, which are apparently wrought purely from the imagination, has been studied from nature. And for all this Ryder relies wholly on his marvelous faculty of minute observation and his excellent memory."

Ryder's method of working, Mr. French continues, is unlike that of any other living painter:

"A poet by nature who often writes verses on any great topic or character which has stirred his soul to deep thought, he bides his time. He does not choose his subject. It comes to him. Meditating long on that wonderful trinity of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' Prospero, the gentle Miranda, and the strange Caliban, finally begin to take shape slowly on the canvas. They do not form themselves in his mind's eye first, as is the case with all other painters. He only *feels* them there. As he paints



Owned by Sir William Van Horne, Montreal

"CONSTANCE"

(By Albert Ryder)

Based on the Chaucerian legend of the unfaithful wife who was set adrift with her child in the North Sea. This picture, says Roger Fry, "has the audacity of conviction, the sheer indifference to all ordinary plausibility of an inspired vision"



Owned by Dr. A. T. Sanden, New York

"THE FOREST OF ARDEN"

(By Albert Ryder)

A poetic study reminiscent of Maeterlinck and the Pre-Raphaelites

they grow and grow subtly, surely, until after long, patient toil they stand, as subtly, surely surcharged with imagination and yet full of conviction as life itself.

"After he has evolved them—as much his own creation from first to last as Shakespeare's—perhaps the legend of King Cophetua, shadowiest and most simple of stories, or it may be of the Flying Dutchman—has begun to tug at his fancy. Again and again and again the shadow of the dream returns, till finally the artist seizes the brush and begins to give it form.

"He is a slow worker, as befits a dweller in dreamland. He cannot paint a picture to order, but is the slave of the lamp of his imagination, and has for years been left alone by the few connoisseurs who appreciate him, to work out his vision in his own way.

"Thus dining often on a crust and a glass of water, as is his preference (he has never tasted spirits in his life), and sleeping on his pallet in his queer old room—no highest courtesy of the term could call it a 'studio'—descending therefrom occasionally of a night, for he loves to wander when the moon is at the full, to take long walks, which often lead him across the Hudson and for miles

inland or along the Jersey shore, Albert Ryder lives out his dreams and puts them down on canvas for posterity."

To these tributes should be added that of Roger Fry, lately published in *The Burlington Magazine*. "Ryder's genius," he declares, "is essentially akin to that of the lyric poet; it might arise almost at any moment, and in any circumstances; it does not belong particularly to its age or its place; one might almost say that it was independent of the artistic tradition it inherited. Certainly, its effects depend upon no slowly built-up knowledge of technique and construction, no inherited craftsmanship handed on from one generation to another." Mr. Fry continues:

"What Ryder has to say is so entirely personal, so immediately the fruit of his own peculiar humors, that he was bound to find for it a mode of expression equally peculiar and individual. Ryder, of course, belongs quite definitely to his age, and, tho not quite so obviously, to his country; but it is partly by virtue of this very exaggeration of individualism in his art that he does so. So that it seems of little importance to explain even if I were able to, his genesis and development. One accepts him merely as an isolated phenomenon, a delightful and unexpected freak of his stock. Still, it is impossible not to associate him almost immediately with one other American creator, namely, Edgar Allan Poe, nor to wonder whether similar circumstances, or a similar violence of reaction from them, have been at work in the formation of their kindred spirits.

"In any case, Ryder, tho he is happily still in full possession of his powers, still a producer, belongs to the pre-Whistlerian age. He is the last gleaning of the harvest of 1830; his romanticism has the fervor and heat of the earlier votaries of the movement, he has the unconsciousness and abandonment which one looks for in vain in contemporary art. One thinks first, as I said, of Poe, because something in their isolation has given a common quality to the work of the two, but after him one thinks of the earlier romanticists, of Shelley, of Coleridge, of Schubert."

Mr. Fry goes on to justify his conviction in the following description of Ryder's "Constance":

"It has the audacity of conviction, the sheer indifference to all ordinary plausibility, of an inspired vision. It might be dangerous to hazard a guess as to which way the boat is moving, or how it is constructed or can float at all; but there can be no doubt that it is moving forward by some magic spell with the silent swiftness of Alastor's bark 'As one that in a silver vision floats, Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night.' And all this, so comparatively easy to poetry, so difficult to painting with its more specialized vision, is given by a very peculiar method, by a most elaborate and hyper-subtle simplification. The actual forms are almost childishly simple, but they have a mass and content essential to the effect they produce.

"And this, I take it, is one of the crucial problems of the painter, especially the modern painter, namely, to give a sense of the complexity, infinity and richness of matter without involving his design with a corresponding complexity of form. Ryder has solved it by painting over and over again, loading his paint sometimes to a dangerous extent, and producing at last a wonderfully enamelled surface overlying a broken and highly varied impasto. It may be that this peculiar technique, which he has worked out for himself, is also due to a certain tentativeness, almost a hesitation, in his manner, which leads him continually to refine on the idea, changing gradually every element in the design until each part becomes expressive. In any case, the result of this infinitely laborious process is one of great simplicity in the achieved result."

Enough has been said to make it clear that Mr. Ryder is a great thinker, as well as a great artist. He has garnered, in living, a rich philosophy, and some day he may be persuaded to give it to the world in writing. In the meanwhile, he offers this partial expression of the ideals that have guided him in his work:

"Imitation is not inspiration, and inspiration only can give birth to a work of art. The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought. In pure perfection of technique, coloring and composition, the art that has already been achieved may be imitated, but never surpassed. Modern art must strike out from the old and assert its individual right to live through Twentieth Century impressionism and interpretation. The new is not revealed to those whose eyes are fastened in worship upon the old. The artist of to-day must work with his face turned toward the dawn, steadfastly believ-



Owned by Sir William Van Horne, Montreal

"SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS"

(By Albert Ryder)

"One must see this Siegfried," says Sadakichi Hartmann, "riding along the Rhine, meeting the Rhine daughters near a mighty oak, all bathed in a cold, armor-glittering moonshine, to realize how Ryder can flood a picture with sensuous, bewitching poetry"

ing that his dream will come true before the setting of the sun."


"It is the first vision that counts. The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work in such a manner that it will resemble the work of no other man—for no two visions are alike, and those who reach the heights have all toiled up the steep mountains by a different route."

"Art is long. The artist must buckle himself with infinite patience. His ears must be deaf to the clamor of insistent friends who would quicken his pace. His eyes must see naught but the vision beyond. He must await the season of fruitage without haste, without worldly ambitions, without vexation of spirit."

"The canvas I began ten years ago I shall perhaps complete to-day or to-morrow. It has been ripening under the sunlight of the years that come and go. It is not that a canvas should be worked at. It is a wise artist who knows when to cry 'halt' in his composition, but it should be pondered over in his heart and worked out with prayer and fasting."

"The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art."

## BERNARD SHAW'S DISCOVERY OF A SUPERTRAMP

VER since George Bernard Shaw, in 1892, instructed the Independent Theatre of London to "discover" him, he has been generously busy in his leisure hours discovering others, not only men, but the superman; and now it is the supertramp. This last superindividual, however, is no Nietzschean abstraction, but an astonishing new English poet whose book of verse, "The Soul's Destroyer," found its way by mail to Shaw in 1905, straight from a London doss-house. It was sent in desperation by a tramp, William H. Davies, after such a grim struggle for recognition as rarely falls to the lot of the poet nowadays.

The little book was not a complimentary copy. Its author could afford nothing so pleasant. "As far as I could guess," writes Shaw, "he had walked into a printer's or stationer's shop, handed in his manuscript, and ordered his book as he might have ordered a pair of boots." And "G. B. S." continues:

"It was marked 'price half a crown.' An accompanying letter asked me very civilly if I required a half-crown book of verses; and, if so, would I please send the author the half-crown; if not, would I return the book. This was attractively simple and sensible. Further, the handwriting was remarkably delicate and individual: the sort of handwriting one might expect from Shelley or George Meredith. I opened the book, and was more puzzled than ever; for before I had read three lines I perceived that the author was a real poet. His work was not in the least strenuous or modern: there was in it no sign that he had ever read anything later than Cowper or Crabbe, not even Byron, Shelley, or Keats, much less Morris, Swinburne, Tennyson, or Henry and Kipling. There was indeed no sign of his ever having read anything otherwise than as a child reads. The result was a freedom from literary vulgarity which was like a draught of clear water in a desert. Here, I saw, was a genuine innocent, writing odds and ends of verses about odds and ends of things, living quite out of the world in which such things are usually done, and knowing no better (or rather no worse) than to get his book made by the appropriate craftsman and hawk it around like any other ware."

Shaw paid his half crown and bought more copies, which he ordered sent to various London critics and "verse-fanciers," wondering slyly if they would recognize a true poet when presented to them in so unusual a way. It was not long before the reviews began to appear. No less a critic than Arthur Symonds, in *The Outlook*, called attention to "this curi-

ous, disconcerting book, in which the lodging-house of the poor finds for the first time its poet"; and he discovered in his poems "something of the grim directness, the grotesque humor, the pungent realism, of the best work of James Thomson." Others hailed William Davies as a latter-day Blake. "The Soul's Destroyer," announced *The Bookman*, "contains some of the most beautiful and poignant poetry of our day. For brevity, simplicity, and bitter force and calm, the 'Lodging House Fire' is one of the finest reveries in the language." And *The Academy* went so far as to query, "Will Mr. Davies ever be a classic like Blake or Wordsworth? We believe that, if he has wit and opportunity to perfect his skill, it is not impossible. Mr. Davies has the one thing essential: all the others may be added unto him if, as we have said, he is given his chance and will take it. A poet of the air and sunshine, sinewy, adventurous, sincere."

Simultaneously appeared enthusiastic columns in the London dailies, and an interview with the poet, reading which, Shaw learned for the first time that William H. Davies was a tramp living in a wretched lodging-house—a strange, unaccountable sort of tramp, with a wooden leg and an inherited income of eight shillings a week. "Finding this too much for his needs," Mr. Shaw remarks, "he devoted twenty per cent. of it to pensioning necessitous friends in his native place, saved a further percentage to print verses with, and lived modestly on the remainder. My purchase of eight copies of the book enabled him, I gathered, to discard all economy for about three months. It also moved him to offer me the privilege (for such I quite sincerely deem it) of reading his autobiography in manuscript."

Shaw not only read the autobiography, he recommended it to a progressive London publisher as "most remarkable," and it is now just published under the arresting title he gave it—"The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp."\* Moreover, he contributes a preface, introductory and critical, in which he mockingly disclaims all personal knowledge of the "incorrigible" author; for, he solemnly assures us, "if he is to be encouraged and approved, then British morality is a mockery, British respect-

\*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP. By W. H. Davies. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. A. C. Fifield, London.



tability is an imposture, and British industry a vice."

Mr. Davies was born in Wales about thirty-five years ago, in a public house kept by his grandfather, a retired sea-captain; and the story of his boyhood reads like Dickens. He was apprenticed to the picture frame trade, but proved a rather idle apprentice, loving to read day and night and astonish the old folks with his learning. His grandmother was "pleased to tears" when a friend saw a likeness between him and John Bunyan, until she reflected that there was "no prospect of ever tracing a resemblance between their hearts."

For young Davies had already organized a gang of thieves—"six small boys of good families and comfortable homes"—who were working the town for paint-brushes, pencils, bottles of perfumery for their girls, etc., etc., and who, being caught red-handed, were sent to jail and flogged. "That was hard luck, certainly," comments Shaw. "It gives me a feeling of moral superiority to him; for I never fell into the hands of the police—at least they did not go on with the case (one of incendiarism), because the gentleman whose property I burnt had a strong sense of humor and a kindly nature, and let me off when I made him a precocious speech—the first I ever delivered—on the thoughtlessness of youth."

At the age of twenty-one, both grandparents having died, young Davies set out for America in quest of a fortune, scornfully leaving the income from his tiny inheritance to accumulate till his return. This portion of his autobiography should be particularly interesting to Americans, for it was here that he became initiated into the ways of tramp life, beating his way on our railroads with such undistinguished Americans as "New Haven Baldy" and "Three Fingered Jack"; begging joyously at our fashionable summer resorts; reading in our libraries, and accepting the hospitality of Michigan jails in winter time when such kindness was exceedingly profitable to the keepers and marshals. He worked, it must be admitted, as little as possible, at wood-chopping, hop- and berry-picking, canal-digging and as cattle-man on Atlantic liners, and he received one offer of adoption, being young and comely and poetical, from a childless old German farmer. But the Super-Tramp preferred his independent hobnobbing with such gentlemen of leisure as "Washington Shorty," "New York Fatty," "Philadelphia Slim," or "Brum." Of the last-named we are told he was a "genuine beggar who did not

make flashes in the dark, having one day plenty and nothing the next day; what he required he proceeded to beg every morning, making an inventory of his wants. Rather than wash a good handkerchief he would beg an old one that was clean, and he would without compunction discard a good shirt altogether rather than sew a button on—thus keeping up the dignity of his profession to the extreme. . . . Begging was to him a fine art, indeed, and a delight of which he never seemed to tire. I have known him, when surfeited with an abundance of common food, such as steak, chops, etc., to beg lozenges and sweets, complaining, I suppose, of sore throat." During one summer Davies and "Brum" made their way round the various watering-places on Long Island, where they had glorious times. "Cake—which we had hitherto considered as a luxury, became at this time our common food, and we were at last compelled to instal plain bread and butter as a luxury, preferring it before the finest sponge cake flavored with spices and eggs . . . This part of the country was exceptionally good for clothes."

Davies also tells how he navigated the Mississippi in a tub of a houseboat until laid low by malaria in a Memphis hospital; and finally, in a wild and romantic attempt to reach the Klondyke, while beating his way on a Canadian railroad, he had the great misfortune to meet with an accident which cost him his right leg. "It is a placid narrative," writes Shaw, "unexciting in matter and unvarnished in manner, of the commonplaces of a tramp's life. It is of a very curious quality. Were not the author an approved poet of remarkable sensibility and delicacy I should put down the extraordinary quietness of his narrative to a monstrous callousness. Even as it is, I ask myself with some indignation whether a man should lose a limb with no more to-do than a lobster loses a claw or a lizard his tail, as if he could grow a new one at his next halting place! If such a thing happened to me, I should begin the chapter describing it with 'I now come to the event which altered the whole course of my life, and blighted, etc., etc.' In Mr. Davies' pages the thing happens as unexpectedly as it did in real life, and with an effect on the reader as appalling as if he were an actual spectator."

According to Mr. Davies, America is the tramp's Paradise and the unskilled worker's Hell. After meeting with the utmost kindness in the little Canadian town where his leg was amputated, he made his way back to Eng-

land, terribly shaken, and finally settled in London with his eight shillings a week, determined now to give his brains "the chance they had longed for when the spirit had been bullied into submission by the body's activity." His next effort was the composition of a tragedy in blank verse. He was confident that it would meet with success, but it was returned to him on the third day. He then wrote another tragedy, a comedy, and some hundreds of short poems. He appealed to philanthropists to help him publish his work. He even hawked his poems on loose sheets from door to door. But all was of no avail. For the time his hopes were completely crushed. There was still one chance. By saving a few shillings he fitted up a pedlar's tray, and started to tramp the country. "As I advanced mile after mile, the sounds of commerce dying low and the human face becoming more rare, I lost for the time being my vision of the future, being filled with the peace of present objects. I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first stile in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first footpath across the wild common that was neither of gravel nor of ash. . . . Reaching St. Albans on the first night, I walked through that town and, making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heavens to guard and honor the coming of age of the beautiful moon. And this fine scene kept me awake for two or three hours in spite of tired limbs. This seemed to me a glorious life as long as summer lasted and one had money to buy food in the towns and villages through which he passed." But his pins and laces did not sell, and he found himself now possessed with a strange unwillingness to pursue any longer the methods of earlier days.

When he had earned nineteen pounds he returned to the doss-house and published his book of poetry, only to suffer new disappointment in the failure of the book to receive notice; until "having started to drink and losing control of his will," he had wildly decided to burn every copy in his possession when an unsought encounter with the Charity Organization made him "swear a great oath that these copies, good or bad, should maintain him until the end of the year." So with his last available shillings, he bought a quantity of stamps and posted a dozen copies to well-known people. Within two days, he

received four letters back enclosing the price of the book, and in this way shortly disposed of no less than sixty copies. Among those early purchasers was George Bernard Shaw, whose instant recognition led to the overwhelmingly wider one which soon followed.

Mr. Davies has published a second volume of verse<sup>1</sup> since 1905, which more than sustains his reputation gained with "The Soul's Destroyer"; and a third is forthcoming.<sup>2</sup> We give in conclusion a few stanzas from his much quoted revery, "The Lodging-House Fire." "Poems like this," as Arthur Symonds says, "are not written as literary exercises; they have the authenticity of 'human documents.'"

My birthday—yesterday,  
Its hours were twenty-four;  
Four hours I lived luke-warm,  
And killed a score.

I woke eight chimes and rose,  
Came to our fire below,  
Then sat four hours and watched  
Its sullen glow.

Then out four hours I walked,  
The lukewarm four I live,  
And felt no other joy  
Than air can give.

Ten hours I give to sleep,  
More than my need, I know;  
But I escape my mind  
And that fire's glow.

For listen: it is death  
To watch that fire's glow;  
For, as it burns more red,  
Men paler grow.

I count us, thirty men,  
Huddled from winter's blow,  
Helpless to move away  
From that fire's glow.

So goes my life each day—  
Its hours are twenty-four—  
Four hours I live lukewarm,  
And kill a score.

No man lives life so wise  
But unto Time he throws  
Morsels to hunger for  
At his life's close.

Were all such morsels heaped—  
Time greedily devours  
When man sits still—he'd mourn  
So few wise hours.


But all my day is waste,  
I live a lukewarm four,  
And make a red coke fire  
Poison the score.

<sup>1</sup> NEW POEMS. Post free for 1s. 7½d. from the author.  
The Weald, near Sevenoaks, England.

<sup>2</sup> NATURE POEMS AND OTHERS. A. C. Fifield, London.

# Religion and Ethics

## DOES "ADVANCED" TEACHING EMPTY THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES?

 HE phenomenal decrease in the number of theological students, so frequently emphasized in recent religious discussions, is by no means confined to America; it is assuming international proportions in Protestant lands, and nowhere more than in Germany. While in all the other departments of the universities of the Fatherland there has been an increase in the enrollment so marked as to lead to a revival of Bismarck's fear of a "learned proletariat," dangerous to the state and to society, the church of Germany is lamenting the fact that within the last twenty years the number of Protestant theological students has fallen from a total of 4,572 to 2,106, or 54 per cent—a fact all the more significant when it is remembered that the total enrollment at the universities during these same two decades shows an increase of nearly one hundred per cent.

The why and wherefore of this decrease has become a burning question in the synods, conferences, church papers, and even in the parliaments of Germany. The conservative papers are unanimously of the opinion that the radical theology taught at the universities is the source of the trouble, and are appealing strongly to the authorities to appoint men to the theological faculties whose teachings are in harmony with the traditional faith of the churches. Thus the *Alte Glaube* of Leipzig says in substance:

How can anything else than the present decrease be expected when the bulk of the theological professors are in no sympathy with the faith which the young candidate is expected to preach to his people? As long as such essentials as the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the Atonement, and the like, are denied, there is nothing to attract a student to the study of theology at the universities. He cannot preach to his people what he learns at the universities, and at the universities he cannot learn what he is to preach to his people. Between university theology and the theology of the church at large there is a deep gulf; and it cannot be expected that young men

will again take to the study of theology until positive and evangelical teaching again prevail at the universities.

Special fuel was added to the flame of this controversy by the recent appointment of Professor Deissmann, of Heidelberg, to Bernhard Weiss's chair in Berlin, and of Professor Drews, of Giessen, to Halle. In both cases "advanced" men were given the place of the conservatives, and the government justified its action on the ground of so-called "parity principle" in the theological faculties, i. e., the principle of allowing both advanced and conservative types of theological thought representation on the theological faculties. To this the conservatives have vigorously objected. The *Reformation*, of Berlin, says:

"University professors do not exist primarily for the purpose of making learned researches, but rather to prepare young men for the active work of the ministry. They should accordingly be in harmony with the confessional status of the church for whom they are engaged. Their work should not be mainly 'scientific,' but 'churchly,' and if it is not the latter it is no surprise that earnest Christian young men refuse to attend the universities in order to equip themselves for gospel work. Professor Krueger, of Giessen, some time ago made the statement that it is the duty of the theological professor to endanger the souls of his students, meaning that he must make them doubt even the fundamentals of faith as taught by the church, in order thereby to help them work their way to personal and not merely traditional acceptance of Christianity. But the trouble is that in many or most cases the average student does not get beyond the stage of doubt, and then comes despair and rejection of Christian truth, and not a deeper personal certainty and conviction."

The advocates of advanced theology feel the attacks keenly and in their way are undertaking to show that the decrease of theological students in Germany has not been greater in those faculties which represent advanced thought. In the *Chronik der Christlichen Welt*, the full data and facts are published, as follows:

## ATTENDANCE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

	Berlin	Bonn	Breslau	Erlangen	Giessen	Goettingen	Greifswald	Rostock	Halle	Heidelberg	Jena	Kiel	Koenigsberg	Leipzig	Marburg	Strassburg	Tübingen
Average 1886-91.....	732	130	169	325	99	235	305	61	660	88	126	86	201	640	194	113	408
" 1903-08.....	305	78	66	150	70	106	89	47	320	61	49	34	71	279	134	67	280
Decrease per cent.....	58	40	61	54	27	55	70	23	52	31	61	60	65	56	31	41	31

From this table it appears that the decrease ranges from Rostock, with 23 per cent., to Greifswald, with 70 per cent., and that the critical or non-critical attitude of the faculty has nothing to do with the rate of decrease. For the three most conservative universities, Erlangen, Greifswald and Rostock, show a decrease of 58 per cent., while at the universities with the most advanced faculties, Giessen, Heidelberg, Jena, Marburg and Strassburg, the decrease during this period has been only 38 per cent.

The conservatives have endeavored to offset these conclusions by pointing out that not a

single one of the universities most largely attended, such as Berlin, Leipzig and Halle, is exclusively in the hands of the advanced men. Not a single radical theological faculty, they further assert, draws a large attendance. And naturally, they argue, the conservatives will suffer with the advanced, as a result of the present radical ascendancy, for the attitude of advanced thinkers has made pious young men suspicious of all university theology. Nothing, say the conservative periodicals, will crowd the theological lecture rooms of the German universities again except a revival of positive and evangelical Christianity in the professors' chairs.

## THE TWO SIDES OF BISHOP POTTER'S CHARACTER



HE late Bishop Potter, it is generally conceded, was a man of the world before he was a bishop—and after. This dual sympathy with the secular and the religious was undoubtedly the source of both his strength and his weakness. It made for strength because his very knowledge of the world enabled him to present the church's claims in their strongest light. It made for weakness because it sometimes led to compromise and to what *The Christian Advocate* calls "erraticism."

There was always a curiously dual aspect of the Bishop's qualities. He knew how to be both aristocrat and democrat. He lived in magnificent style, demanding not merely the comforts but the luxuries of life; yet when occasion demanded he could spend his summer vacation ministering to the sick and needy on the East Side of New York. He fraternized with Pierpont Morgan and the wealthiest men of the nation; yet at times he avowed Socialistic principles. *The Christian Advocate*, in an editorial written by Dr. Buckley, declares that "his career can best be illuminated by dividing it into the normal and the erratic, which tho almost

inextricably mingled may be separated with sufficient distinctness for recognition."

According to this paper, his erratic qualities were manifested most plainly in his attitude toward the temperance question. It says:

"In 1895 he presided at Carnegie Hall over a great meeting convened to protest against a proposed law to allow saloons to be opened during certain hours on Sunday. The speakers represented the chief religious denominations. Among the clergy who spoke were his colleague, Bishop Doane, and Fathers Elliott and Doyle of the Roman Catholic Church. These denounced with great vigor of argument and moral enthusiasm the opening of saloons on Sunday. Bishop Potter not only heartily congratulated those who were the most clear and forcible, but made an address himself, in which he said:

"The saloons should be closed on the Lord's Day in this great Christian state, so that on that day there may be an opportunity for its observance. I believe that the majority of the people are with those of us who are trying to do this thing.

"I would like to express right here our profound gratitude to that courageous and efficient officer who has insisted upon the enforcement of law, and has enforced its obedience; who has put down the insolent clamor that said we wanted no Christian Sunday. Since then a great cry of gratitude from thousands has gone up, that on the Sabbath the door of the saloon was shut and the door of the house of the Lord was open."





Photograph by Pach Brothers.

"A CORINTHIAN BISHOP OF A CORINTHIAN DIOCESE"

"If Boston is the Athens of America," says *The Outlook*, "New York City is its Corinth. Bishop Potter was a Corinthian bishop of a Corinthian diocese. He interpreted the church to the world, and the world to the church, for he understood both."

"Some years afterward he changed his ground and threw his entire influence in favor of giving the saloonists license for a large part of Sunday, and when Mr. Jerome proposed a law to allow the saloons to be opened on Sunday, Bishop Potter supported it by a letter; and when the Church Temperance Society, which had by a large majority supported his previous views, opposed this law, he wrote to that society a condemnatory letter, so intense and aggressive that it was refused to the press.

"A total lapse of his judgment was seen in August, 1904, when the Subway Tavern was

opened, where hard drinks were to be sold to men only, but women were permitted to get beer in the soda water department. He practically dedicated the saloon, and the Doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' was sung while he and the other speakers stood between the bar and the lunch counter. At that time the bishop said: 'This is a great movement we are starting to-day, and the men who are not present will have to realize that they must take it into consideration if they would save the Republic.'

*The Christian Advocate* also criticizes

Bishop Potter for using his influence to prevent the anti-racetrack gambling laws from being enacted. It intimates that if he had applied clear judgment to every step he took, and "been firm as a rock against the prevalent refined excesses of society," his career might have been more truly apostolic. And yet, it concedes, there was much in his character to offset these limitations:

"He was prompt in the discharge of his duties, preparing his discourses with care; was a charming speaker, affable in conversation, and cordial and apparently unaffected in meeting all classes of society. In all the ceremonies of the church he was graceful and impressive.

"He was constantly endeavoring to improve the condition of this city. In 1895 he passed his usual vacation among the poor of the East Side, living at the Stanton Street Mission, investigating sweatshops and grogshops, almost equal in the production of misery. The Rev. Mr. Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, put forth great efforts to change the awful conditions, at last making a complaint to the captain of the Eldridge Street police station, who charged him with deliberate falsehood. He took the complaints to Inspector Cross, who met him with derision. Bishop Potter then sent an indignant letter to Mayor Van Wyck, the publication of which brought about the overthrow of the corrupt municipal government.

"His influence over working men and their confidence in him, as shown by their choice of him as arbitrator, are to his credit.

"Bishop Potter invented a loan bureau for churches, to aid the unfortunate.

"With the views of the Protestant Episcopal Church a cathedral, if not absolutely necessary, is a valuable and appropriate adjunct. Long before Bishop Potter became the head of the Diocese the Protestant Episcopal churches in this city had talked about a cathedral; but he really created it, and his name will be connected with it forever. When he began to raise large sums for it he announced that it would open its doors for men of learning and piety, without respect to their denominational connections, on certain suitable occasions and at suitable hours, to speak within its walls. He lived to see a canon passed by the General Convention admitting among others non-Episcopal clergymen (not because they are clergymen, but because they are Christians) and Christian laymen on the same terms, thus protecting the fundamental rule of the body. No doubt in his closing years he rejoiced greatly in the progress of the visible manifestation of the principles of his communion as he beheld that lofty summit whereon rises the cathedral.

"The name of Bishop Potter will have a sure place in the annals of this metropolis, the United States, and the Christian Church."

The two aspects of Bishop Potter's character are emphasized in many of the comments evoked by his death; but, needless to say, *The Christian Advocate's* point of view is not shared by all. *The Independent* finds some-

thing to praise in the very traits *The Christian Advocate* condemns. "He had the courage of his opinions," it says, "and did not care whether he offended those who differed from him." Similarly, the *Boston Herald* declares:

"Courage was among his most conspicuous qualities. Who in America has spoken more straightforwardly than did Bishop Potter in his charge to the clergy and laity in the diocesan convention of 1902? His subject was temperance, and after expressing his opinion of prohibition as applied to such a community as New York, he ended with these words: 'You will gather from all this how superficial, how utterly inhuman, inconsiderate and unreasonable I regard a great deal of that doubtless often well-intentioned zeal which seeks to make men and women virtuous and temperate by a law of indiscriminate repression.'

"His broad, sane views on temperance impelled him, a little later, to lend his presence and sanction to the opening of the 'Subway Tavern,' that hopeful saloon experiment, on the Earl Grey public-house plan, which looked so promising but proved so short-lived. The act called down upon him the harshest and most indiscriminating criticism, but it also won for him the applause of that far larger body of Americans who love a real man."

The *New York Outlook* takes an equally sympathetic view of the conflicting elements that met in Bishop Potter. It says:

"Great bishops have been of two types—the statesman and the priest. Historic illustrations of the two are afforded by Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X. Bishop Potter belonged to the first type. He was not an ascetic, nor even a Puritan. If Boston is the Athens of America, New York City is its Corinth. Bishop Potter was a Corinthian bishop of a Corinthian diocese. He interpreted the church to the world and the world to the Church, for he understood both. His social tastes were aristocratic, but his principles were democratic, and in his administration he played neither to the boxes nor to the gallery. He had dignity, perseverance, courage, and great diplomatic skill, but his diplomacy was that of a catholic, not of a cowardly or compromising character. He believed in a social Christianity long before the present semi-socialistic movement in the church.

"Not only was he personally a great power for civic righteousness, but his leadership had a great deal to do with making the Episcopal Church in New York an organized force for higher political and social life. His comprehensive sympathies and his wise administration did much to commend the bishopric to men of other communions, and to counteract the prejudices against it aroused by the scholastic arguments of high and narrow ecclesiastics. The prejudices against him were to be found mostly among those who knew him least. In those who knew him best a great respect for his abilities and his self-devotion was generally found, mingled with a warm affection founded on appreciation of a rare though sometimes hidden personality."

## THE BIBLICAL RELIGION NOT AN OFFSHOOT OF THE BABYLONIAN



IN his famous Pabel-Bibel lectures, Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, of the University of Berlin, threw into the arena of theological debate a claim that has been the subject of bitter controversy ever since. "How entirely alike is everything in Babel and the Bible!" was the burden of his argument. He tried to show that the faith of Israel, as proclaimed in the Old Testament, is not unique or *sui generis*, but only a locally colored adaptation of the creed of old Babylonia. The facts to which he could point were so remarkable, that a school of Biblical interpretation has grown up in Germany supporting his view and including scholars as far apart as the radical Hugo Winckler, of Berlin, and the conservative Alfred Jeremias, of the Leipzig theological faculty.

That a reaction would come which would emphasize not the similarities of the ancient Babylonian and the Biblical types of thought, but the vast differences between the two, has been predicted for some time. This reaction has already arrived, and among the first to champion the Biblical religion as supreme and sufficient unto itself is Professor Eduard Koenig, the indefatigable conservative member of the radical theological faculty in Bonn. He has lately published a summary of his researches into this subject in *Die Studienstube*.

There are undeniable differences, he argues, between the Old Testament and the Babylonian type of civilization; first of all in secular matters. Israel possessed a language of its own, and cuneiform texts recently discovered in Palestine by Professor Sellin, of Vienna, are entirely different from those found in the Tigris and Euphrates valley. Then the Hebrews used a kind of letters which corresponded with those used in Phoenicia, but bore no resemblance to the Babylonian letters. In their measurements, too, the Jews had their own distinct system, anticipating our decimal system. Among the Babylonians the number six constituted the basis of measurement. Another point to which Professor Koenig calls attention is that the names of the stars, as current in Palestine, are not found among the Babylonians at all. This is the more significant in view of the fact that astronomical data played so important a part in the development

of Babylonian religious ideals. The beginning of the year and the names of the months did not correspond in the two countries, and the Hebrews observed a seven-day week in contrast to the five-day week of the Babylonians. These characteristic differences, Professor Koenig declares, were all conveniently ignored by Delitzsch in his efforts to prove that the Canaan of the period preceding the immigration of the Hebrews was an absolute domain of Babylonian culture.

Still more marked, in Professor Koenig's opinion, is the difference between the two peoples in the domains of culture and religion. One of the leading characteristics of religious worship among the ancients was that of sorcery. The magic arts were freely practised and officially recognized in Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia. But the Old Testament law-givers and prophets are unanimous and most pronounced in their condemnation of sorcery. Idolatry, too, it seems, was practised among the Babylonians; and Hebrew rites of the most important kind, such as those relating to circumcision, the Sabbath, and the distinction between clean and unclean animals, were almost unknown among the earlier peoples.

In proceeding to the most important point of all—that of the religious faith of the two peoples—Professor Koenig takes issue squarely with his opponent. Delitzsch, it should be recalled, claimed that the historic monotheism of the Hebrews was derived from Babylonia. In support of this position he cited cuneiform texts that contain as a part of their composition the word *ilu*, meaning "God." But Koenig contends that this whole claim is without basis; that the term *ilu* referred to one of many gods; and that the Babylonians were clearly and undeniably polytheistic.


To the later arguments of Dr. Jeremias that there were certain "wise ones" in Babylonia who showed monotheistic tendencies, Professor Koenig makes the same reply. Who these "wise ones" were, he remarks, where they may be found, and what their special wisdom consisted in, is purely a matter of conjecture. King Hammurabi certainly did not belong to this favored class, for in the first three lines of his famous code he mentions no fewer than four gods. Nor did the Babylonian priests belong to these "wise ones," if we may judge by the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Nor does the Babylonian priest, Berossus, have a single word to say concerning a Babylonian monotheism. In all the religious literature of the Babylonians, Professor Koenig finds, the gods are mentioned again and again, and to this rule there is no exception. The most that can possibly be said to controvert this statement is that at times a sort of Henotheism appears, giving special prominence to some one god; as when Babylonian prayer closes with the words: "May the gods of the

universe worship thee, O Istar!" The Greeks showed a similar attitude toward Jupiter.

Professor Koenig is convinced that the words found in Joshua, "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old times—they *served other gods*, and I took your father Abraham and led him throughout all the land of Canaan," express an absolutely correct historical fact. The religion of the Old Testament, he concludes, is *not* an offshoot of the Babylonian.

## THE CRUCIAL STAGE IN A BOY'S ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT

VERY boy, as is well known, passes through an "awkward" age when his loose joints and ungainly limbs proclaim that he has reached a crucial stage in his physical growth. It is not so generally recognized that this period is as important in the development of the soul as of the body. Only within recent years have we begun to comprehend the real significance of the adolescent change; and "this precious budget of new knowledge," President G. Stanley Hall, the great authority on adolescence, has lately taken occasion to remind us, "is something every parent and teacher should acquire, for its practical application is of the most vital import for the boy's future."

There is something at once plastic and strangely attractive, President Hall goes on to point out, in the spirit of boyhood during this period which the Greeks called ephebic or pubic, and which every savage race has recognized and marked by initiations that are the ethnic or evolutionary beginnings of education. Socrates was a famous teacher of youth of this age when the first faint traces of beard begin to appear, and to Greek men at the highest period of Hellenic culture this stage of youth had a wondrous charm. In all his talks with boys, Socrates endeavored to help them to realize their own undeveloped selves. He evoked the crude and immature thoughts of his fledgling hearers, and then enriched and broadened them with the wealth of his own soul, so that they went away permanently enlarged in life and mind. The same method has proved effective in all times. "Nothing in the world," says President Hall, "so shapes a boy's very soul and character as

quiet, confidential talks with grown men about the things they live for and amidst. By such talks he is flattered, stimulated, aroused to do, be, think, feel his very best." President Hall continues (in *Appleton's Magazine*):

"Now it is in just this moral fatherhood that the world, and especially America, is most deficient and practically sterile to-day. The parent who will, at some opportune time, talk to his boy alone about his most intimate views and sentiments concerning men, morals, affairs, life, plans, and all without arousing the ever-present, haunting thought that he is talking down, or for effect, or with reserves, will be simply amazed at the appetite and assimilative power of youth, and at the influence that he can exert, even though he be not educated in the schools, by simply sharing the lessons that the school of life and men has taught him. There is a practical wisdom and insight that nothing but years, age, and experience can give, and this is what the boy fairly craves and digests with amazing rapidity, and in so doing grows by leaps and bounds. The father who has never discussed such things with his son knows not what the true, higher parenthood is or means, and so is himself arrested in his development, and is arresting that of his boy.

"It is not enough to induct the boy betimes into the father's business methods, but he should also share, point by point, the parental views of religion, public affairs, human nature, regimen, the arts of keeping well, personal indulgences, views about spending time and money, duties to the community, to charities, ideas of education, reform, public men, current events, and to some extent the boy should share his views and experience concerning women, marriage, domestic life, and parenthood. He should even see his father's limitations and realize his regrets that he had not done more and better in life, and thus come to feel the obligation to profit by and make good the shortcomings of his heredity, for to do this he needs to realize fully every handicap which he may inherit. All this should be discussed with a frankness and even abandon which grows with years, so that there should come to be a real mental, moral, and physical continuity be-



tween the generations as they succeed each other, that wisdom may accumulate. Only thus can the child be completely the heir of his progenitors and receive the sum total of all that is due him from the instinct of bequest."

According to President Hall's observation, the boy of the adolescent period is above all things curious, and "his curiosity is most intense concerning things adults are most reluctant to talk about." He is a victim of caprice and whims, and surprises his long-suffering parents at one time by follies that seem almost infantile, and anon by fore-glimpses of a wisdom far beyond his years. Moreover:

"A boy often closes his heart to those nearest him, and gives almost no sign that he has done so, for he feels that his personality now demands a domain of its own. He may be violently, secretly, and sometimes outrageously hostile to those he believes his foes. Thus his social impressionability and suggestibility are extreme. He worships his heroes, and a single good or bad companion may do him incalculable good or harm. His character is in the gristle, and his morality is plasticity itself. Some who remember, as most do not, the seething ferment of their own soul at this age have declared that there was no crime they might not have committed, and no height of virtue which they did not at times feel able to scale. Longfellow's 'Excelsior' depicts the aspiration and ideality of this age, while a few oft-quoted criminoids or perverts have at this age resolved to commit every crime there was. The moral nature, which is the noblest attribute in man, is also the last to be developed, and at this age is in swaddling cloths."

President Hall declares that he has received hundreds of letters from parents and friends complaining of what they regard as arrested ethical development in boys. "They do not understand," he says, "how tardy the development of the ethical nature is prone to be." The letters contain such statements as the following: "My boy is well grown, is a good student in school, is healthful, but is an incorrigible liar. He denies every fault point-blank, even when he knows he is detected, and with brazen effrontery. He has been reasoned with or flogged. All his relatives are honest and respectable." Another boy is described as normal in most respects, but obstinate or profane; a third steals; a fourth is congenitally "tough." The question in all the letters is, "What can be done to cure these ethical offenders?" In many cases, parents or relatives confess themselves at their wits' end and ready to accept any remedy. One well-to-do father declares that, after his humiliating experiences, he decided to let the law take its course with his fourteen-year-old boy, who served thirty days for stealing and seemed

cured. One declares that he locked a young prowler out for the night. Some advocate packing off unruly sons to reformatories or to the country. President Hall is unwilling to commit himself to any specific remedy, but says: "This hoodlum age is the period when the mother should expressly turn her son over to his father, and tell him that it is now his turn to take the boy in charge." He adds:

"My studies have years ago convinced me that never has even the American boy been quite so wild as now, and never in the world have so many young cubs been so half-orphaned and left to female guidance in school, home and church. It may seem to some a slight thing that city gangs defy and outwit the police, or commit petty depredations, break into a store to steal fruit or cigarettes, collect pistols, half of them toy ones, in cellars, sheds, or other lairs; plan petty robberies in dark alleys, scare or insult schoolgirls, play tricks on passers by, swagger and bully each other; but these are nurseries where the criminals of the future are being reared."

It has been suggested that this "revolt of pubescents," as a French pamphleteer calls it, is due in large part to the natural rebellion of young males who have been unduly subjected to petticoat control, and have determined to throw off the yoke. President Hall writes on this point:

"Some of these boys are only morally awkward; some of the best are the natural and indeed inevitable product of the abdication of fathers from the throne of their authority. It has been said that a good juvenile court judge, and the difference between the good and the bad here is immense, is born, not made. Such a one is only a good father, who at this stage should exemplify to his own son all the just qualities of a good judge in the juvenile court, ready to hold sessions at any time and place when occasion arises. Here again it is the father who is most awkward."

"So in religion: is it the boy or his religious teacher that is awkward, or are both? However it is with the latter, in the soul of the former religion and virtue are never so closely connected. Not only do most conversions occur in the middle teens, but the heart is then more open to religious truth than at any other age, for this is the stage of initiations and confirmations the world over, and at all periods of history and stages of civilization. The sense of physical and psychic purity and impurity is never so keen as now, and the young candidate for manhood ponders in secret more than we realize the problems of death, success, failure, and even heredity, and feels the reality of things transcendent. Because he cannot realize himself or the world, the mysteries of life in the present, the problems of a future existence press hard upon his very soul; and he is now most prone to capitulate to the claims of religion. This is, then, the great opportunity of the religious teacher, if he but knew how to utilize it for the best."

## "THE GREATEST MODERN DISCOVERY"



ONE of those new thoughts, or new and vital realizations of old thoughts, which mark epochs in human development and occur only two or three times in a century, seems to be emerging in America to-day. It is bound up in what is vaguely called "mind-cure" and "Christian Science," but in its essence it is simply a recognition of the fact that *mind is creative*. To say this, however, is to convey very inadequately the dynamic power of an idea that is hailed by Prof. William James as America's one distinctive contribution to religious thought, and that is characterized by Henry Wood, one of its ablest exponents, as "the greatest modern discovery." It is rooted in the belief that the mind of man is of the same character as the mind of God, and creative in just the same sense. It teaches that humanity, through a right understanding and conscious use of the mind, is destined to conquer external nature, liberate new powers of the soul, re-create the physical body, prolong life indefinitely, and finally to reach a plane of being so far transcending present sense-perceptions that we cannot even imagine it.

The very simplicity of this idea, combined with its audacity, may well challenge the attention of the whole world. At the present moment it is manifesting itself in countless different ways. It finds its primal and most direct expression in the books of the "New Thought" school, as exemplified recently by Henry Wood's "New Old Healing," Floyd B. Wilson's "Discovery of the Soul," and Horatio W. Dresser's "Philosophy of the Spirit." It is clothed in severely academic language in the latest work of Prof. Borden P. Bowne.<sup>1</sup> It is in process of amplification by Prof. William James. It has contributed enormously to the growth of Christian Science. It has led to the "Emmanuel movement" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. And it is being preached continually through all sorts of magazines and magazinelets and papers—even through yellow journals—by poets and poetesses, ministers, doctors and teachers. Out of this mass of literary material may be

plucked a philosophy in the making—the new Philosophy of Mind.

According to the new teaching, God is the Supreme Mind. The universe is the projection of His thought. The world in which we live is to be regarded not as final, but as an unfoldment or progressive creation, waiting to become what mind determines.

This view is very ably presented by Professor Bowne in his book on "Personalism." He tries to show that philosophy, through the centuries, has been tending toward the conclusion that ours is "a world of persons with a Supreme Person at the head," and that "the world of space-objects which we call nature is no substantial existence . . . but only the flowing expression and means of communication of those personal beings." From this it follows that nature is still in the making, ready, as ever, to be moulded, directed and shaped by the power of thought. As Professor Bowne puts it:

"In its relation to man the space-world is largely a potentiality, waiting for realization by man himself. There are harvests waiting to grow and flowers waiting to bloom, but it cannot be until man sets his hand to the work. The flora and fauna of the earth are increasingly taking their character from our will and purpose. Even climate itself is not independent of our doings or misdoings. So far as we are concerned, the space-world is nothing complete and finished in itself, but is forever becoming that which we will it to be."

From another point of view, God is the Positive Element in a universe that is capable of disintegration and decay, as well as of growth and progress. Mr. Wood voices this conception in the following passage:

"God is in the nature of things, and he and all his creations are good. Imagine a dividing or equatorial line drawn through the universal moral order. In the division above the line everything has the divine basis of reality. It is of a positive nature, normal, orderly, good. Bearing in mind our human measuring-rod, let us enumerate a few examples of this real or positive realm. Love, life, faith, harmony, goodness, peace, spirituality, light, power, purity, liberty, sonship, constancy, aspiration, wisdom, revelation, illumination, trust. These are not merely abstract qualities, but as weighed by human nature and experience, have reality, and are the product of divine authorship.

"Note a few other positive entities which are more directly related to the material plane. Health, vitality, strength, beauty, nourishment, soundness, ability, growth, freedom, wholeness. These also belong to the zone of positive entities which are divinely instituted. Under one general term we class them all as good.

<sup>1</sup> THE NEW OLD HEALING. By Henry Wood. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

<sup>2</sup> THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL. By Floyd B. Wilson. R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.

<sup>3</sup> THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRIT. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>4</sup> PERSONALISM. By Borden P. Bowne. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

"Glance below the line at what the world calls evil. First, the more abstract negations: Hate, sin, darkness, death, unbelief, disorder, bondage, distrust, anger, suspicion, pessimism; and again at the negations which are more intimately connected with the physical realm: Disease, pain, weakness, disorder, sickness, impurity, morbidity, and all their kind.

"God did not create these, for everything that he made was good. They are all man-made creations of the sensuous mind. They are real to us for we have built up that reality. But they are inmost and intrinsically negatives which we have erected into positive things."

From still a third angle, God is the Reservoir and Source of Energy, penetrating and inter-penetrating every fibre of the universe, surrounding our souls with psychic force as the air surrounds our bodies. "One life permeates all things," says Mr. Wood, "and there is no corner of the cosmos too remote to feel its heart-throb." "Health, strength, happiness, and other beneficent elements," he continues, "environ us more closely than the atmosphere. . . . We live in a great psychic ocean, real even though intangible, and every addition into this, large or small, helps to make the quality of the whole."

Man, this argument proceeds, partakes of the God-like nature. Ideally and potentially he is made in the image of God. He is not so much created as *self-creating*, and, as Mr. Floyd B. Wilson emphasizes, is the only living creature capable of self-evolution. The degree in which he approximates the divine qualities depends upon himself. The all-important factor in his life is *thought*. One kind of thought, he finds, leads to strength and achievement, and a sense of unity with divine forces. Other thoughts bring weakness and decay, and a feeling of alienation from the divine. It is at this point, in the choice between just such alternatives, that the need of a true Science of the Mind arises.

At the present time we are only beginning to grasp the laws that rule the human mind. In our own day there has occurred one of the most interesting developments of psychology that has ever taken place. It consists in the recognition of powers in man beyond those usually employed in the normal consciousness, and has led to the discovery of what is called "the sub-conscious mind." This new knowledge has suddenly transformed psychology from an academic system into a powerful instrument for the improvement of human life.

Some of the most illuminating pages yet written on the sub-conscious mind are to be found in "Religion and Medicine," the official

hand-book of the Emmanuel Movement, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester. He discusses the subject from the physiological, psychological and religious points of view, and comes to the conclusion that this "strange power of which we have been so long ignorant" is "a normal part of our spiritual nature."

Every one is aware of the conscious and sub-conscious functions of the physical self. A thousand purposive activities go on in our bodies as to which we are in total ignorance, and over which we exert but a limited control. We eat consciously, but digestion is unconscious. We go to sleep, and the heart continues to beat, the lungs are rhythmically expanded and contracted, and blood is supplied to every part of the system as it is needed.

In the light of the new knowledge, it may be stated confidently that something analogous takes place in the thought realm. The mind seems to possess two departments, and their interaction is as intimate as that of physical functions. We possess the capacity for conscious thought, and, at the same time, a larger, deeper, hidden selfhood that retains past thoughts and is the seat of memory. Dr. Worcester says:

"Not the millionth part of the mental possessions of an educated man exists in his consciousness at any one time. If you were to take a pen and a block of paper and sit down with the determination of writing without external assistance all that you really know or can remember you would be surprised to see how soon you would reach the end of your resources. The experience and laborious acquisitions of years can be expressed on a few sheets of paper, just as the achievements of a century are recorded in a few pages of an encyclopedia. As a matter of fact the little lamp of consciousness illumines only a tiny fraction of the soul's domain. Here and there a few points are illumined while all around the great dewy fields are wrapt in the darkness of night. So man lives in this world largely a stranger to himself. Not only do we possess, and by means of the necessary associations can we recall to consciousness, innumerable experiences which once claimed our attention, but apart from these there is an even vaster stream of experiences consisting of fleeting impressions, trivial circumstances, vanished faces, which made scarce an impression on us when they occurred.

"Coleridge's account of the serving maid who in delirium fluently spoke the Rabbinical Hebrew which years before in the house of a learned pastor had fallen upon her unheeding ear, is

\* RELIGION AND MEDICINE. The Moral Control of Nervous Disorders. By Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D. Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D., and Isador H. Coriat. M.D. Moffat, Yard & Company.

the classical example of this. During all these years these memories have lurked in the obscure depths of our subconscious mind."

All that we call "inspiration"—whether it be the creative ecstasy of the poet and artist or the spiritual exaltation of the devotee—seems to proceed from the relation of the conscious to the sub-conscious mind, and from the relation of both to some Universal Force outside them.

Religion, too, is rooted in the mysteries of the sub-conscious. "In every form of religion," Dr. Worcester reminds us, "there is a preponderating non-rational element, and it is in this sphere that the most characteristic phenomena of religion—faith, awe, reverence, fear, love, ecstasy, rapture—take place. No sooner is mystery banished from one domain of religion than it reappears in another. This constitutes the struggle of religion and science which at bottom is the necessary reconciliation of the needs of the conscious mind with those of the sub-conscious." To quote further:

"Libraries have been written on this problem, for the most part by men who lacked the key to its solution. Again and again philosophers have attempted to analyze and explain religion, i.e., to make it purely rational, but their attempts have failed, for in religion as in music and poetry there is an infinite element which defies analysis. Its motive power springs from the obscure depths of the sub-conscious mind, and to cut this nerve paralyzes its functioning. Here the instinct of the religious believer must be respected. He does not regard these rationalizing investigations as constituting religion, for he feels that the springs of his religious life lie elsewhere, in the obscure recognition of the Infinite Spirit by the finite spirit, in a sense of dependence, of guilt, of love and filial trust, in all those deep emotions which refuse to be translated into words, but which act as the most powerful motives of life. To banish these would be to take the mystical and poetical element out of life, and to sap religion at its root."

The most vital point in this inquiry is next approached. Hitherto, in so far as we have recognized the existence of a sub-conscious mind at all, we have supposed that it was outside the limits of our control. But now, says Dr. Worcester, we are discovering that *it can be influenced and directed*, and made to serve the purpose of a higher development. The new medium through which this result is to be accomplished is known technically as "suggestion," but the principle involved is a matter of universal experience.

When a little girl falls down and hurts herself and her mother kisses the spot and "makes

it well," that is an excellent illustration of the power of suggestion. When a man is cured of a disease by what he supposes to be medicine, but what actually is not, that is another example. When a doctor puts his hands on a patient's head, and tells him, "Your pain is decreasing, you are getting well," and the pain *does* decrease, and the patient *does* get well, suggestion begins to be recognized as an important therapeutic principle. When a man *thinks health* into his own body, and, either with or without help from others, actually re-creates diseased tissues and organs, suggestion assumes the dignity of a divine and creative power. "These changes," remarks Dr. Worcester, "certainly take place through the instrumentality of the nervous system, both sympathetic and central. They are affected either by the direct stimulation or inhibition of the action of the glands and organs or through the contraction or dilation of the blood vessels and lymphatics which regulate the supply of nourishment afforded each part. How these results are obtained passes our comprehension, but that they really take place there can no longer be any doubt." The writer goes on to say:

"I ought perhaps to add that I personally attach a religious importance to this state of mind. When our minds are in a state of peace and our hearts open and receptive to all good influence, I believe that the Spirit of God enters into us and a power not our own takes possession of us. Thus I am tempted to explain the marked moral and physical improvement which I have frequently seen follow such brief periods of complete repose, and especially moral changes which occur with very little effort on the part of the patient. When a man who has struggled unsuccessfully for years against sexual vice or alcoholism suddenly finds himself free, it is evident that one of two things has happened to him. Either the old temptation has died within him, or a new spiritual energy has entered into him which lifts him above its power. Again and again I have heard men and women who had undergone this experience express surprise that it had taken place with so little effort of their own, and they say this change has not taken place through their own effort or volition, but through the instrumentality of a higher power. We may call this suggestion, but I can hardly believe that the mere assurance of a human being can effect moral changes so stupendous and to the unaided victim so impossible. A woman who had been bedridden for years through a form of hysterical paralysis, and who had apparently been restored to health and strength, told me that when she became profoundly still and concentrated her mind on the thought of God's presence within her, she frequently felt such a sudden increment of strength that it frightened her. In this connection it is to be remembered how earnestly Jesus warned

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men against injurious agitation and passion, against anger, fear and anxious care, and the importance which he attached to calm and peace. We have just begun to fathom His motives, but there can be no doubt that in His colossal task of the moral regeneration of the world, He counted on a higher power than man's unaided will. Today we recognize the universe to be a great storehouse of invisible energy, contact with which has enormously increased the potentiality of human life. Is it probable that all those energies are mechanical? Does not the whole moral and religious life of man testify to the existence of unseen spiritual powers which are friendly to us? Such unquestionably was the belief of Christ. It is natural that the scientific discovery of the mechanical aspect of this power should come first. ('Howbeit that was not first which was spiritual, but that which is natural and afterward that which is spiritual.') But the discovery of the other will follow. Many perfectly sane persons believe that we are on the brink of that discovery today, and that just as our own physical life has already been transformed by the employment of energies which have always existed though we had not recognized them, so our moral and spiritual life is destined to be evermore profoundly transformed."

How the new forces are to be liberated is, of course, the whole problem of Mental Science, and it is a problem that centers in the development and strengthening of the will. Dr. Worcester believes that in some cases, hypnosis may help toward the desired result. Christian Science invariably rejects this method. Henry Wood and the "New Thought" school lay their chief stress on autosuggestion. In his latest book, Mr. Wood says:

"The conscious mind should pour a constant succession of inspiring ideals into the deeper and more fixed selfhood. Simply to recognize a high sentiment intellectually is not enough. Each verbal repetition makes it more graphic, ruling and determinate. Bearing in mind the automatic and almost imperious sway of this great hidden, subjective force upon soul and body, through every nerve-center, the quality of each constituent is of the utmost importance. In the final alembic, the difference between suggestions of positive ideals, and negations, becomes worldwide. Each creates more of its kind, and like designs on slides before a calcium-light are enlarged and intensified. Take such auto-suggestions as 'I am well,' 'I am happy,' 'I have good will toward all,' and their force is cumulative. Negations also propagate themselves. 'I am weak,' 'I am miserable,' add gratuitous intensity to existing conditions. Everything draws interest. The ego must finally dwell with its own thought-creations. We should close the door against the procession of disorderly thoughts, which otherwise will enter in and abide. They cannot be

driven out arbitrarily, but can be gradually displaced by ideals of reality."

By the practice of such simple methods and by seeking conscious unity with the divine forces, Mr. Wood assures us, man's body can be infinitely refined and death itself gradually conquered. He writes on this point:

"If, upon some fine morning, the world of humanity could awaken with the universal expectation of living indefinitely, a spiritual revolution would have been accomplished. But there is no short-cut because gradual growth is the law. People get what they create. 'According to thy faith be it unto thee.' Everybody expects increasing decrepitude at moderate age and demise near or before the end of the 'allotted time' and the conditions keep their appointment. This man-made law is so strong that it mows down human kind and does not indefinitely spare the few who know the higher law. Because of a binding racial solidarity, the individual foot-fall cannot yet be quite independent of the rhythmical, thundering march of the multitude. All are expected to keep step or at least to mark time so that in external manifestation, every one must fall in. The fashion of seasonable departure has become so compelling that in outward form no one can bid it defiance. The 'last enemy' will not be vanquished suddenly but his final dethronement is certain.

"In the ripeness of time there will come a gradual spiritualization of the human form divine, when there will be no gross residuum to give back to earth."

And this is not all. Beyond the farthest stretches of the imagination, so Mr. Wood would have us believe, lies a plane of being in which even time and space shall be annihilated. To quote, in conclusion:

"Only a few idealists, scattered through the ages have ever given much attention to ultimate truth. It is so far beyond the ordinary ken that many deny it any place and say, 'only an abstraction,' meaning that it is simply imaginary. Is it possible to define it? Can we think of a still and perfect, yet living realm of truth enshrined in the setting of the Eternal Now? Can we be conscious of a calm supersensuous atmosphere inclosed within the raging currents of the restless ocean of life? In the last analysis, as seen by the highly developed soul, its everlasting depth, placidity and perfection are true and scientific. If, as often claimed, time and space are but sensuous limitations and the deeper view will reveal the Absolute, it follows that from such a broad standpoint the state and attainment of a thousand years hence are already accomplished and existent. Seemingly paradoxical, this is from the universal, rather than the local survey. Ideally it always was and ever will be. But this is an unfathomable depth from the sensuous point of view."

## MR. BALFOUR'S LATEST RUMINATIONS ON RELIGION



R. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, ex-Prime Minister of England, is a confirmed dabbler in matters religious. For many years he has been offering to the public pale disquisitions bearing on all sorts of speculative and metaphysical problems. In his earlier days he published a "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" which led to his being regarded as an exponent of the sceptical and pessimistic spirit. But now he seems to be trying to persuade himself and the public that he is a believer and an optimist. His two latest addresses on "Religion and Science" and "Decadence," delivered respectively before the Pan-Anglican Congress and the ladies of Newnham College, point unmistakably in that direction.

In his Pan-Anglican address, as reported in the London newspapers, he makes it clear that his sympathies, tho they may have once inclined toward materialism, are at present much nearer to Theism. He told his hearers:

"I have in the course of my own lifetime seen what I conceive to be a great change passing over the thinking portion of mankind upon this subject. I remember that it was universally thought by a large school that there was a fundamental conflict between the religious aspect of the world and the scientific aspect of the world—that naturalism was on the one side, to be taken or rejected, with no compromise between naturalism or a scientific view of the world. The two things, tho very different, were confused by the thinkers of whom I speak, and on the other side was the aspect of the world which we may call religious.

"The persons of whom I speak imagined that science was founded upon experience and induction, and that religion represented the last dying phase of a history which went back and was lost among the early and savage superstitions of mankind. They further supposed that while the intelligent persons who held religious beliefs made a kind of compromise between the recent teaching of science and the modified religion which they thought they could defend, these thinkers supposed that all such compromises were doomed to early extinction—that the sphere of science ate into the sphere of religion as the ocean eats into some coastline and gradually erodes it, and altho a retaining wall might be put up here and there the result was inevitable and could easily be foreseen—a result which would compel us to look upon the universe, of which mankind is the temporary fleeting citizen, as a merely mechanical set of causes and effects owning no intelligent creator and having no moral purpose and leading to no end.

"For my own part I believe that view, how-

ever widely it may yet be held among a certain section of our fellow countrymen, is not the view which is gaining ground either among philosophers or among men of science; that it is already antiquated and belongs to the past."

It is true, Mr. Balfour conceded, that many of the older buttresses of Theism, for instance the so-called "argument from design," have been weakened. This argument, as is well known, is derived from the fact that nature's law and uniformity suggest a Master Designer, and its greatest strength has been felt to rest upon the wonderful adaptation existing between living animals, whether men or lower animals, and the mechanical world they inhabit. The religious philosopher has been wont to ask, "Can you suppose that animals would be so happily adapted to their surroundings unless they had been created by an intelligent Creator?" and the argument has seemed a strong one. But during recent years a flood of fresh data has compelled a readjustment of older habits of thought. The law of natural selection, discovered by Darwin, has compelled us to realize that the adaptation between animals and the mechanical world is the result of action and interaction between the living organism and its environment, and has no necessary or inevitable connection with design or a First Cause at all. In consequence, many people have come to the conclusion that science cannot be reconciled with religion; "and I am not surprised," said Mr. Balfour, "because I think the old argument of design, tho I should hesitate to say it was worthless, had lost much of its efficacy in the consideration of recent biological discoveries."

There is one thing, however, Mr. Balfour went on to assure his audience, which wholly escapes this criticism; and that is *reason*. To quote further:

"Now, if we are to look at the universe simply from the naturalistic point of view, what is reason? Reason is nothing more than one of the many expedients which Nature has blindly adopted to cause living organisms to adapt themselves somewhat better to the surroundings into which they are born. It is the only account it can give of the existence upon the planet of homo sapiens. It is an inadequate reason, and its inadequacy must be evident, and ought to be evident, to the man of science, for this reason, that if reason be really only the product of irrational and mechanical causes going back to some illimitable past, reaching forward to some illimitable future, and accidentally in the course of that endless chain

producing for a brief moment in the history of the universe a few individuals capable of understanding the world in which they live, what confidence can you place in reason if you wish it for any purpose beyond life-preserving or race-preserving qualities for which on this theory it was brought into existence?

"Every day some new scientific discovery carries us further and further from the petty world in which we believe and teaches us to reinterpret the material surroundings in which we find ourselves, so that the experience by which we direct our daily lives is in the eyes of science the crudest symbolism of reality. Is reason to be trusted or is it to be spurned? If it is to be spurned the fabric of science falls with the reason that creates it. If you take the other alternative and say that we are the individual possessors of powers far in excess of those purposes for which that reason was called into existence, if we regard ourselves as moral beings understanding a rational world, I ask you, can we believe that that reason is merely the product of purely mechanical forces, of gases coalescing, of worlds forming, of unknown combinations, of organic particles, of creation by some process hitherto undreamed of, of life which is gradually working up throughout other spheres of lower and irrational organisms to the reason which now reaches out beyond the furthest star? That is a conclusion which is wholly impossible, and the contrary inference to which I ask your assent is the inference to which more and more science and philosophy are driving us, and making an apologetic for a theistic and religious view of the world undreamed of before owing to ignorance of the material universe."

On this basis Mr. Balfour built his final argument, leading to a conclusion that he feels is "absolutely necessary if we are to be saved from hopeless pessimism." "I cannot conceive," he declared, "human society permanently deprived of the religious element. On the other hand, I look to science far more than to the work of statesmen, to the creation of constitutions, to the elaboration of social systems, to the study of sociology. I look to science, and to science more than anything else, as the great ameliorator of the human lot."

The lecture on "Decadence," now printed in book form,\* is in the main an enlargement of the same thought. If the modern world is to be saved from disintegration and decay, Mr. Balfour affirms, it is through the ministrations of science. More specifically he says:

"It must be remembered that the appropriation by industry of scientific discoveries . . . brings vast sections of every industrial community into admiring relation with the highest intellectual achievement, and the most disinterested search

for truth; that those who live by ministering to the common wants of average humanity lean for support on those who search among the deepest mysteries of Nature; that their dependence is rewarded by growing success; that success gives in its turn an incentive to individual effort in no wise to be measured by personal expectation of gain; that the energies thus aroused may affect the whole character of the community, spreading the beneficent contagion of hope and high endeavor through channels scarcely known, to workers in fields the most remote."

These latest utterances of Mr. Balfour have led to some interesting discussion both in the secular and religious press. A writer in the Socialist *New Age* (London) regrets that "with all his fine intellect, his great gifts of perception and his grasp of what civilization and progress mean," Mr. Balfour "remains a sceptic of the worst sort, a contented sceptic. He believes in religion, in politics, in science, and in patriotism," continues this writer, "but he draws no personal inspiration from them. He regards these things as the great social forces which have made, and are making, for progress, but he is only aware of them intellectually, and so he cannot turn them to account." On the other hand, *The Churchman*, the Protestant Episcopal organ of New York, comments:

"Mr. Balfour's pointed and skilful way of expressing the protest of psychological science against the crude assumptions of materialism, popularized in text-books and anti-religious pamphlets, is very effective. He places in a popular form the growing conviction that so-called scientific theory cannot meet the test of criticism and of logic without radical revision of its position. Where is the scientist to-day who would be willing, as Spencer was, to publish a program for a synthetic philosophy constructed on a single theory and embracing all of man's activities and interests?"

The London *Saturday Review* is also impressed by the value of Mr. Balfour's contribution to current religious thought. It remarks:


"Science gets no further than the explanation of the powers which have enabled man to preserve his life and his race in the midst of his material surroundings. It can show how his reason has developed and has become an instrument for fulfilling those purposes incomparably superior to that of any other animal. But what of those powers that cannot be explained by reference to those limited purposes? Suppose we take the sense of beauty. No explanation has been given of how we have obtained that sense, if we are limited to the mechanism of natural selection. . . . If in this and other faculties of our nature other than reason we find ourselves outside physical nature, we may say of them what Mr. Balfour says as to reason itself, that

\*DECADENCE. (Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture Delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge.) By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M. P. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

they cannot be the product of physical causes which science can explain. It is not conceivable from what we know of man's nature, his strivings for answers to questions that he is irresistibly driven to put, that he will consent to impose on himself religious as well as scientific agnosticism. The answers that come to him through the various media we call revelations he will test by their satisfaction of his spiritual nature. They will not be complete answers. He is in the region of faith where the very condition is that the complete answer to infinite mysteries cannot be given to his weak intelligence. In science,

so far as it goes, he walks by sight. It is when he can no longer walk by sight that faith turns his perception of veiled mysteries into religion. There are minds that may not be able to make this act of faith. Yet as time goes on they will have less inclination to persuade others that science leaves no room for the phenomena of the spiritual world. The man of science has modified his dogmatism. Many of the greatest have made confession of faith; and the sense of the limitations of science is bringing us more confidently to the theistic and religious view of the world."

## AN APPEAL FOR INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES

ERALD STANLEY LEE, the poet-sage of Northampton, Massachusetts, has discovered a new use for millionaires. What they need, he asserts, is not to be abused or abolished, but to be "inspired." He devotes a whole book\*—a very clever book full of fresh and original thought on hackneyed themes—to the development of his thesis, but the kernel of his idea can be conveyed in a few words. An "inspired" millionaire, in Mr. Lee's sense, is one who regards his wealth and power as a sacred trust, and who uses them to advance the highest interests of himself and of all his fellows. As yet he exists only in embryo; Mr. Lee wants to develop him to his full stature. "The first man," he says, "with an invention in the twentieth century who will be professional with it—act like a gentleman or an artist with it, who will dedicate it to humanity and himself together—in other words, the first man who will civilize an entire new industry, who will present this barbaric world with one industry that has been civilized in spite of it, and with no one to say it nay, will be the greatest, and most impressive, and most memorable figure in modern times." Incidentally, adds Mr. Lee, this inspired pioneer will accomplish one other purpose. "He will make having a great fortune one of the ideals instead of one of the diseases of the world. He will make being a millionaire more religious than being in a monastery."

Nothing could be more futile, in Mr. Lee's opinion, than to keep on railing at our millionaires, as is the fashion to-day. The millionaire is the incarnation of the two objects of American worship—money and success; he is what ninety-nine out of every hundred

young Americans would like to be. Not only that, but in many cases he is an idealist "rich by revelations, by habits of great seeing and of great daring." Our millionaires, Mr. Lee assures us, "have really used their souls in getting their success, their mastery over matter, and it is by discovering other men's souls, and picking out the men who had them, and gathering them around them, that the success has been kept. Many of them are rich by some mighty, silent, sudden service they have done to a whole planet at once. They have not had time to lose their souls." The writer continues:

"I cannot help believing we have come to the point at last where, with two thousand years of the New Testament struggling up through the human spirit, it is time for men to begin to believe that a man may be good enough to be rich. Times have changed. It is coming to pass, even before our eyes. The very children can look up and see that times have changed. We are going to have more rich men in the world, not less. What with the introduction of machines and of sudden inventions, millionaires cannot be helped. We might as well make the most of it. For every new value thrust upon the world, some new man is going to be obliged to be rich whether he knows how or not. There is no telling which of us shall be chosen next—if we keep thinking of things. And every man must be ready. The world must be full of visions. It must weld itself great faiths for the rich. I drink daily at this belief. I believe that the next Messiah that comes to the world is going to be a Messiah for Millionaires. I believe the time is almost at hand when he will come to us. He will come rather modestly, perhaps, and he will be a silent, busy man; but when he dies and everybody turns his way and looks a minute, there will be a great village somewhere smoking up to the sky blessing him. And slowly when they look at him everybody will know, and slowly everybody will begin to believe, that being a rich man is one of the greatest and most honorable of all the professions, they will see that a man can be rich and be a gentleman with his money—a gentle-

\*INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES. By Gerald Stanley Lee. Mount Tom Press, Northampton, Massachusetts.



man down to his last dollar—that he can even be a great artist with it.”

It is a mistake, the writer goes on to argue, to suppose that a millionaire benefits the world to any great extent by merely giving away his money. Christ, it is true, told a young man two thousand years ago in one of the smaller Roman provinces to sell all he had and give to the poor; but the advice, Mr. Lee thinks, was adapted to the psychological conditions of this particular young man, who did not seem to have any creative spirit himself to put with his wealth, and who did not know how to use wealth to liberate the creative spirit in others. “He was told to sell all his goods and feed the poor, because it was obvious that any better, or less shiftless, or easy-going course, would have been beyond him. He had no great ideals to express with great riches, or great beliefs, or energies, or visions of opportunities.” It does not follow that Christ would have given the same advice to every rich man, or that he would counsel the millionaire of to-day, in our complex twentieth century system, to give away all that he possesses. “Being a millionaire will continue to make a man have a rather worldly look, perhaps,” Mr. Lee admits, “but if a man believes big things with a million dollars and expects them of himself and of other people, he will seem to us in the twentieth century a religious man, and he will seem a great deal more religious to us than that nobly-blinded, glorious old hero we all think of first over in Yasnaya Poliana, who is sitting out the remainder of his days in a hair shirt and blouse.” To quote further:

“Tolstoy is going to continue to be respected as a genuine and noble character, and he is always going to be remembered, no doubt, as a morally picturesque man, a sort of Laocoon, but he is not going to seem to people fifty or sixty years from now particularly religious, or in the spirit of the New Testament. The incredible thing about the New Testament, taken as a whole, is the way that Jesus had of approaching men—the rich and the poor alike—and making them believe in themselves and see visions for their own lives. The one thing of all others that Christ did with people was to make them believe in themselves and in one another more than they wanted to. He set twelve men at work in three years to make a new world. He made them believe they could. And so they did. And if this same Christ were to come into that new world to-day, who is there who can really doubt that he would have faith and daring enough to conceive great ideals for it, and for the men who are rich in it, as well as for those who are poor? It is impossible not to believe that he would see several things that rich men could do, that if he were

to meet a small man with a great fortune to-day, instead of scaling the man's fortune down until it was as small as the man he would level the man up to the fortune, to the vision or ideal that belongs with a fortune.”

Not to the instinct of self-sacrifice, but rather to that of self-expression, we must look, in Mr. Lee's judgment, for the fountain-head of “inspiration” which is to flood the soul of the millionaire and change the face of the world. “It is not going to be by appealing to his sense of what he ought to want,” says Mr. Lee, “or by pulling peevishly on the sleeve of his conscience, or by changing his clothes, but by appealing to what he does want, by rousing the nobler passion in the man, the lion of delight in him, the visions and the dreams, the sense of noble opportunity, of personal destiny, of identity with great movements and deeds, that men like millionaires are going to be made to do things.” More specifically, Mr. Lee says:

“There is always something fine and wilful and aristocratic and full of leisure and pleasure and surplus about a man, be he rich or poor, who creates a new value in the world. The creative imagination is some man's joy, his surplus of selfishness.

“The common people of Boston did not want music taught to them in the public schools, but Lowell Mason did not want to live in a wilderness or at best on a little oasis of music, with a few other lonely shivering musicians in New England, and he was possessed with the idea that every one should sing. There was almost no one who thought he was right and there was no one who would give him a chance to prove it, and the best he could do at first was to get the people of Boston to give him permission to pay his own salary while he proved to them that they wanted music. When the people had had it proved to them in Boston that they wanted music, it was found that they wanted it in every city in the United States. . .

“And what Lowell Mason did with the common people in Boston, Major Higginson with his Symphony has been doing with the so-called cultivated classes. They are not quite cultivated enough to want to pay for all of it themselves, as yet, but they are going to be, and orchestras are being wanted and springing up all over the country because a wilful man in Boston wanted people to have an orchestra that they did not want—a man who did not care to go to Europe of an evening after dinner when he wanted music. Nearly all the best things for people have had to be forced upon them by some man's overflowing selfishness, and what a democracy is for is to create a free and favorable atmosphere for producing exception l personalities, men who will do these things, rich and poor, men who are wilful with visions of their own for others, and who give people a chance to want what they are glad they wanted afterwards. One could go on forever multiplying instances of the fact that the great

or new ideas begin in the aristocratic spirit, in the peremptory service of some man who has a vision of his own, some one like Pullman with his sleeper, who centers himself upon his vision until it is everyone's. From the Krupp gun up to Millet and Whistler and Wagner's operas the principle holds good."

But neither Major Higginson with his orchestra, nor Mr. Rockefeller with his universities, nor Pierpont Morgan with his hospitals, nor Andrew Carnegie with his libraries, measures up to Gerald Stanley Lee's conception of what an inspired millionaire ought to be. The man Mr. Lee dreams of, the man he hopes to meet around "the next corner of the world," will be a millionaire who will put the best of himself not merely into the *spending* of his money, but into the *making* of it. He will be a man who will realize that "the business life has become the storm-center, the religion-center of the world, the place where the real religion of the world is being day by day wrought out and welded into the lives of men." The first thing he will want to do, according to Mr. Lee, will be to raise the standard of character and efficiency among his employees. He will want to convert machine-men into men with souls. And he will do it not by providing model cottages and flower-gardens and free libraries, but by helping his men to express themselves through their work and to develop their own abilities to the highest power. He will initiate plans for relieving the monotony of machine-labor; he will encourage the spirit of invention and experimentation; he will employ superintendents who share his ideals. As Mr. Lee puts it:

"Factories are not alive all through because they are not organic. The best they have attained as yet, most of them, is a sort of organized suspended hostility. The real reason that factories are not organic and cannot become organic, is that nobody believes in anybody. It is getting to be a literal business truth that what the typical modern factory most needs to go with its plant to-day is a creed—or possibly a church on the premises, where all the people in the factory could go—master and workmen—and kneel together until they amount to something—that is, amount to enough, have religion and insight enough, to work their souls together. Business is being done on so large a scale and so far ahead that it is getting to be no longer practical not to have a soul in it. If a man is going to be a superintendent or a worker, if he is going into business in the twentieth century, let him get down on his knees. The next great event in the business world is going to be a religious event, the making of men who shall have it in them to tie to great faiths, to the great permanent facts of human nature and of the human spirit—silent, serene, be-

lieving men, who carry great burdens with gladness and boyishness and who do their living and working in some great daily faith in one another.

"It is obvious that the next best substitute, in a factory, for a church on the grounds—some place for smelting the men together—is to have a superintendent who is a sort of church all by himself."

The millionaire of the future, to measure up to Mr. Lee's standard, will need to be something of a saint and something of an artist. And yet it is evident that the most matter-of-fact, sensible and economical occupation in which a great manufacturer can be engaged is the business of "inventing" people, of human horticulture, the cross-fertilization, in his great buildings of machines, of machines and men. Is it quixotic to hope that in the near future this ideal may fire the imagination of some millionaire captain of industry who will transform his workshops into nurseries of inventions, hothouses of brains? Mr. Lee says:

"If this becomes true—if it becomes true in one single case—there will be no one to say then that making a million dollars with machines and men is not an art-form, and that a great work of the imagination has not been wrought upon the world. A fortune carefully and nobly wrought in this way will be looked upon like a great work of art, like Wagner's Parsifal, Raphael's Madonna, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Millet's Gleaners, Marconi's telegraph, and Cologne Cathedral, as an act of communion, a great, mutual, self-revelation between a man and a world.


"Some one is going to loom up in America and do a factory yet that will rank with Shakespeare's Hamlet, Homer's Iliad, and the Sixtieth Chapter of Isaiah. Some man who is creative with money, a Leonardo da Vinci with dollars, will yet prove that a business man can be as good as an artist, that, like the artist, he can sketch in the colors of a new world around us, if he wants to, and do some great masterpiece of expectation upon the human heart. He will prove that the inspired and noble conceptions of a man are quite as entitled to glory and to immortality in the world and are quite as artistic when done in dollars as they are when they are done in tube-paints, lace-needles, chisels, wind in a pipe, or catgut, or words out of a dictionary. The factory that this man will do will touch us like a religion or a great work of art. It will not need to have great columns in front of it to seem beautiful to us, and it will not need to have Gothic windows to seem like a church, and it will be filled all day long, as we go by, with the whirl of the wheels in it, and the whirl of the wheels shall be as the chant of a great people.

"I have seen their hope and their struggle. I have seen that the picture of this factory when it comes—this first masterpiece by a millionaire—will be put forth as the chart or as the ground-plan of the future. It shall be looked upon as the challenge of civilization. It shall be tacked by a Martin Luther on the door of the world."

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# Music and the Drama

## ARTIFICIAL LIVES OF STAGE CHARACTERS

HE realistic theater is a contradiction in terms. Life as portrayed on the stage, so Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the celebrated playwright, assures us, is essentially artificial. Mr. Alan Dale likewise dwells on the utter artificiality of the lives of stage characters, and Mr. Walkley, the bright critic of the *London Times*, goes so far as to predict the end of the drama as soon as our growing critical sense refuses to be deceived any longer, even momentarily, by imperfect histrionic impostures.

The two restrictions of space and time, Mr. Jones asserts in *Collier's*, make it impossible for the dramatist to hold up the mirror to life. The novelist can say with a stroke of his pen that a man took half an hour over his dinner and the thing is done. The playwright, however, is bound hand and foot by conventions and limitations. He takes his characters right out of a real world and puts them into a world of his own. It is his business to reveal their reigning habits, passions, and springs of action, things that in life appear at the surface only in rare moments of emotional crises. The dramatist must select these exceptional things and leave out the others, the ordinary non-characteristic things. He has at the most two hours and three-quarters to portray all that is vital in the lives of some dozen characters, to portray what nature takes some hundred years to portray. The more of these essential things the dramatist has seized, Mr. Jones goes on to say, the more he has crammed his play with vital moments, passions and marks of character, the less his play must be like everyday life as we see it. "If he has drawn your character with insight and with decision, if he has portrayed all in your life that is worth portrayal, and put it all into that hour, then that hour cannot be anything like one single hour of your life. There is no escaping from this paradox."

No less terrible than the limitation of time, the space difficulty rises up in the dramatist's path. He must not only cram all the important events of a lifetime into an hour, but move his characters together on a plank some twenty-five feet square and make them do all

their deeds and show all their characters in that identical spot. This fact multiplies, Mr. Jones affirms, his difficulties in cubic proportion. "Every character has to be *there* on the spot, has to be supplied with some reasonable excuse for being there exactly at that moment, when the exigencies of the story require him, and has to be supplied with an equally reasonable excuse for taking himself off at the precise moment when the exigencies of the story require him to 'get out.'" To quote further:

"I remember one popular play where all the characters turn up in a remote corner of Australia in the last act. It was a very remarkable coincidence, was it not, that some twelve or fourteen people who had been comfortably established in England in the earlier acts should all of them happen to drop in at a hut in Western Australia exactly in the same half-hour? If you are seasoned playgoers, I am sure you will have met with equally remarkable coincidences; you will remember where by some irresistible magnetism all the characters are driven to some one spot exactly at the right moment. The drama is full of such coincidences. I have been watching real life for more than thirty years, and it has never offered me any one single scene that could be put on the stage. You will never find all the characters of any story gathered on one spot, and there performing actions and discoursing in language that would explain to an intelligent spectator the history of their lives or the history of any one of their lives. If you carefully compare any drama that was ever written with real life, you will find the likeness breaking down at every moment. It cannot be sustained for the shortest scene. Almost at every moment life is fragmentary, inconsequent, disjointed; it never tells a story by implication, as a dramatist always does."

"Oedipus," the greatest classical tragedy, "Hamlet" and other masterpieces, have the events of a lifetime crowded and crammed into two hours' traffic. This holds true, however, not only of classical and poetic drama but of the modern drawing-room play. In the drama, as in the other arts, Mr. Jones affirms, the more rare and beautiful the things that the artist has gathered for us, the more they are fired and colored in the furnace of his imagination, the less the results will be like reality. "When," he asks, "in real life do you hear people talking in such a way as to unfold the dearest secrets of their hearts,

betray their thoughts and all the springs of their actions, and in the same sentence carry on a definite, connected, involved, organic history?" He goes on to say:

"I hope I have shown you that it is impossible for the dramatist to be photographically like life, and that if you carefully follow his work and check it off bit by bit and moment by moment, you will find it is something quite unlike life. He should, of course, give you an illusion of life, and the art of creating this illusion is the art of the dramatist. Unless you can grant to him a provisional belief in the reality of his scenes you will not follow him with pleasure. He should make you lend yourselves to him for the moment. But it is all make-believe. And the permanent value, not the momentary success, not the long run—will depend upon how many of the great realities of life and character he has managed to cram into his play."

Mr. Alan Dale, writing naturally in a less serious vein, discusses another phase of the artificiality of the drama and enlarges upon the absurdity and irrationality of stage characters. "If," he says in the *Cosmopolitan*, "for just one evening at the theater you were permitted to take a peep at a dramatization of Yourself and Your Family—introducing among the *dramatis personae* your parents, your grandmother, your young sister, your latest thing in sweethearts, your spinster aunt, a child-cousin, and, of course, yourself—you would be startled to discover that all the well-known attributes of these familiar types had suffered a theater-change. You would find that the flavor of the footlights had impregnated your simplicity and your reality. No matter if the dramatization had been made by Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, or even Theodore Kremer, you and your entire family would have ceased to be rational human beings and have become marionettes, puppets—string-pulled, wire-manipulated, bowing to the law that rules the stage-world."

"You yourself are possibly neither very good nor very bad. You do not wear a halo, nor have you murdered anything. You are just an ordinary, 'natural' human being, doing your little every-day stunt in a commonplace world, with no pictorial embellishments. As you reach the stage, however, this nondescript character vanishes completely. Either your virtue or your vice is accentuated, and you see in yourself a character that does on the stage exactly what you would carefully avoid doing in real life."

If you are the hero, Mr. Dale remarks, you pose complacently in the limelight in a manner that would bring blushes to your cheek and stamp you even in the eyes of your cook

as a consummate prig. As a villain, however, you would be even more irrationally wicked than as a hero you have been irrationally good. Clyde Fitch, he says, would fit you up in tan kid-gloves and a delicate frock coat which you have presumably worn even at breakfast; Augustus Thomas would suggest by your moustache, or the comb of your hair, that you had a sinister heart; Theodore Kremer would tog you up in flashy finery, such as all wretches wear on the stage, and you would learn that infamy was an exudation from the pores of your skin. "You would never do the right thing, or even think the right thing, for one moment. You would swindle your old grandmother, betray your best friend and bring your mother's gray hair (supplied by the Blank Company) in sorrow to the fifth act."

The girl in white, whom you recognize as your sweetheart, becomes an irrational fool on the stage. She absolutely refuses to say why she won't marry you when a few words would set things absolutely square. And what shall you say of your child cousin? He is in life an obstreperous youngster, with soiled face, tousled hair and finger nails unfit for publication. On the stage he is transformed into a sweet thing in kids. He wears a spotless black velvet suit, a nice clean collar encircles his baby neck, and his hands are pure as the driven snow. He always listens at doors when he isn't saying his prayers. He has ceased to be a rational child and has deteriorated into a morbid mess. In real life, Mr. Dale remarks, you could murder him and be acquitted by and jury. Still stranger is the metamorphosis that has come over your grandmother.

"She wears a pretty little cap (that she would scorn to wear off the stage, because it makes her look old), and she crochets by the fireside. She wants to die. She would just love to die. She is much more comfortable on the stage than she could possibly be in real life, but she yearns to die. Why? For no reason. Possibly because she is so comfortable. She reads Longfellow or Byron aloud, and you listen to her delighted, because—on the stage—you dote on Longfellow and Byron. There is always a soft-red glow around grandma. And whenever she maunders on about dying, soft music occurs. She is the happiest old thing in the entire cast, and yet she insists on dying. As soon as she has seen you and Lucinda united she will die. You realize that dear grandmother is spectacular, but not in the least rational. She is too picturesque for rationality."

Your father's one aim on the stage is to be ruined. He must give up his fortune to the widow of his best friend, who has just



cropped up. In the spectacular person in the black velvet gown cut quite riskily low, wearing a veritable chest protector of diamonds, you recognize with a gasp your mother. She lives on Fifth Avenue, and her one aim in life is to marry you off to Lucinda. She loses her logic, a good deal of reason and whole batches of common sense. The audience, however, exclaims: "How natural!"

The dramatization of yourself and your family, Mr. Dale maintains, would assuredly prove that stage types, moving through imaginary situations, have irrevocably lost the rationality that fits them for real life. "Take any play and analyze the characters that have made you cry or have made you laugh, and you will discover that they have been filled up with that triple extract of footlights which, while hopelessly opposed to everyday rationalism, gives you an entertainment that mere common sense would reject."

Another aspect of stage unreality is called to our mind by an account in the *Pacific Monthly*, by Mr. William H. Dills, on "How to Make Up." We learn a good deal about the various shades of powders and of eyebrows, noses and chins made entirely of putty. And to make acting still more unreal, each favorite player has his individual tricks and ruses to prolong and stimulate applause. Thus, Mr. Greene, chatting indiscreetly in *The Scrap Book*, tells us that popular leading men invariably insist on what is termed a "reception" upon their first entrance in a play. This reception naturally, except under some unusual circumstances, never lasts more than five or, at the outside, ten seconds, but a star is seldom content to be received so briefly.

"He believes, throwing the question of vanity thoroly aside, that it is a very good business move to have the applause continue longer, and there is at his command the simplest of expedients to see that it does so. That is, to do no more than bow to the applause.

"Strange as it may seem, as long as an actor bows to his reception, the reception continues. The next time you happen to be present at a performance of James K. Hackett, William Faversham, or Chauncey Olcott, watch the manner in which they comport themselves during the burst of applause which greets them upon their entrance, and you will see that the moment it begins to grow less they will bow.

"The instant they bow the applause will increase once more. It seems that by merely standing, it would be continued indefinitely. At all events, it always lasts as long as they wish it."

Such incidents hardly add to the illusion of reality, neither is it strengthened by the sud-

den resurrection of the dead in tragedies, which invariably takes place at the end of the acts.

Acting is one of the most ancient of arts; modern invention has achieved incredible devices to make stage presentations more real. Still a perfect theatrical performance is the rarest of all works of art. "I have seen perfect statues and perfect pictures and have read many perfect poems," remarks Mr. Clayton Hamilton in *The North American Review*, "but I have never seen a perfect performance in the theater. I doubt," Mr. Hamilton continues, "if such a performance has ever been given, except, perhaps, in ancient Greece. But it is easy to imagine what its effect would be. It would rivet attention throughout upon the essential purport of the play; it would proceed from the beginning to the end without the slightest distraction; and it would convey its message simply and immediately, like the sky at sunrise or the memorable murmur of the sea."

Is it therefore improbable that, as Mr. Walkley contends, with the growth of finer perceptions on the part of audiences, and a keener realization of the artificialities and disharmonies of stage pictures, the drama is likely to disappear? Anatole France has fixed the date for that occurrence as 2270 A. D., and Mr. Walkley seems to concur more or less seriously in this startling opinion. An exact knowledge of reality, he remarks in his recently published collection of essays and criticisms,\* will abolish the theater by making acting impossible. "We shall reject acting as being by its very nature absurd. For it is in the very nature of acting to divorce effects from causes."

"A young man apes an old one by painted wrinkles, a gray wig, and an artificial squeak in his voice. A Londoner who has just dined at his club and come down to the theater in a hansom proceeds to harangue the Roman mob over Caesar's corpse or to fight in full armor with Richard on Bosworth Field. These imitations of reality pass muster with us because of our ignorance. But an exact 'knowledge of reality' would reveal to us a thousand little touches of age which the young actor has missed, and must miss, because he is not really aged. It would convince us that such a 'cause' as a Londoner of to-day, with his individuality and environment of life, cannot by any possibility produce such an 'effect' as a Mark Antony or a Richard. Nietzsche has drawn attention to this impossibility in his own blunt fashion. 'It is the blissful illusion of actors,' says he, 'that the historical persons represented by them really have felt as they do dur-

\**DRAMA AND LIFE*. By A. B. Walkley. Brentano's.

ing their performance; but in this they are greatly mistaken. Their power of imitation and divination, which they are desirous of representing as a clear-sighted faculty, only penetrated far enough to explain gestures, accents and looks—in short, the exterior; that is, they grasp the phantom soul of a great hero, statesman, warrior, of an ambitious, jealous, desperate person; they come pretty near the soul, but fail to arrive at the spirit. This 'pretty near,' which satisfies us today in our ignorance will by and by repel us in our completer knowledge."

To the eye of omniscience, the eye we are attributing to 2270 A. D., Mr. Walkley goes on to say, there would be no such thing as real imitation, because nothing ever duplicates another thing in the universe. Everything, Mr. Walkley points out, stands alone, a point to which myriads of different forces, acting through all conceivable time, have at that moment converged. In another respect, on

the other hand, everything in the universe is in a casual relationship with everything else. "Thus," Mr. Walkley contends, "with an exact knowledge of reality made universal, the subtlest conceivable acting would be but a flagrant imposture." To quote again:

"Even as it is, none of us has the exact knowledge; there lurks in our subconsciousness enough feeling for the essential truth and harmony of things to give us discomfort in the presence of so-called 'Protean' acting, the twisting of one personality into the form of the other by a *tour de force*. It is significant that we hear less and less of the old complaint that such and such an actor 'always plays himself.' In reality it is the best thing he can do. He offends less, in that way, against the inexorable laws of nature. He gives us a greater proportion of effects undivorced from causes, he is less out of harmony with the essential truth of things. Consequently, he is the one actor who will outlive the rest—until his fatal hour comes, circa 2270 A. D."

## GEORGE ADE'S MERRY COMEDY—"FATHER AND THE BOYS"

THE name of George Ade has not appeared so far in the roll of honor of American and foreign playwrights whose work has been represented at various times in these columns. Since "The College Widow" Mr. Ade has not had many successes. He contributed one play to the list of failures of the lamentable early season of 1907, but then redeemed himself in his latest play, "Father and the Boys," produced at the Empire Theater, with Mr. Crane in the leading part. From the popular point of view at least, it was a great success and still holds its own on the boards.

The play is not a work of genius. It reveals, however, the characteristic and charming gifts of Mr. George Ade, touching lightly upon the problem produced by the differences between the old generation and the new, and suggesting an amusing solution.

The first act takes us to the office of Morewood & Sons, wool brokers. Lemuel Morewood is a man who has risen from poverty to great prominence in the financial world. Having lost his wife, he is wrapped up entirely in the business and in his two sons, William and Thomas, whom he has made partners. The interests of the boys are, however, far from identical with those of the father. William is taken up exclusively with society functions. A middle-aged society queen, Mrs. Bruce-

Guilford, and her friend, Mrs. Tromley, have him in tow. His intimate friend is a "Major" Bellemey Didsworth, a gentleman whom we suspect of "correcting fortune" at times at the gaming table. Thomas, on the other hand, is preoccupied with athletics, and devotes most of his time to his boxing instructor, "Tuck" Bartholomew. The differing tastes of the boys and the father are indicated by their desks, the latter's being plain and business-like, while Billy's, suggests a tea room and Tom's a gymnasium. Tom's taste is expressed also in the shower bath which he has installed in a private room adjoining the office. The boys have no eyes, as it were, even for pretty Emily, Mr. Morewood's ward, and her friend, Frances Berkely. It is noon; Lemuel, the father, has just returned from his lunch, consisting of milk and crackers, and for the first time in several days catches sight of Billy. They shake hands cordially; then the "Major" enters and carries Billy off to breakfast. Lemuel and his lawyer friend, Ford, just returned from a business trip for Lemuel in the West, are alone in the office.

LEMUEL. What's he major of? What did he ever fight—except a canvas-back duck?

FORD. I think it's an honorary title.

LEMUEL. Probably drank the Colonel under the table sometime. That makes him a major. Who is he? What is he?

FORD. He toils not, neither does he spin.

LEMUEL. Yes, I know *What* he is; but *who* is he?

FORD. Well, he talks and acts like an Englishman.

LEMUEL. Which probably means that he was born in Battle Creek, Michigan.

FORD. Got a lot of friends around town.

LEMUEL. Billy thinks it's a big honor to sit at a club window with the aforesaid major and watch the women and cabs go by. I'll tell you candidly I don't like him. Maybe it's because he doesn't work for a living, maybe it's because he hangs around after Billy, maybe it's because he wears spats; but I don't like him.

FORD. (*Trying to get down to business.*) Had a hard time landing those fellows out West.

LEMUEL. (*Ignoring him.*) You know Billy is still wearing his pin feathers. He's fluttered a couple of times and he thinks he's flying.

FORD. (*Showing papers.*) I held on until I got everything signed up.

LEMUEL. (*Seeing note, and paying no attention to Ford.*) Well, well, the girls have been here.

FORD. Girls?

LEMUEL. Emily and Frances. You know the city hasn't spoiled them. In spite of all their fine gowns and furbelows, they're just the same kind of girls I knew when I started clerking in a store at Walton's Ferry. I'll never forget the day Lucy came in.

FORD. Lucy?

LEMUEL. Billy's mother. I was countin' eggs. I lost the count. Well, well, the girls want me to go motoring. Isn't that a joke? I haven't had an afternoon off in twenty-eight years.

FORD. You're a queer man to me sometimes.

LEMUEL. Queer? How?

FORD. We've been working for years on this consolidation. I go out West to perfect it, come in with the glorious results (*showing him blue bound papers*) right in my hand, and you begin talking about something else.

LEMUEL. Yes, about my boy Billy and about these girls. Why? Because all the consolidations and all the new money in the world don't mean anything to me, unless—

FORD. Unless what?

LEMUEL. Unless it means something to the boys. I may be a big gun in the business world, but I'm afraid the boys regard me as a joke.

FORD. I wouldn't say that.

LEMUEL. Waited years for this day to come, a dozen big jobbing concerns, all tails to my kite. And now it's no fun to fly the kite. Well now!

FORD. (*Consolingly.*) Nothing wrong with the boys?

LEMUEL. You bet there isn't. They're my boys, and I wouldn't trade 'em for anybody else's boys; but you can see for yourself. Planned it all out, college, then Europe, then in here as partners. I've made this business so big it needs three men to carry it. Result: Billy's one ambition in life is to be a cotillion leader. Tommy, I think, would like to be strong enough to throw the Terrible Turk. (*Noises, thumping sounds heard in room, furniture upset, heavy foot-fall, etc.*) What in thunder is that? (*Pushing touch button on desk.*)

FORD. Sounds like moving a piano.

(*Holton, his servant enters, awaiting orders.*)

LEMUEL. What's all that rumpus?

HOLTON. The instructor's here.

LEMUEL. (*To Ford.*) More physical culture. (*To Holton.*) You ask them to calm down a little before they wreck the building.

HOLTON. (*Hesitating.*) If you please, sir, I'd rather not go in; they're very playful when they get started.

LEMUEL. Don't blame you. I'll fix it. (*Thumping sound continues. Lemuel backs away from door.*) Hope he'll have some respect for his aged parent. (*Raps on door.*)

THOMAS. (*From inside.*) What's the trouble?

LEMUEL. That's what I want to know.

(*Door opens and Tom comes out. Skeleton jersey, with arms bare, belt and gymnasium trousers, rubber soled shoes and boxing gloves.*)

THOMAS. (*Winded and perspiring.*) Hello, Dad. (*Shakes hands.*)

LEMUEL. (*With sarcasm.*) Hard at work, I see.

THOMAS. Say, I wish you could have seen me hook him just now.

LEMUEL. Hook him! What is this—a bull fight?

THOMAS. (*To Tuck inside.*) Come out and show yourself. (*Tuck comes through doorway attired somewhat as Tom, marked about face. He is grinning good naturedly.*) Tough little man.

LEMUEL. And you're trying to make him tender, is that it? (*Tom laughs.*)

TUCK. (*To Lemuel.*) You've got a great kid there, Mr. Morewood.

LEMUEL. Yes, he'll be a fine, husky boy when he grows up.

THOMAS. Get busy, or we'll cool off.

LEMUEL. Don't want to interfere with the festivities, but please do your slaughtering in a subdued manner. (*Lemuel turns to Ford.*) What do you think of him? He's licking the prize fighter.

FORD. Ought to be proud of a boy like that.

LEMUEL. I am, but I wish he'd think of something besides his biceps. My fault, I'm afraid. When he was six years old I bought him a baseball suit; used to go to the football games and root for him.

FORD. Why not?

LEMUEL. Thought he's get over it when he left college. Worse than ever. Now he's coach, referee, judge, holds the watch, shoots the pistol, whole thing.

FORD. Billy isn't that way.

LEMUEL. No, Billy's principal athletic diversion is bridge whist. I don't know how well he can play it, but he can keep it up longer than anybody else on earth.

FORD. Certainly in with the top-notchers.

LEMUEL. Yes, sir, he's the official shawl holder and cab-opener to the queen of the whole shootin' match. I suppose I ought to be tickled, but I'm not.

FORD. You mean Mrs. Bruce hyphen Guilford?

LEMUEL. That's the one. Think it's the hyphen that caught him.

FORD. Prominent woman.

LEMUEL. Yes, I suppose that, next to Lydia Pinkham and Mrs. Winslow, she's the best advertised woman before the public. I'll tell you, children are a great responsibility—after they get too old to spank.

FORD. Oh, they'll settle down.

LEMUEL. Yes, when they get married, not before. Average man doesn't amount to a hill of beans till he gets married.

FORD. You're right. I believe in matrimony—for other men.

LEMUEL. I'm goin' to have those boys hooked up within a year. What's more, I've picked out the girls.

FORD. You've picked them out! Be careful, better let them do their own picking.

LEMUEL. I know I've got the right ones. (Pause.) Emily and Frances.

FORD. A beautiful arrangement, if—

LEMUEL. If nothin'. Emily, sweet, well-bred, lovable, artistic nature and all that; just the girl for Billy, with his fastidious notions.

FORD. Certainly a charming girl.

LEMUEL. Frances, buxom, breezy, full of spirits, just the running-mate for a big, robust fellow like Tommy.

FORD. That's very well, but—

LEMUEL. Listen! When I start to put through a deal—I put it through.

When Ford goes out, a young Western woman, Bessie Brayton, appears, who desires to see Bill "on business." Lemuel converses with her and she asks him to sell some mining stock for her. "Mining stock?" he replies. "My dear young lady, I am a broker in wool. What you want is a broker that deals in lambs." Bess has a second purpose in coming; she has made a specialty of doing "stunts" at dinner parties "after they've had eighteen things to eat and seventeen things to drink, and nobody knows what to do next." She tells Lemuel her story, how her father died and left her only the mining stock which he had won at a game of poker, and of how her beau, "Cal" Higbee, a miner, had gone to Alaska, and probably married a squaw. When Billy returns he is pleased with her flattering opinion of his social influence and promises to introduce her at his party the following night at which Mrs. Bruce-Guilford has graciously condescended to be present, when she will have excellent opportunity to exercise her profession of "throwing sunshine into the lives of the melancholy rich at fifty dollars a throw." Bess exits joyfully. Tom has meanwhile re-entered the room.

LEMUEL. That's a smart girl, a mighty smart girl.

WILLIAM. (Picking up one of the letters from his desk and lazily opening it.) You are now at that susceptible age when all fluffy young things—

LEMUEL. What's going to become of a man if he loses faith in young women? I like young women. If I was a young man, I'd marry a young woman instead of—

WILLIAM. (With good-natured tolerance, turned half way in his chair.) For heaven's sake, don't begin another lecture. Any one, to

hear you talk, would think that Mrs. Bruce-Guilford had kidnapped me and was holding me for a ransom.

LEMUEL. She's captured you all right. Got a ring through your nose. When she whistles, you—

WILLIAM. Nonsense! Dolly is a remarkable woman—

LEMUEL. (Disgusted.) Dolly! Nearly old enough to be your mother. She ought to be gettin' ready for the next world instead of gallavantin' around with a lot of kids. Say, hasn't she got a husband?

WILLIAM. (Calmly amused.) Yes, he's in Europe.

LEMUEL. Don't blame him. I'd go to Asia. In the meantime you are gaddin' about with—

WILLIAM. (With more spirit.) Let me tell you something, father. It isn't everybody that's taken up by the Bruce-Guilford set.

LEMUEL. I know. A lot of people envy you; but, somehow, when the woods are full of fine young women I don't like to see a son of mine tagging about after a so-called queen of the smart set, playin' messenger boy.

WILLIAM. (Irritated by this last remark.) Best people in town.

LEMUEL. That's what they call themselves; but why best? Why is some elderly lady who manages a circus, any better than a young, beautiful, affectionate girl of your own age, say a girl like, ah—Emily? (Looking at him shrewdly.)

WILLIAM. Emily is a very charming girl, but—

LEMUEL. But what?

(Tom reappears in street clothes, followed by Tuck.)

THOMAS. Feel like a fightin' cock! Gee, but a shower does brace a man up.

TUCK. (Feeling his eye cautiously.) I got a lamp that needs repairin'.

THOMAS. (To Tuck.) Come around day after to-morrow.

TUCK. I'll bring my own gloves and slip a horseshoe in one of 'em. This is worse than fightin' for a purse.

THOMAS. Cheer up! You're good for an old man.

TUCK. Good enough for you.

THOMAS. Yes, you are.

LEMUEL. (Rising and picking up papers.) Boys, this is a great day for Morewood & Sons. Mr. Ford is back; he's closed up that western deal.

THOMAS. (Breaking in, looking at letter which he has opened.) What do you think, Billy, Scrubs beat Varsity. Must have a lot of dubs.

LEMUEL. Guess you didn't hear what I was sayin'. This arrangement with the jobbers ought to make a difference of—(Looking across at Billy, intent on a large white folder, evidently a formal invitation of some sort. Calls to him rather sharply.)

WILLIAM. (Turning, with just a trace of annoyance.) Yes, what is it, father?

LEMUEL. Are you two partners of the firm at all interested in the fact that we have made certain connections which now put us at the top of the heap?

WILLIAM. (In a very offhand manner.) That's fine, isn't it?



THOMAS. (*Simulating an interest.*) Great. (*To Lemuel.*) Let's see—something about dividing up the territory, isn't it?

LEMUEL. (*Hitting table.*) It means dividing up all the territory into one part and turning it over to Morewood & Sons. It means new opportunities, bigger profits and more work. I will repeat that last observation—more work.

WILLIAM. Well?

LEMUEL. Well, it's up to you two. I've been working ten hours a day, six days a week. Now what do you want me to do—work nights?

THOMAS. You stay here too much, father. You ought to go out oftener—take up golf, or something like that.

LEMUEL. (*Slightly sarcastic.*) Will you pardon me for suggesting that somebody has got to look after this business?

WILLIAM. Why don't you sell out?

LEMUEL. (*Angrily.*) Sell out? What'd I do after I sold out? Do you think I'm goin' to quit now with the biggest opportunities of my life right in front of me? No!

The next act takes place on the evening of the party at the Morewood House. Mrs. Peasley, the housekeeper, is nearly ready to strike, because, like Lemuel himself, she finds it difficult to keep pace with the antics of the younger generation. She is particularly displeased with Evans, the new butler. Lemuel has not been at the party. On such nights he eats out and returns late to his own room in that part of the house which has so far escaped renovation. Ford, his boys, and the two girls successively give him to understand that he is six miles behind the times. Bess, who has been doing her stunt at the party in another part of the house and is now ready to go home, is offered a glass of milk and an apple by Lemuel. In an interview she also gives expression to the general attitude toward the owner of the house as behind the procession.

BESSIE. (*Shaking her head.*) Say, you're a good deal of a farmer.

LEMUEL. I was brought up on the farm.

BESSIE. Most people get over it after they've lived in New York a while.

LEMUEL. You're making fun of me, you from Nevada, too.

BESSIE. Oh, you're all right, if you'd get into your high speed.

LEMUEL. Catch up with the procession—is that it?

BESSIE. That's what I mean. I left my props back there. Good-bye.

LEMUEL. (*Looking at her with growing surprise.*) Good-bye.

EVANS. (*the butler.*) I beg your pardon, sir, your son wishes to know if they can have this room.

LEMUEL. That means for me to be on my way. Well, what do they want of this room?

EVANS. I think they want to play roulette, sir.

LEMUEL. Roulette? Why, that's a gambling game, isn't it?

EVANS. It can be used for gambling, sir.

LEMUEL. So I've heard.

EVANS. If you've no objections, sir, I shall clear the large table. (*Mrs. Peasley enters with tray to get glass.*)

LEMUEL. Tell 'em I'll get right out.

EVANS. Thank you, sir.

LEMUEL. Mrs. Peasley, clear off this table, throw the truck anywhere. Our guests want to gamble.

MRS. PEASLEY. If this wasn't a private house we'd all be arrested.

LEMUEL. Now don't try to head off any of these innocent diversions. (*Evans comes through portieres with small roulette wheel, cloth folded on top.*) Here's the paraphernalia.

MRS. PEASLEY. This establishment is getting too gay for me. (*She goes out. While Evans is spreading cloth, Lemuel is busy making up his mind to put on his dress suit. Evans starts off. Lemuel calls him.*)

LEMUEL. Evans!

EVANS. Yes, sir.

LEMUEL. You go up to my room, lay out my evening clothes, put the buttons in the white shirt, white tie, patent leather shoes—the whole business, and be quick about it.

EVANS. I beg pardon, sir. I think they need me in the music room.

LEMUEL. Let me call your attention to the fact that I'm runnin' this she-bang. Do as I tell you.

EVANS. (*Frightened.*) Yes, sir. Quite so, sir.

Lemuel, in a previous scene, in a manner elaborately diplomatic has sought to interest Emily and Frances in Bill and Tom respectively; the girls, however, have bestowed their affection reversely on Tom and Bill. While they disapprove of the fastness of the set in which the boys move, they are not "quitters" and even consent to play roulette with the rest, while the "Major," as usual, holds the bank and pockets the money. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford is not a conventional society woman such as one would be led to believe by reports concerning her. She moves with utter freedom born of supreme self-possession, and, of course, takes part in the game. Billy is in hopes of regaining from Didsworth a thousand dollars which he has just paid to him in the form of a check unwillingly signed by his father, who suspects the "Major" of being a shark. Bets are put down by the "Major" and the boy murmurs, "This is where I get even." The balls drops. "I didn't get even that time," he exclaims:

DIDSWORTH. All down? Here goes. (*Spins the ball, the players watching.*)

EMILY. (*To Bess.*) If you put one of those on a number and it comes—what do you get?

BESSIE. Heart disease!

DIDSWORTH. (*Calling.*) Eleven and black. (*Looking at board.*) Dear Mrs. Tromley has one modest bet on the black, but no one appears to have been fortunate enough to select eleven. (*He proceeds to rake in the chips, Billy assisting him.*)

THOMAS. In other words, we lose.

EMILY. (*Watching Didsworth.*) He takes everything, does he?

MRS. TROMLEY. The Major is having his usual luck.

BESSIE. That's what he's there for.

THOMAS. I never could beat this game. Didn't come within a mile of it. (*Pause.*) Give it a good twirl this time, Major.

FRANCES. Look at all the money the Major made that time. What are you going to do with it? If I were you, I'd stop now.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. (*While Major is raking in chips.*) This game was always a dreadful bore to me.

(*Lemuel, in evening clothes, with coat on arm and carrying silk hat, appears on landing of stairway and surveys the group.*)

DIDSWORTH. Shall we proceed?

LEMUEL. (*Heartily.*) Good evening, all. (*All turn, startled, and look up at him.*)

THOMAS. Dad!

WILLIAM. Father!

EMILY. Uncle!

FRANCES. Mr. Morewood!

MAJOR. By Jove!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Really!

MRS. TROMLEY. Well!

LEMUEL. Don't let me stop the game. Do you mind if I join you? (*People at table look at one another inquiringly.*)

DIDSWORTH. Not at all, my dear Mr. Morewood.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. We shall be charmed.

LEMUEL. Any fun going on—always like to participate. (*They resume places. Lemuel goes to table between Mrs. Bruce-Guilford and Billy.*) What do you call it, Billy?

WILLIAM. (*Still stunned.*) Ah, roulette.

LEMUEL. How do you play it; put up a margin?

BESSIE. Let me explain. Thirty-six numbers—even money bets on black red, odd-even high-low. Then you can play the dozens or the rows, two to one. Any number flat pays thirty-five, split seventeen.

LEMUEL. Hold on. You tell me what to do and I'll do it. I need some of these buttons, don't I?

(*Reaching over to chips stacked by wheel and picking up twenty yellows.*)

THOMAS. Hold on, father—not those.

LEMUEL. Why not?

WILLIAM. You've got the markers. Those are worth fifty dollars apiece.

LEMUEL. If they're worth that much I don't mind buyin' a few.

BESSIE. (*Eager.*) How about it, Major? Do the yellows go?

DIDSWORTH. (*A little nervous, but not daring to weaken.*) Certainly, if Mr. Morewood—

LEMUEL. (*To Bess.*) What do I do?

BESSIE. Only one way to cripple the bank: play the numbers flat.

LEMUEL. You mean one on a number.

BESSIE. That's it.

LEMUEL. Five—seventeen—twenty-three—thirty-one.

BESSIE. (*Confidentially to Emily and Frances, who have come up close and are looking over her shoulder.*) Say, he's played this game before.

DIDSWORTH. Is that all?

LEMUEL. That'll do for the present.

(*Didsworth rolls the ball, all looking silently.*)

LEMUEL. Aren't you allowed to talk in this game?

THOMAS. Money talks in this game.

DIDSWORTH. Fourteen and red. You were near it. (*Raking in chips.*)

LEMUEL. Yes, right next door. (*Cheerily.*) Well, let us persevere. (*Putting down more chips.*)

FRANCES. (*In a frightened whisper.*) He lost two hundred dollars.

DIDSWORTH. All ready?

LEMUEL. Let 'er go.

(*Didsworth spins ball and rolls wheel.*)

LEMUEL. (*To those about him.*) What's the matter with you folks—stopped playin'?

THOMAS. We're not in your class.

DIDSWORTH. (*With a sigh of relief.*) Single O. (*Taking in chips.*)

LEMUEL. Oh, that little thing up there; hadn't noticed that. (*Begins putting down more.*)

EMILY. He lost three hundred dollars. Somebody ought to stop him.

BESSIE. (*With the fever of the game on her.*) Let him alone. (*To Lemuel.*) That's right, stick to the same numbers.

LEMUEL. I am very fond of these numbers.

DIDSWORTH. (*Becoming more nervous.*) All down? (*Rolls the ball.*)

LEMUEL. (*Cheerily beaming at those about him.*) Simple enough. If at first you don't succeed, let her go again.

BESSIE. (*As ball stops, almost screaming.*) Seventeen! (*General gasp of amazement. Emily and Frances frantic, Tom delighted, Billy serious. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford and Mrs. Tromley most amused.*)

LEMUEL. I win, do I?

BESSIE. I guess yes—seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

LEMUEL. Now what do I do?

BESSIE. Cash in—always. How many yellows you got?

LEMUEL. (*Looking at those in his hand.*) Six.

BESSIE. One on the board—seven; three fifty and seventeen fifty—twenty-one hundred. You owe for a stack, thousand. Eleven hundred dollars velvet.

LEMUEL. Eleven hundred velvet? What do you think of that? I quit right here.

DIDSWORTH. (*Taking some money from his waistcoat pocket, several large bills, and trying to keep his nerve.*) Really, I don't carry that amount.

LEMUEL. You've got a hundred dollars there. Now, for the balance—say a check.

DIDSWORTH. Oh, quite so, a check.

LEMUEL. Yes, you know, a check—one thousand.

DIDSWORTH. (*Taking check given him by William early in the evening from another pocket.*) Quite right, that will just make it.

The next act opens at the View Race Course.



"DO YOU WANT THE STORY OF MY LIFE?"

First meeting between "Father," before his great transformation, and lively Bess, who "entertains the melancholy rich at fifty dollars a throw"

It seems that Lemuel has indeed accelerated his pace. He has bought a smart automobile, neglected his office and taken Bess out wherever world and half-world meet. The boys are at a loss to comprehend their father, but suspect that he is merely playing a game to bring them to a realization of their folly. Nevertheless their attempts to interfere somehow prove futile. The race is on when Lemuel appears with Bess and "Tuck" in a box next to the one occupied by Bill and his elderly lady and by Tom and the girls. At "Tuck's" suggestion he has made bets on one of the horses, the amount of which makes his progeny gasp. No less are they shocked by the appearance at his side of Bess, gayly bedecked. Lemuel seems utterly unconcerned; raising the glasses to his eyes, he follows the race. "Tuck," he asks, "which is our horse?"

TUCK. Follow the white cap. (Pause.) St. Francis by a length, runnin' his head off. He'll blow up.

BESSIE. (Excited.) White cap! Get a move on you!

LEMUEL. Don't yell at him, you'll get him excited.

TUCK. Now our boy's laying back. Now then,

on the turn, look at her come up. Come on, you Bonnie Lass, come on, you dromedary.

LEMUEL. Beautiful race.

TUCK. It don't look good to me. Come on, you rabbit, come on. Anybody's race! Please come on. I ask you like a gentleman. Look! She's up, now then—one more jump!

BESSIE. (Excited.) We win! we win!

TUCK. Talk about your heart disease finishes. (Lemuel and Tuck climb into chair.) Watch for the numbers. It's all right. (Slapping Lemuel on the back, knocking Lemuel out of chair.) What did I tell you? Nothing to it. Hooray!

BESSIE. (Turning to Lemuel.) How much did you win?

LEMUEL. I don't know. Ask my commissioner.

TUCK. All the money in the world. Back up a wagon. Come on and see me get it.

BESSIE. (As she follows them off.) Wait for me. I'm in on this. (During whole scene occupants of adjoining boxes shocked and horrified. When Lemuel, Tuck and Bess go out all watch them off.)

THOMAS. Well, I've seen some tall rootin', but if that—

EMILY. What's the matter with uncle, anyway?

THOMAS. Sh-h! (Not wishing to attract attention.) Second childhood.

FRANCES. His young lady friend is what I would call a screamer.

THOMAS. Let's get out of here before they come back. Too strenuous for me.



READY FOR THE RACES.

William H. Crane's, clever impersonation of George Ade's "Foxy Grandpa."

EMILY. I never saw him act that way before.  
FRANCES. He's the gayest thing.

THOMAS. I tell you, girls, a father is an awful responsibility. (Tom, Emma and Frances go out. Ford remains in box. Mrs. Bruce-Guilford and Mrs. Tromley aghast and indignant.)

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. (To Billy, in loud and frigid tone.) Mr. Morewood, will you be good enough to find another box for us?

WILLIAM. I'm afraid—

MRS. TROMLEY. I knew that a common sort came out here, but Heavens!

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. It's a menagerie!

MRS. TROMLEY. Who are those awful persons?

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Can't you induce your giddy old parent to take them away?

WILLIAM. (With rising indignation.) Really, if father wishes to bring his friends out here, I don't see that it's our affair.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Our affair! You mean that it need not concern me?

WILLIAM. (Calmly.) Possibly, you or anyone else.

MRS. TROMLEY. Really, that's amusing.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. I shan't remain. I never was so humiliated. Such barbarians.

WILLIAM. (Unable to control himself.) Mrs. Bruce-Guilford, will you pardon me if I suggest that my father is not a barbarian.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. You are becoming impossible.

MRS. TROMLEY. My dear, let us not have a scene here.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. Certainly not. I hope our man is waiting at the car.

WILLIAM. I'll find him for you.

MRS. TROMLEY. (With sarcasm.) How good of you.

MRS. BRUCE-GUILFORD. We don't want to take you from your friends.

WILLIAM. That's all right, Mrs. Bruce-Guilford. I'll see you to your car, then I'll come back and join my father and his friends.

(Ford has overheard everything, and has been much interested. He gives a long whistle of surprise as Lemuel enters with a big roll of bills in his hand.)

LEMUEL. (Showing money.) Look, Ford. Been workin' for it all my life. Now people handin' it to me in bunches.

FORD. You've raised the devil!

LEMUEL. How's that?

FORD. Billy's friends object to your friends. He stood up for you.

LEMUEL. Did he? Bully for him.

FORD. They've gone home. Looks like a smash-up.

LEMUEL. What? (Delighted.) That's too good to be true. Just what I wanted. Now he'll get away from that antique siren and pay some attention to Emily. I tell you everything's working out fine. Boys at the office every day, workin'. And did you notice Tommy's out here to-day with Frances?

FORD. And Emily.

LEMUEL. And Emily! Oh, it's working, it's working.

FORD. Wonderfully clever, but don't celebrate too soon. The boys are on to you.

LEMUEL. On to me?

FORD. They know that you're showing off in public, giving this whole sporty performance merely as an object lesson.

LEMUEL. Oh, they think I'm out having a good time just for their benefit?

FORD. They think that you read in a book somewhere—

LEMUEL. (Manner very emphatic.) Then you tell 'em for me that I'm out having a good time because I enjoy it; wanted to do it all my life. If they think it's a bluff, you tell 'em to watch me, that's all.

FORD. Great Heaven, Morewood, you don't mean to say—

LEMUEL. I mean to say I've just started. I've got Bessie for a pacemaker, and I'm goin' over all the jumps. You notify those two partners of mine to get back of the ropes and watch me perform. You tell 'em that for me.

Bess mentions here, incidentally, that she has just received a telegram from the "Major" requesting her to sell her interest in the mine "Bluebird" for a thousand dollars.

LEMUEL. (Staring at telegram.) Goldfield! He happened to go out West, eh? When?

BESSIE. About a week ago.

LEMUEL. And he told you not to say anything to me?

BESSIE. Yes. He explained. He said you wouldn't understand.

LEMUEL. (Still looking at telegram.) He was afraid I would understand. A thousand dollars!



Why, you little ninny, don't you see he went out West on purpose?

BESSIE. (*Surprised.*) Do you think so?

LEMUEL. Sure, if he offers a thousand dollars, you can bet—

BESSIE. (*Eagerly.*) Wouldn't you take it?

LEMUEL. Take it? No. Jump on the first train, get out there, find out what you've got. The whole country is on the boom.

BESSIE. You told me to sell it.

LEMUEL. I know, but I didn't tell you to sell it to the Major, and I didn't know it was in Goldfield.

BESSIE. What do I know about it?

LEMUEL. (*Slapping telegram wrathfully.*) The Major, eh? Fine scheme he's tryin' to work. Oh, if I could only—why can't I? (*Hesitates, then forcibly.*) Gad, I can!

BESSIE. Can what?

LEMUEL. I'm on a vacation; haven't been out West for years. What time is it? (*Looking at watch.*) We'll grab the afternoon train for Chicago. Just got time.

BESSIE. I can't go to Nevada. It'd break me all up. That's where I lost my Cal.

LEMUEL. Never mind your Cal.

BESSIE. You can't get away.

LEMUEL. Yes, I can. Want to get away where the boys can't get word to me. I'll dump the whole business on them and make 'em carry it. (*Tuck enters with telegram blank in hand.*) Bessie, I'll take you under my wing, and we'll give somebody in Goldfield a surprise party.

Ford, as well as the boys, now fears that Lemuel intends to marry Bess in Nevada. They make up their minds to save him and they appeal to the girls to accompany them, as their influence over father is considerable. They make an arrangement with the office for daily telegraphic reports, from which it appears that their sense of responsibility is at last aroused, and at once all start on the trail of Lemuel and Bess.

In the fourth act, the villain, "Major" Dids-worth, is put to shame; for it appears that Bess's half interest in the mine is worth several hundred thousand dollars, and the owner of the other half turns out to be "Cal" Higbee, Bessie's long-lost and fortunately still squaw-less lover. The "Major" is quickly disposed of, tho he attempts to cast aspersions upon Lemuel's interest in Bess. The aspersions have some effect on Cal.

LEMUEL. (*Looking Higbee squarely in the eye.*) If you've got anything to say, say it.

BESSIE. Cal, he's the best ever, square as a die; and if you don't think so you're going to lose out with me in about ten seconds.

HIGBEE. (*Decisively.*) Anything you say goes with me. (*Offers hand to Lemuel.*)

LEMUEL. I liked her, and I didn't like the Major. I saw a chance—

BESSIE. (*Walking past Higbee and impulsively putting out her hand to Lemuel.*) Cal, he's our friend, aces and eights. (*To Lemuel.*) Mustn't



"FATHER" TRANSFORMED.

Lemuel signalizes his entry into the smart set by donning a dress suit for the first time in a decade.

mind him. He thinks every man east of Denver is a home-destroyer.

(*Tom appears in doorway in western outfit with white hat. He sees Lemuel and Bess standing facing each other with their right hands clasped, Higbee standing in front of them. Their positions indicate the possibility of a marriage ceremony. Behind Tom come the two girls in traveling costume, also Ford and Billy, the latter two wearing conventional western hats, flannel shirts, negligee suits. Bess continues.*)

THOMAS. Hold on! Stop the ceremony. (*All turn and look. Lemuel and Bess too much surprised to speak immediately.*)

HIGBEE. Ceremony? What ceremony?

LEMUEL. Great snakes alive! The whole outfit.

BESSIE. Another jolt like this and I'll keel over.

FORD. Morewood, we didn't like to adopt extreme measures, but we thought it necessary.

EMILY. Oh, uncle, uncle!

WILLIAM. Are we too late?

LEMUEL. Let me get down to earth. Too late? Too late for what? Speak up!

HIGBEE. (*To Bess.*) What is this, anyway.

BESSIE. You can search me.

THOMAS. When we got into Goldfield this morning we heard that you'd come out here. As soon as we could get some proper clothing we followed you. We knew she was with you.

LEMUEL. That's right.

WILLIAM. We felt that if you were determined to do it of course we wouldn't try to prevent it.

FORD. They did, however, wish to talk to you before you did it.

LEMUEL. (*Thoroughly mystified and mad.*) Did it! Did what? (*They all exchange looks, too frightened to speak.*)

FRANCES. Why don't you tell him? (*To Lemuel.*) Before you married her.

LEMUEL. (*Rising anger and surprise.*) Married who?

FRANCES. Why, her. (*Indicating Bess.*)

BESSIE. (*With a gasp of surprise.*) Me!

LEMUEL. Marry her? Who put that fool idea—

EMILY. Mr. Ford.

LEMUEL. Ford?

EMILY. Then it isn't true?

LEMUEL. True? No. Do you think I'm a monumental idiot to elope with a girl young enough to be my daughter?

HIGBEE. Well, all this lays over anything—

BESSIE. (*Decisively.*) It's all right, Cal.

LEMUEL. I begin to understand. This is a relief expedition. Come out to rescue a poor, weak-minded old man, fallen into the clutches of designing female. Of all the pin-headed—

FORD. Morewood, you mustn't blame us. We knew you'd been attentive to her. You started away in such a hurry. You threatened to do something desperate.

LEMUEL. (*Beginning to see the humor of the situation.*) Desperate! Well, ladies and gentlemen, if you have the slightest suspicion that there is a love affair between me and Bessie, I'd like to refer you to Mr. Higbee there.

HIGBEE. And you bet I'm just achin' to say a few words. Barrin' the ladies, if there's anybody present that wants to insinuate that she isn't good enough for any man that walks the earth, he can get an argument out o' me. What if he did want to marry her? Could you blame him? Is there any reason why he shouldn't marry her?

WILLIAM. There is certainly no disposition on our part to reflect on Miss Brayton's character; but my father is an old man.

LEMUEL. What?

HIGBEE. Oh, he's your father, is he? That explains everything. No wonder you had to look after him.

LEMUEL. (*Ready to take a good-natured view, and thoroughly comprehending situation.*) Calm down, everybody. Maybe I was to blame after all. If my distracted relatives have any lingering doubts, permit me to announce the approaching marriage of Miss Brayton to Mister Higbee. Mr. Higbee is highly prosperous, as you can tell by looking at him. They're goin' to settle down here in Nevada.

The rest is not difficult to surmise. Before the drop of the curtain, Bill confesses his love to Lemuel without making it clear that he means Frances. "Mr. Morewood," Frances cries, "he promised not to tell."

LEMUEL. (*Heartily.*) He didn't tell. I guessed it.

FRANCES. And it's all right?

LEMUEL. All right? Is it all right? Wait a minute. Tommy, come here. (*Billy embraces Frances. Tom and Emily assume a confidential and spoony attitude. Lemuel turns and sees Tom and Emily together. He looks at them for a moment in dazed surprise, then starts toward them.*) Didn't you see her (*indicating Frances*) come in? (*Billy kisses Frances. Lemuel standing between the two couples, looking first at one and then at the other, choking with surprise.*) Billy, do you mean to say—

WILLIAM. Say what, father?

LEMUEL. Oh, never mind. (*Lemuel, half to himself, half dazed.*) Tommy and Emily! (*Pause.*) Billy and Frances!

FORD. (*Greatly enjoying the situation.*) I told you to let them do their own picking.

LEMUEL. What difference does it make, as long as they're both in the family?

HIGBEE. Ready for the Bluebird? Ready for the Bluebird! We're ready for anything now. (*Curtain.*)

## COMPARATIVE UNIMPORTANCE OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR



HERE seems to be no person more superfluous to the theater than the author. Plays are written to match the complexion of a star or an antique mahogany set in the possession of a manager who is also a connoisseur. They are subsequently cut to pieces at rehearsals, and it is said that in the majority of cases, the play as it is actually produced has not even the skeleton in common with the original manuscript. The reason we have never reproduced a Belasco play in these columns is to be found in the surprising fact that the usually available au-

thor's copy is always widely at variance with the version produced, of which only one copy exists under lock and key of the stage manager.

There are people who credit Mr. Frohman personally with the dramatic successes of the playwright whose work he produces. Others, especially the actors themselves, claim the credit for those whose mimic gifts have visualized the author's creations, but the author himself is regarded as a negligible quantity. In no magazine is his visage featured, the interest of the public belongs almost exclusively to the actor. Perhaps that is the reason why

two of the greatest English playwrights of our time, Wilde and Shaw, were forced to indulge in clownish intellectual pranks to attract a measure of notice to themselves.

Actors, as a rule, are deficient in analytic gifts; it may even be said that the greatest of them hardly comprehend the characters they portray. The special aptitude of the actor, as Professor Brander Mathews puts it, in *Munsey's*, may be accompanied by ability in other directions; but the possession of a special aptitude is no evidence that he has also a wide intelligence. Mrs. Siddons, he tells us, was the greatest of "Lady Macbeths," with an incomparable skill in sounding the depths of that tragic figure; but the essay she wrote on the subject is almost valueless. And tho Salvini is the greatest "Othello," with a lofty largeness of imaginative interpretation, his critical papers on the part display no special insight.

People, Lewes remarked, generally overrate a fine actor's genius and underrate his trained skill. The actor is apt to overrate both; the author, to his mind, is a necessary, perhaps even, a dispensable evil. This attitude is well illustrated in one of Jean Richepin's stories of stage life to which Professor Mathews refers. Richepin depicts a broken-down actor, so enamored of his art that he must ever be teaching it. He has gathered about him a group of ambitious urchins to whom he imparts the principles of his art. He has the actor's contempt for the mere author of the play. He impresses on his young pupils that they are always to go behind the words of their parts to the emotions evoked by the situation itself, since it is the duty of the actor to express these emotions richly and completely, no matter how poorly and meagerly the author may have voiced them. Even, he claims, if the words happen to be halting or wanting, the actor must take care to convey fully the emotion to the audience. To emphasize the unimportance of the mere word, the old instructor thereupon picks out a common phrase, and bids his little pupils repeat that single phrase with the feeling proper to each of a series of situations—making love to a lady, defying a rival, blessing a child, and saying farewell to a dying mother. He makes them use always this same vulgar phrase, surcharging it with the full emotion belonging to each of these several actions.

Altho there is more than a hint of caricature in M. Richepin's sketch, the method of this old comedian, Professor Mathews goes on

to say, is praiseworthy. "It is by such emotional gymnastics as this that the performer acquires flexibility. The actor needs to have under his control not only his gestures and his tones, but all other means of simulating sensibility, and these should be ready for use at all times wholly independent of the words or the text." To quote further:

"He must be able so to breathe 'Mesopotamia' that it seems to be a blessed word indeed. He must be ready to rival the feat credited to Madame Modjeska at a reception in New York, when she was asked to recite in Polish. For a while she demurred, but she yielded to the urging of her friends. Standing at one end of the room she began to repeat a strangely rhythmic composition, unintelligible of course to her hearers, although they could catch the occurrence of the same sounds at intervals. At first it seemed simple enough, apparently with some give and take of question and answer; and then it became pathetic, and as she spoke the saddening words the voice of the accomplished actress broke. There was almost a sob in her tones, and there were tears ready to fall from her eyes. But the one person in the company who understood Polish had to leave the room to restrain his laughter, because what she was delivering thus emotionally was the multiplication table."

The Italian tragedian, Ernesto Rossi, Professor Mathews tells us, used to assert that a great actor is independent of the poet, because the supreme essence of feeling does not reside in prose or in verse, but in the accent with which it is delivered. The Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia, and author, we believe, of a successful melodrama, strangely enough regards this statement as by no means a specimen of professional vainglory, altho it may have that appearance. It is, in his opinion, only the overstatement of a fact supported by the anecdote of Madame Modjeska. Rossi himself used to adduce as evidence in its behalf an even more striking story. The actor was having supper one evening at Padua with half a dozen fellow actors; and they fell into discussion of their own art and of its possibilities. One of them suddenly picked up the bill of fare and declared his intention of reading this barren list so pathetically as to bring tears to their eyes. The others refused to believe that this was possible. They were not credulous spectators, but hardened to every trick of the trade, and they smiled at his proposal.

"The reader spoke the first words simply, rising soon to a large dignity of utterance that veiled the commonplace syllables. Then his rich, full voice began to tremble, as though with fear, and to quiver at length, as though the soul of the

speaker was pierced with poignant agony. Despite the repugnant words, which ceased to be perceived clearly, the sweeping emotions with which his tones were charged proved to be irresistibly contagious; and long before he had read to the end of the bill of fare, his comrades found that tears were rolling down their cheeks.

"The feat of the Italian actor seems even stranger than that of the Polish actress. She had the advantage of an unknown tongue; and she had to move only sympathetic and responsive hearers. He was able to conquer expert witnesses who understood the meaning of every syllable of the incongruous text he was reading. Moreover, the friends of Madame Modjeska were taken unawares, whereas Rossi and the other actors had hardened their hearts to resist, and were taken captive in spite of their resistance."

Still, Professor Mathews admits, the possession of all the tools of the trade does not of itself make the craftsman. The actor needs guidance and is seldom able to steer himself. Here, he tells us, is the duty and the opportunity of the dramatist. But even here the

dramatist is by no means essential; the producer of the play may take his place. The best results are obtained where the playwright is also an actor, as in the case of Mr. Gillette; the late Mr. Herne; also presumably the late Mr. Shakespeare. Intelligence alone, the writer affirms, is by no means sufficient, or else Shakespeare and not Burbank would have been the foremost author of his day. It is more than possible, it seems to us, that Shakespeare's actors had much more respect for Shakespeare the manager than for Shakespeare the author. Shakespeare himself was probably too much of a professional actor to attach much value to plays. That is the explanation, perhaps, why he pillaged the plays of others without compunction, and why when he had earned a sufficient income he turned his back on the theater and deserted the muse of dramatic art for the companionship of Ann Hathaway.

## THE DEAN OF AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS



HE recent death of Bronson Howard at the age of sixty-six has served to arouse interest in the career of one of the most distinctive dramatic figures that this country has yet produced. To theatergoers of the present time his name means but little. It is seventeen years since any new play of his has seen the footlights, and nearly forty since his first drama, "Saratoga," challenged public attention. But in his day he loomed large. "If not quite the most successful of American dramatists in a pecuniary sense," says the *New York Times*, "Bronson Howard was assuredly the most popular of all the American writers of plays."

Mr. Howard was in every sense a man of the older generation. He worked for a while on the *New York Tribune*, under Horace Greeley and John Hay. His dramas belong to the period which produced James A. Herne. They are distinguished by what John Corbin calls "broad and wholesome human sympathy and racy masculine humor," and reflect faithfully the spirit of their era.

"There can be no such thing as contemporaneous standard drama in any age," Mr. Howard was wont to say; "future generations must decide whether the plays of any age are to be considered standard." How far his own plays will stand the test he wished applied re-

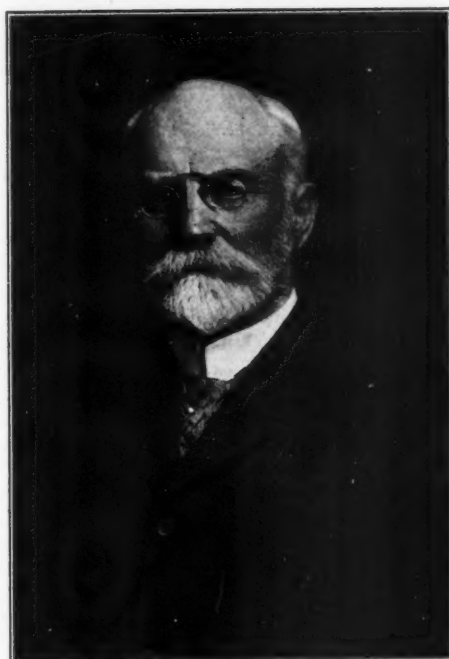
mains to be seen. Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of *The Century*, has lately expressed the hope that "some enterprising manager—perhaps the conductor of The New Theater—will arrange to present the best of his plays in a cycle, so to speak, as a significant and appropriate tribute to Mr. Howard's character and abilities." If this plan is carried out, a new generation will have the chance to form its own estimate of such plays as "Saratoga" and "The Henrietta," and "Shenandoah."

"Saratoga," when first given in 1870, under Augustin Daly's management, ran for a hundred and one nights. That was considered a wonderful run for the time. The play made a fortune for Mr. Daly and Mr. Howard, and was produced in London by Charles Wyndham under the title of "Brighton."

"The Henrietta," Mr. Howard's merriest play, was written in 1887 for Stuart Robson and William H. Crane, and was long in their repertoire. It brought its author \$50,000 in royalties. "The earliest of our most characteristic genre of plays, the business play," says Mr. Corbin, "it is still the ablest, excelling alike in its appeal to vigorous emotion and in its grasp of salient, humorous character."

"Shenandoah," probably the best known of all Mr. Howard's plays, was first produced in 1889, and brought its author even larger financial returns. It set the fashion for the





THE LATE BRONSON HOWARD

Author of "The Henrietta" and "Shenandoah." In his day the most popular of American dramatists

"Civil war melodrama," and has been played in nearly every town and village in the United States.

In the judgment of one of the ablest of Bronson Howard's critical contemporaries, his plays owe their success to four distinguishing qualities. In the first place, they are original and American in character and action. Secondly, they show consummate technical skill. Mr. Howard had carefully studied the best European models, and knew his trade. Thirdly, they possess a distinctly American and delightfully easy humor. And, fourthly, they are *clean*. "Mr. Howard," observes this critic, "resisted the great temptation to make fun out of dirt—a temptation which has overcome so many dramatists."

Bronson Howard will be remembered, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, because "he held to a serious standard of honest work. He interested and delighted many thousands of people, and was immeasurably helpful to a large number of younger men and women, who were encouraged by his success to undertake similar work, not always with his sound education or with his conscience. If he had ceased to be the only American dramatist, he remained to

the end the dean and leader of them all, and any 'national theater' will have to find a place in its repertory for at least some of the plays of Bronson Howard."

And yet, adds Edwin Francis Edgett, a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, one has but to compare the output of Mr. Howard with that of his continental contemporaries to realize how far behind Europe America is, intellectually. Mr. Edgett declares:

"Compare Mr. Howard's record, not in quantity, but in quality, with the achievement of Dumas in France, of Pinero in England, of Sudermann in Germany, of Echegaray in Spain, of D'Annunzio in Italy, and of Ibsen in Scandinavia, and it will be readily seen that it is scarcely less than humiliating to give to Bronson Howard such a title as 'the leading American dramatist.' Dumas has his 'Denise,' Pinero his 'Iris,' Ibsen his 'Ghosts,' and so on and so on, and what has Bronson Howard? His 'Saratoga,' his 'Henrietta,' his 'Shenandoah.'

"It is scarcely possible that Mr. Howard did not suspect the limit of his powers, and the fleeting nature of his reputation. 'Shenandoah' was produced in 1889, and from that moment until his death the other day, he gratified the expectancy of the public with but two plays, 'Aristocracy' and 'Peter Stuyvesant.' Neither of them received the greeting that he had a right to expect from his earlier treatment, and except for the occasional revival of his earlier plays by stock companies here and by stars there, he has lived in practical retirement.

"He could see in Ibsen nothing but artificiality, and he declared to be artificial the very element that makes the Norwegian most real and vital to those who understand him. He is sure that Ibsen has no great influence over the masses, he asserts that Ibsen is an exotic, that one of Ibsen's plays will barely keep a theatre crowded for a week, and that the number of times they have been given in America is very small. All this is true enough, to a certain extent, but Mr. Howard considers these facts an implication against their value as dramas, and as a reflection upon the genius of their author. 'Take any one of his plays,' he remarks. 'You cannot cut out one sentence or even a half a sentence without affecting the plot or the subject. Everything that is said, everything that is done, every character brought in—all bear immediately on the story or on certain social views and cannot be dispensed with without injury to the work. This is absolutely artificial, for can you imagine in real life a scene, say in some flat, where every character, everything said and done, deals only with a great crisis about to happen, or with a particular social subject?' The most that Mr. Howard can say in extenuation of this, and it must be acknowledged that his analysis is keenly and concisely accurate, is that Ibsen's artificiality in construction 'passes for being absolutely natural.' He cannot bring himself to say that it 'is' absolutely natural. To him it spells nothing but artificiality. To others it spells life. But it was scarcely to be expected that the author of a 'Shenandoah' could understand the author of 'Peer Gynt.'

# Science and Discovery

## HOW MIRACLES ARE PERFORMED IN MOVING PICTURES

**M**OVING pictures are divided by that famed French authority on the subject, Gustave Banin, into two leading classifications. Scenes taken from nature, reproductions of festivals, views of local natural wonders come under one head. In a different category belong theatrical episodes and scenes built along the lines laid down for the playwright. It is the combination of these two classes, the transference to a natural scene of theatrical compositions interpreted by actors, mingling the real with the fictitious and the employment of devices peculiar to the apparatus, which renders possible the miracles of the

pictured scene—the moving picture, as it is popularly called. Reproductions of actual occurrences comprised originally the whole field of the cinematograph, and the only field it had. Improvement in methods has led to an astonishing improvement in technique. For example, the funeral of King Carlos of Portugal took place at Lisbon on a certain February morning, and in just three days spectators in London saw moving over the screen the gilded coaches of the ambassadors in the procession. Most of the delay in the reproduction was due to slowness of the locomotive. At Lisbon the spectacle might have been reproduced on the same evening. With the processes of development now in use it is possible to throw an event upon the screen twenty minutes after it has occurred. The field for this class of work is, however, limited. One must wait for things to happen.

The theatrical field is unlimited. A new career has been opened to dramatists who are well received by the moving picture makers.

The central theme having been approved by the moving picture makers, the next thing is to mount it, which is done exactly as if it were to be given in an ordinary theater. The theater at Belleville, France, where all this work is done, has its actors and actresses, its scene painters, and all the accessories of a great play house. It is provided likewise with all the mechanical devices of the modern stage. Here was given that maiden performance of "The Little Milliner's Dream," of which we are told by M. Babin in the *Paris Illustration*:

"There comes out in the first scene a tiny apprentice. She is coquettishly attired. She has quitted her country dwelling place in the morning hour. She is now toiling for her livelihood, her great box under her arm. She is a pretty little milliner's apprentice. She stops to look into a shop window, and is obliged to note an elderly gallant obtruding his at-

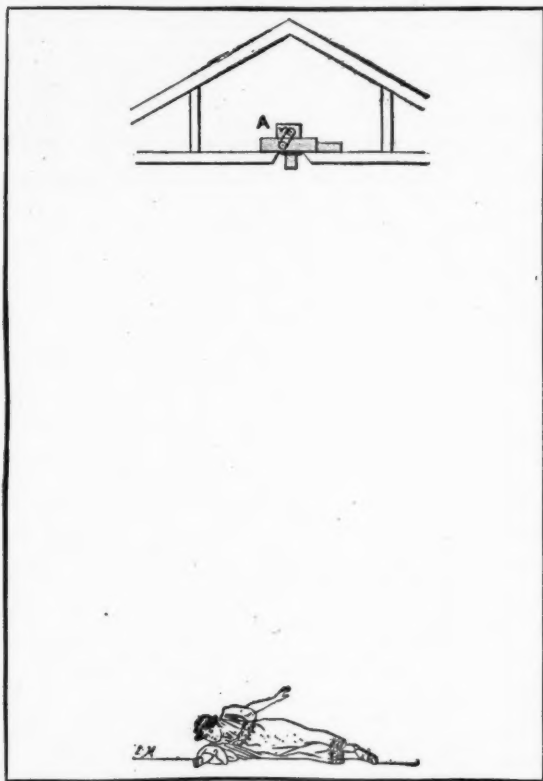


Diagram showing the arrangement employed in making the series "The Siren." The recording cinematograph is set up at A.

tentions upon her. She shrugs her shoulders and walks on her way. She can not forget the brilliant gems in the jeweller's window before which she paused. Then her thoughts go back to the gallant. In due time she stops to rest, falls asleep, dreams, and it is of this gallant that her dream happens to be. Her box on the bench beside her has miraculously opened. From its top emerges a tiny figure, hat in hand, bowing and smiling, the exact reproduction in little of the gallant she had met before. He comes forward, growing larger as he progresses, bows low, renews his attentions. The girl can not believe her own eyes. The spectacle is not less miraculous to the audience."

Yet it is no miracle but applied science. The background of the picture is artificial. The back of the bench is not real. It is painted on canvas. Right over the box a hole is cut in the canvas at the rear of the deep stage. Owing to the exact resemblance between surface and color the audience do not detect that the box cover has been removed. In this rectangular field, in the extreme background, the elderly gallant has taken his station during a stoppage of the apparatus.

Having started the apparatus again, the manufacturers of the show resume the action. Milliner's apprentice and her gallant are now all attention. The apparatus takes up the action at the exact point of the scene and of the film at which it stopped. There is not the slightest indication to the audience, of course, that there had been an interruption. This mechanical trick is the peculiarity of the apparatus—the pause. The applications are innumerable. All the action and all the effect are based upon this expedient. The artifice of the pause is the means of producing even more surprising effects. The transformation of a flower into a woman, the substitution of any person or object for some other, can be effected in a precisely similar way. The illusion is perfect. The more ancient stage devices of gauze and mirrors appear crude by comparison. The mystery of a moving bed in which an evicted tenant is conveyed from floor to street is equally simple. The object is moved by wires.

There is another class of visions perhaps more striking. These are the apparitions appearing gradually, a kind of materialization calculated to impress the most skeptical.

The apparition of the siren in the depths of the sea surrounded by fishes and marine vegetation is one of the newest, and is most effective.



How "The Siren" appears on the moving picture film

A woman in flowing drapery is seen gliding, swimming and diving in moving water. This is an instance of the device of superposition. The film was first exposed before an aquarium filled with fishes and plants. Then the apparatus was set up in the "flies" of the theatre with the lens pointing downward. Immediately under the lens the stage was covered with a gray cloth on which were painted marine plants and the like. The impersonator of the siren lies upon this cloth, turns, rolls over slowly, assuming attitudes and performing gestures appropriate to swimming and diving. The apparatus records upon the film, which already bears a series of pictures of the aquarium, all the motions of the swimmer. Many similar effects may be produced by placing the apparatus in the flies. An automobile ascending a vertical wall is thus obtained by running the car over a painted scene laid flat on the stage and photographing it from above.

## DR. MÜNSTERBERG ON THE EMOTIONAL DESSICATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE



HAT most brilliant of living psychologists, Dr. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, pursuing his new famous investigations into those factors of mentality which make the American people what they are, sees reason to fear that this nation is "drying up emotionally." Between this phenomenon, which he deems as portentous as it is unsuspected, and the national attitude to alcohol as a beverage, he discerns a connection which he takes pain to make clear in a paper published by *McClure's Magazine*. "What would result," he asks, for instance, "if prohibition should really prohibit and all the inhibitions which a mild use of beer and wine promise to the brain be really lost?" The psychological outcome, Dr. Münsterberg replies, would be twofold. Certain effects of alcohol which serve civilization would be lost. On the other hand, much more harmful substitutions would set in.

The nation, to begin with, as our eminent authority contends, would lose its chief means of recreation after work. Physical exercise and sport do not afford real rest for the exhausted brain cells. The American masses work hard throughout the day. The sharp physical and mental labor, the constant hurry and drudgery, produce a state of tension and irritation which demands before the night's sleep some dulling inhibition if a dangerous unrest is not to set in. Alcohol relieves that daily tension most directly, according to Dr. Münsterberg.

Vitally important, however, would be the loss on the emotional side. "Emotional desire for a life in beauty would yield to the triviality of usefulness. Puritanism has held back the real American spirit of artistic creation in fine arts and music and drama: prohibition without substitutes would crush still more the esthetic spirit in the brain of man and would make beauty still more the domain of women." Her more responsive physiological constitution does not need the artificial paralysis of the inhibiting centres. The mind of the average woman shows that lower degree of checking power which small alcoholic doses produce in the average man. But just therefore she and men of the female type can not carry on alone the work of the nation. A national life without the artificial inhibitions of the restraining

centres becomes for the large masses a matter of mere practical calculation and righteous dullness. Truly the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, who enjoys his glass of light wine and then wanders joyful and elated to the masterpieces of the opera, serves humanity better than the New Englander who drinks his ice water and sits satisfied at the vaudeville show, far from real art. Thus Dr. Münsterberg. "Better American inspired," he contends, "than America sober." Can we forget, asks the renowned psychologist, that in almost all parts of the globe even religious life began with intoxication cults? God Indra was in the wine for the Hindus and Dionysius for the Greeks. It is the optimistic exuberance of life, the emotional inspiration, which alcohol brought into the dullness of human days and the history of culture shows it on every page.

Now, we are next invited to believe by this scientist, "with the emotion dries up the will." Mere righteousness needs no stimulation. But the American nation would never have achieved its world work if the attitude of resignation had been its national trait. Those pioneers who opened the land and awoke to life its resources were men who longed for excitement, for the intensity of life, for vividness of experience. The nation would not be loyal to its traditions if it were not to foster this desire of intense experience: the moderate use of alcohol is both training in such intensified conscious experience and training in the control and discipline of such states. The nation needs both and as the child learns to prepare for the work of life by plays and games, so man is schooling himself for the active and effective life by the temperate use of exciting beverages which playfully awake those vivid felings of success. The scholar and the minister and a thousand other individuals may not need this training, but the millions, the masses, can not prepare themselves for a national career of effectiveness if this opportunity is taken away from their lives. History, according to Dr. Münsterberg, shows this abundantly.

There is a sense in which the eminent psychologist concedes all this to be but half true, but that is because and only because the individual and finally the nation may seek substitutes, may satisfy the craving for emotional excitement, for will elation, for intense experience, by other means than the oldest and most





#### THE MOST BRILLIANT OF LIVING PSYCHOLOGISTS

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, has just written a spirited defense of the custom of convivial drinking as understood among the nations of Continental Europe. He insists that American inefficiency and lack of the more delicate mental and esthetic traits is due to the fact that we do not understand the function of alcoholic drinks.

widely scattered. "Zealotism in religious belief, tyranny and cruelty, sexual over-indulgence and perversion, gambling and betting, mysticism and superstition, recklessness and adventurousness, and, above all, senseless crimes have always been the psychological means of overcoming the emptiness and monotony of an unstimulated life." These things produce, just like alcohol, that partial paralysis and create intense experiences. They thus take hold of the masses, so long as the social mind is not dried up entirely, with the necessity of a psychological law:

"There is no more dangerous state for a healthy, strong nation than mental monotony in the life of the masses. Catholic countries play to the imagination at least through the religion, monarchic countries have their own picturesqueness and color, America under prohibition pushes the masses into gambling and reckless excitements and sexual disorder and money crazes and criminal explosions of the mind.

"Has not history experimented sufficiently? Prohibitionist stump speakers may tell us that their cause means the hitherto unheard-of progress of civilization; the United States, after abolishing slavery for mankind, is called on to end also the tyranny of alcohol under which humanity has suffered for ages. But are there not two hundred millions of Moslems who are obedient to Mohammed's law, that wine-drinking is sinful? What is the outcome? Of course, it is not inspiring to hear the boast of the Moslems that the Christians bring whiskey to Africa and bestialize the natives, while the Mohammedans fight alcohol. But aside from this, their life goes on in slavery and polygamy and semi-civilization. All the strong nations, all those whose contributions were of lasting value to the progress of mankind, have profited from the help of artificial stimulation and intoxicants.

"But every strong nation remained also conscious of the dangers and evils which result from intemperance. On the whole, history shows that intemperance and abstinence alike work against the highest interests of civilization; temperance alone offers the most favorable psychological conditions for the highest cultural achievement. Intemperance mostly precedes the strongest periods in the life of a nation, and follows them again as soon as decay has set in. Temperance, that is, sufficient use of intoxicants to secure emotional inspiration and volitional intensity, together with sufficient training in self-discipline to avoid their evils, always introduced the fullest blossoming of national greatness. Instinctively the American nation as a whole is evidently striving for such temperance, but a hysterical minority has at present succeeded in exaggerating the movement and in transforming it into its caricature, prohibition. The final result, of course, will be temperance, since the American nation will not ultimately allow itself to become an emasculated nation of dyspeptic ice-water drinkers without inspiration and energy, or permit vulgar amusements, reckless stock gambling, sensationalism, adultery, burglary, and murder to furnish the ex-

citement which the nerves of a healthy nation need.

"How temperance can be secured, the experiences of the older nations with a similar psychological type of national mind ought to be decisive. First of all, the beverages of strongly alcoholic nature ought to be fought by those of light alcoholic effect. The whiskey of the laborers must be fought by light healthy beer and perhaps by light American wines. Further, a systematic education in self-control must set in; the drunkard must not be tolerated under any circumstances. Above all, the social habits in the sphere of drinking must be entirely reshaped. They belong to a period where the Puritan spirit considered beer and wine as sinful, and relegated them to regions hidden from decent eyes. The American saloon is the most disgusting product of such narrowness; its dangers for politics and law, health and economics, are alarming. The saloon must disappear, and can be made to disappear perhaps by higher license taxation and many other means. And with it must disappear the bar and the habit of drinking standing and of mutual treating. The restaurant alone, with the hotel and the club, is the fit public place where guests sitting at tables may have beer and wine with their meals or after meals—and all controlled by laws which absolutely forbid the sale of intoxicants to certain groups of persons, to children, to inebriates, and so on. As long as drinking means to the imagination of a considerable well-meaning minority of the nation the present-day repulsive life of saloons and bars, the minority will find it easy to terrorize and to whip into line the whole country. But if those relics of a narrow time disappear and customs grow which spread the spirit of geniality and friendly social intercourse over the foaming cup, the spell will be broken. Instead of being tyrannized over by short-sighted fanatics on the one side and corrupt saloon-keepers on the other, the nation will proceed with the unanimous sympathy of the best citizens to firm temperance laws which the sound instinct of the masses will really respect. Training in self-control as against recklessness, training in harmless vulgar excitement and rag-time pleasures, training in respect for law as against living under hysterical rules which cannot be executed, and which invite blackmail, corruption, and habitual disregard of laws—these are indeed the most needed influences on the social mind of the country."

Psychologically, as Dr. Münsterberg puts it, the case stands thus: Alcohol, he says, has indeed an inhibitory influence on mind and body. The feeling of excitement, the greater ease of motor impulses, the feeling of strength and joy, the forgetting of sorrow and pain—all are at bottom the result of inhibition. Impulses are let free because the checking centres are inhibited. But it is absurd to claim from the start that all this is bad and harmful, as if the word inhibition meant destruction and lasting damage. Harmful it is, bodily and socially, when these changes become exaggerated, when they are projected into such dimensions that vital interests, the care for family

and honor and duty are paralyzed. But in the inhibition itself lies no danger. There is not the slightest act of attention which does not involve such inhibition. "If I read in my study, the mere attention to my book will inhibit the ticking of the clock in my room and the noise from the street and no one will call it harmful. As soon as my attention increases and I read with such passion that I forget my engagements with friends and my duties in my office, I become ridiculous and contemptible. But the fact that the unbalanced attention makes me by its exaggerated inhibition quite unfit for my duties is no proof that the slight inhibition produced by attentive reading ought to be avoided." The inhibition by alcohol, too, may have in the right place its very desirable purpose and no one ought to be terrified by such physiological statements even if inhibition be called a partial paralysis.

"Yes, it is partial paralysis, but no education, no art, no politics, no religion, is possible without such partial paralysis. What else are hope and belief and enjoyment and enthusiasm but a re-enforcement of certain mental states, with corresponding inhibition—that is, paralysis—of the opposite ideas? If a moderate use of alcohol can help in this most useful blockade, it is an ally and not an enemy. If wine can overcome and suppress the consciousness of the little miseries and of the drudgery of life, and thus set free and re-

enforce the unchecked enthusiasm for the dominant ideas, if wine can make one forget the frictions and pains and give again the feeling of unity and frictionless power—by all means let us use this helper to civilization. It was a well-known philosopher who coupled Christianity and alcohol as the two great means of mankind to set us free from pain. But nature provided mankind with other means of inhibition; sleep is still more radical, and every fatigue works in the same direction; to inhibit means to help and to prepare for action."

Furthermore, asks Dr. Münsterberg, are those who fancy that every brain alteration is really an evil aware how other influences of our civilization hammer on the neurones and injure our mental, and even moral powers, far beyond a moderate use of alcohol? The vulgar rag-time music, the gambling of speculators, the sensationalism of the yellow press, the poker playing of the men and the bridge playing of the women, the mysticism and superstition of the new fancy churches, the hysterics of the baseball games, the fascination of murder cases, the noise on the Fourth of July and on the three hundred and sixty-four other days of the year, the wild chase for success—all are poison for the brain and mind. They make the nervous system endlessly more unfit for the duties of the day than a glass of lager beer on a hot summer evening.

## SHORTHAND BY MACHINERY



LAST a machine has been devised for writing shorthand, a machine so simple, as the accounts in London *Science* indicate, that anyone can master it, and so efficient that even the highly trained stenographer cannot hope to do more than rival it. The stenotyper, as this wonderful machine is called in the columns of our contemporary, is in bulk and weight a mere fraction of the ordinary typewriter and can readily be worked on the operator's knee.

It has just six keys, and by changes and combinations of these six keys, taken two or three together, a complete alphabet is built up—an alphabet of dot and dash, similar in kind to that of the Morse code. The learner has simply to commit this alphabet to memory and the machine will do the rest. With less diligence than is often devoted to the acquisition of a mere parlor game any ordinary person should be able to write stenotypy at quite a serviceable speed.

This new shorthand is not based on phonetics. Its units are not single sounds, but syllables, many of which can be formed by one touch of the hand on the keyboard. As if playing the piano, the operator simply strikes a chord and imprints a character decipherable to the trained eye at a glance. Unessential vowels and consonants can be dropped out, for the grouping of the symbols indicates how they are to be read. Thus the second conspicuous advantage of the stenotyper is attained—that the "note" which it writes is legible not only to the operator but to anyone else who has mastered the alphabet.

There have been writers of shorthand in the old way who could not read their own notes. Few have been those who could read the notes of others, for the reason that the stenographer invariably adapts his system until it becomes a mass of mere arbitrary and corrupt outlines, meaningless to any eye but his own. Wilful idiosyncrasies and acciden-

tally imperfect outlines cannot be introduced into stenotypy. The note is necessarily correct in form, and therefore legible to all stenotypists and at any distance of time.

The third great advantage of the machine is that it can be used with equal facility for

any language, provided the operator knows that language. At a recent private demonstration the same stenotypist correctly reported unfamiliar or improvised passages dictated in English, French, German, Latin and Hebrew.

## ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE VOICE



ALTHOUGH the possibility of being able to record on a photographic plate the vibrations and sounds of the human voice has long attracted the attention of physicists, the results of actual experiments in this direction, says *Paris Nature*, have hitherto to some extent been vague and unsatisfactory. Undoubtedly, the greatest progress towards photographing the voice has been made by the British scientist, Duddell, who has succeeded in obtaining on a photographic plate a number of waves or tracings which correspond more or less to certain vowels. Owing to the insufficiency of continuation in the vibrations photographed, it was found difficult to recognize the sounds by the waves or curves on the photographic plate.

Experimenting on the same lines as Duddell, a French engineer, M. Devaux Charbonnel, of the government telegraph and telephone department, has apparently solved the problem as the result of a series of experiments communicated to the French Academy of Sciences a few weeks ago.

After much research and many experiments, Charbonnel has succeeded in originating a system whereby the characteristics of vowels and consonants, as uttered by the voice in front of a microphone attached to an extremely sensitive Blondel oscillograph and placed in circuit between the microphone and an ordinary telephone battery, are transmitted to a photographic plate in the form of a series of waves and curves as produced by the oscillator. Or, in other words, the waves of the voice-sounds as they pass through the microphone act upon the extremely sensitive electric oscillator and the movements or waves of this oscillator, which possesses a tiny mirror lighted by an electric spark, automatically produced, thrown upon the exposed photographic plate opposite the oscillator the reproduction of the wave-like movements.

Complicated as this explanation may seem, the actual operation is simplicity itself and

those who have seen the apparatus describe it as the "parolograph" from the French "parole" or "word," or speech, tho the inventor modestly disclaims the use of such a word as being too pretentious.


The possibilities opened up by the "Parolograph," as set forth by Mr. Joseph Brandreth in *London Knowledge*, are many. When the instrument is sufficiently perfected there will be little to prevent a telephone subscriber from receiving a message through the telephone during his absence. The spoken message will be photographically reproduced on an endless celluloid film or sensitive band and the subscriber with a little practice will be able to read it off. The difficulty in mastering the interpretation of the waves and curves will, it is calculated, be no greater than that experienced in acquiring a knowledge of shorthand.

In the course of his experiments M. Charbonnel has made a very curious discovery. It is that altho the main features of the photographically reproduced waves and curves remain the same for each syllable, yet no two persons give exactly the same wave sounds in pronouncing the same syllable. For instance, of twenty persons who pronounced the vowel "u" through the microphone, there was, in every case, a slight variation in the wave lines photographically reproduced from the oscillator, tho it was easy to distinguish the essential characteristics of the vowel "u."

From this observation Charbonnel concludes that Duddell is right when he says that the discovery of a practical system of photographing the voice should prove of great assistance in helping to detect criminals. Just as no two thumb marks are exactly alike in all respects, so no two persons produce the same wave sounds, or rather tones or "harmonics" of wave sounds, in pronouncing any one of the vowels, a, e, i, o, u. It will therefore probably become customary to photograph the wave sounds of the vowels produced by all persons who have undergone a conviction.



## A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF THE SENSE OF HUMOR IN MANKIND

O stimulus, perhaps, more mercifully and effectually breaks the surface tension of consciousness, thereby conditioning the mind for a stronger forward movement, than that of humor. In these somewhat technical words does Dr. Linus W. Kline open, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, his study of the nature, origin and function of humor from the points of view not only of psychology but of science in general. Darwin points out, we are reminded, that the causes of laughter, scientifically considered, are complex. Humor may often be a cause. "It is the mental aspect of a psycho-physical fact." The mental aspect forms the subject matter of Dr. Kline's chief concern. "It offers problems for investigation similar to any other concrete mental fact. I propose to show that the character of its stimuli, the conditions of its origin in the race and individual, its nature and function as a mental process, are discoverable, describable and susceptible of explanation." Let us look at this closely.

First we have to consider the non-humorous stimuli of the humorous sense. Void of humor, to begin with, are the immensity of space, the infinitude of time, the motions of the heavenly bodies and all cosmic rhythms. The same thing is apparent of all physical, chemical and mathematical laws, and likewise of all macroscopic things of earth such as the waters, the tidal movements, the cataracts, the mountains, the forests, the deserts and the plains. Swift rhythmic movements of organic life in the large, and the orderly expression of life processes, as the heart-beat, the mystery of sleep, birth and death, may inspire awe and dread but never humor.

A large group of objects and actions, again, incite feelings of contempt, disgust and loathing, such as parasites, creeping and slimy things, filth, skin and eye diseases, all forms of tyranny, treachery, poltroonery, ingratitude and, according to Bain, "the entire catalog of vanities given by Solomon." These things never stimulate the sense of humor. But all common and customary activities and events and objects of familiar notice constitute, so far as the pleasure-pain field is concerned, an indifferent zone. The genius of a Swift or of a Moliere could make all subjects in this zone

humorous. Shakespeare has made much of the most unpromising material in this field.

It appears from this process of elimination, therefore, that the conditions averse to humor are: "The macroscopic things of the world, including her laws, order, harmony and rhythm; those things which are inimical to life and freedom; those things, largely of the social order, that have become habituated, regular in occurrence and necessary to human comfort."

There remain for consideration animals and their actions, man, his actions, clothes, customs and manners, words, language and thought.

The statement that there is no comic outside of what is properly human and that the lower life and inanimate objects provoke humor only when endowed with human qualities seems true to Dr. Kline, who thinks the many exceptions only prove the rule. Small animals, like small people, are more likely to provoke humor than large ones. The poodles, terriers and spaniels are the funmakers of the kennel. The St. Bernards, great Danes and bull dogs command our serious respect. When an animal of one class does the task common to an animal of quite a different class, it is apt to provoke humor. An ox in shafts drawing a top buggy, mules, asses or buffaloes running a race, are examples. But if an animal is set to doing a human task, the humor is intensified.

Man may provoke humor by his size, especially if extremes meet. The undersized is likely to amuse especially in his pretensions and passions. Unusual features, types of ugliness, odd shapes and Falstaffian proportions contain humorous elements. To quote from *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"Mimicry and all actions of a pretentious and useless sort and in false time and space relations may provoke humor. All mimicry is humorous, whether in the form of the puppet show, the pantomime, the burlesque or the comedy. Hazlitt calls attention to a large group of humorous acts as seen in the 'pursuit of uncertain pleasure or idle gallantry.' Professor James refers to the same subject in describing our desire for recognition: 'We are crazy to get a visiting list which shall be large, to be able to say when any one is mentioned, "Oh! I know him well" . . . there is a whole race of beings today whose passion is to keep their names in the newspaper, no matter under what heading; "arrivals and departures,"

gossip, even scandal will suit them if nothing better is to be had.' Useless actions of the ideomotor and absent-minded type are the causes of many of the comedies of errors in every-day life. A young lady who had partially disrobed to make a toilet at the noon hour wound up by 'saying her prayers,' that being the usual next step in the evening. A college girl stopped at her own room and knocked vigorously for admission. Forgetfulness, too, is often a source of humor. Here belong the host of stories of the forgetful and absent-minded professor, from which we select one. A certain professor asked the lady of his choice for her hand, in total disregard of the fact that he had made the same request with the happiest result on the day preceding. The wrong use of objects, tools and machinery often makes an act humorous; for instance, posting letters in a neighbor's private letter box, an Indian taking his family to church in a hearse purchased for a carriage, sharpening a hand saw by grinding the teeth out of it. Awkwardness is a common type of action naturally humorous. Any action inherently serious may become humorous by occurring out of time or out of place. Singing ahead of time or out of tune, applauding alone, answering questions at the wrong time at a marriage service, an unmindful deacon removing his small coat with his overcoat and sitting down in his shirt sleeves in church, are cases in point.

"Clowns and professional fools supplement their wit, humor and mimicry by their well-known forms of dress. Johnny Bull, Uncle Sam and Santa Claus are always received good-naturedly partly on account of their dress. Hallowe'en, masked balls, the Mardi Gras and Carnivals ancient and modern owe much of their charming good humor to dress. It is well known that we laugh at the dress of foreigners, and they at ours."

As stimulants of humor, customs and manners have perhaps no equal. They excite it alike in the vulgar and the cultured. Words, language and thought afford the most delicate, subtle and refined specimens of humor. Moreover, all words, language and thought not humorous to the speaker but so interpreted by the observer may be termed in the proper sense unconscious humor. The humorous interpretation of unconscious humor may be termed passive humor. All deliberate manipulations of words, language and thoughts by the subject for humorous effects may be considered active humor. Language, much more than customs and manners, requires a civilization of some age and stability in order to furnish both the conditions and material for humor.

The appreciation of law, of order, of harmony and of those things that are inimical to life and freedom begets a sober mental attitude, the intensity of which varies with the weightiness of the matter and the issues involved. Now if, when dealing with such mat-

ters, the thinking process continues organized and controlled and progresses towards an end, it is termed rational. But if the mental tension exceeds the capacity for controlled thinking, brought on by the sudden triumph of wrong and evil values, disruption of the thinking process at once ensues, accompanied by an unpleasant emotion ranging from mild disappointment to the tragic. If, on the contrary, the disruption is caused by the sudden triumph of good values, a pleasant emotion results. In either case organized and rational processes give way to those of an uncontrolled and emotional sort. The mental stream has had its banks torn away and its forward movement stopped—voluntary movements are replaced by hereditary. In the more intense forms a reversion to primitive conditions may occur, for we then do and say things that may shame us in our sober moments.

Now, the humor process occurs in just such a disrupted consciousness induced by the triumph of good and pleasurable values preceded by a mental tension similar but not always equal to that of preceding emotions. The common and quiet forms of humor usually occur in a consciousness that has been running at its usual strength and depth sufficiently organized to command the situation, and they assume a definite form and take on a certain strength of surface tension. (The term surface tension simply extends the water metaphors of psychology in a logical direction. Dr. Kline uses it to indicate the impervious condition of consciousness formed in any attentive state, the strength of the surface tension being in direct proportion to the intensity of attention.) The function of the humor stimulus consists in cutting the surface tension, in taking the hide off of consciousness, as it were, and in breaking up in part only its organization, which is at once followed by the humor feeling—the next link in the conscious chain.

The principal elements in the humor process consist first of the perception of the stimulus, second in the sense of freedom, and third its recognition. These elements are each suffused by a pleasurable tone and produce by their total synthesis the unique humor tone. The uniqueness of the tone is the crux of the matter. The mental tension preceding the humor process, altho an essential condition thereto, precedes any and all emotional states.

"The clue lies in the nature of the humor stimulus, and the relation sustained to it by the

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individual. This is in line with Dr. Dewey's theory of the differentia among the several emotions themselves. He holds that each emotion is marked off from other emotions by the different reactions produced by the exciting fact. I have indicated that the humor stimulus belongs to an order of knowledge whose laws, uniformities, manners and customs have arisen since the human mind has attained its present estate. Contrast with the humorous stimuli the non-humorous, and it appears, humanly speaking, that the latter has always existed. The heavens, the laws of matter, cosmic forces of whatever sort, were in full swing when human consciousness dawned, their operation has participated in mind evolution, and to that extent has impressed law and order upon it. Therefore, when we are engaged with these things, sober thinking, pleasant or unpleasant emotions, are the outcome, but never humor. But it will be noticed that the humorous stimuli consist of departures, of exaggerations, even of violations of the laws, uniformities, concepts and what not that have evolved out of man's experience. The significant fact for humor is that these departures and exaggerations do not disturb the recognized values of good and evil. The mind maintains all the while a disinterested attitude toward the object of its activity. We seek neither to correct nor further to exaggerate the departure from the normal. It is time to feel and not to act. We enter into aesthetic rather than practical relations with the object of our humor; should we seek the practical, humor at once ceases, issuing perhaps, in bitterness or joy, sarcasm or flattery, indignation or admiration. Penjon, writing upon this point, says:

"I shall have to distinguish these varieties of the comic laugh, sometimes so near to tears and often so cruel. But if one separates, as must be done, the causes which too easily deform the comic and make of it an emotion of wickedness or bitterness, the comic emotion will appear purely disinterested. I mean by this that the object or the event which is the occasion of the comic excludes every idea of loss or of profit, that it makes us conceive neither hope nor fear, and seems to us at the same time neither advantageous nor harmful to any one; it is worth in itself what it is worth without adding to our idea of it any consideration of end or ideal. The comic emotion is then essentially a play emotion."

The humor process, then, like play, is its own end and justification. The kinship between humor and play not only suggests relationships between humor and freedom and between humor and esthetics, but that mental activity so long interpreted as play should be credited to humor.

Humor, then, is an end in itself. It is disinterested in its object.

It remains to consider the sense of freedom as a constituent element in the humor process. The family and guests are seated, we will assume, about the fireside enjoying the moments of silence. The only light is that of the glowing embers. A smouldering bit of bark suddenly flashes up and a smile plays over the

faces of the silent group. The stroke of a sweet-toned clock, or a sneeze, or the dropping and rolling of sewing thimble or a ball of yarn produces under similar conditions the same effect. A group of boys are seated on the bank of a bathing pond apparently gazing at the water's glassy surface. Suddenly it is broken by a few drops of rain out of a cloudless sky. The boys smile. The humor in such cases is weak and simple. At such times consciousness is damped down to dreamy monotonous processes under lax attention, and the mild humor results from the sudden, delicate and harmless stimulus piercing its surface tension, disrupting its feeble structure and permitting it to flow in a more free and spontaneous fashion. This simple type finds verification writ large in every day life. Objects and actions of little or no inherent humor may become excruciatingly humorous under hard and tense conditions. "Snickering at nothing" in the school room, giggling before strangers and company, especially when at the table, the increasing intensity of the annoying return waves of humor on solemn occasions, are cases in point. Darwin records that the Geramn soldiers before the siege of Paris, after strong excitement from exposure to extreme danger, were particularly apt to burst into laughter at the smallest joke. Sufferers in the San Francisco fire, while enduring intense mental strain, burst into laughter on the slightest provocation. These and like cases should not be confounded with hysteria, which may occur unaccompanied by mental strain. The history of humorous literature discloses the fact that it is most prolific in those crises and changes in human affairs at which the consciousness of human freedom breaks out. The work of the cartoonist is most vigorous and poignant when official tyranny and high-handed abuses are laying heavy hands on the people. During the brazen days of the Tweed ring, the works of Nast were at their best. The parody was first introduced during the performances of the Greek tragedies to relieve the audience from the intense mental strain. In the severe atmosphere of the King's court, the court fool was a most important personage.

"These considerations indicate an intimate kinship between the humor process and the sense of freedom. The real relation becomes apparent when the nature of the stimulus is taken into account. It has already been shown that the humor stimulus violates and breaks up the order and mechanism about us. It appears as the only objective fact in our experience that dares to defy the social order with impunity, that can violate

ruthlessly, without pain and without apology, the human contrivances about us, and thereby not only remind us that freedom is an abiding reality, but that we may escape, temporarily at least, from the uniformities and mechanisms of life. We are rather chary of an over-scientific game, one in which luck and spontaneity are entirely supplanted by principles and rigid regulations. Speaking of a game or a contest as a 'dead sure thing' is an implication that spontaneity and life are inoperative. Any instrument, therefore, that reveals freedom to us through the veil of mechanism and the social order will produce pleasure. Play, art and the humor stimulus are such instruments; play is largely for the young, art for the trained and educated, but the humor stimulus is for every one. The second differentium of the humor process, therefore, is the sense of freedom.

"The failure to see that the sense of freedom is a constituent part of humor is doubtless responsible for the 'superiority' (and its opposite statement 'degradation') theory. The sense of power is pleasurable, but not humorous, for the reasons that (1) the sense of power contains an element of practical relationship, and (2) the humor stimulus does not make us aware of power. Incongruity, descending or otherwise, all disorders of time and space relations in our actions, customs and language, deceived expectation, all disorders of mechanized living movements are only humorous when they excite the sense of freedom. Incongruities are not inherently humorous. They may become excitants of humor by revealing freedom behind human uniformities. It would appear then that the multiplicity of humor theories may be resolved into the freedom theory. The theories hitherto advanced have been more a classification of humorous stimuli than an explanation of humor as a mental process.

"A cross section of our adult mental life shows three interrelated aspects: (1) an aspect composed of hereditary factors (unlearned reactions), (2) a well-defined aspect of acquired factors or mechanisms (learned reactions) composed of what the individual does for himself and what is done for him, and (3) an ill-defined aspect that permeates the other two, and in addition occupies a separate existence of its own made up of unmechanized and elementary mental factors. The second aspect will be recognized as intelligence. It might be termed mechanized mind in that it represents mind reduced to law and habit. Getting on in the world is dependent to a degree on a certain quantity of mechanized mind. Common speech employs such terms as habit, adjustment, education to designate such an equipment.

"Several processes are involved in its making, such as imitation, learning by trial and error, by tradition and by understanding. Of these ways those that make the most of voluntary attention are the quickest in results and the most extravagant with mental energy. Here it is that mental tension reaches its highest pitch. Relief comes in a variety of well known ways, humor being perhaps the most unique of the lot."

The psychical function of humor is to delicately cut the surface tension of consciousness and disarrange its structure to the end that it may begin again a new and strengthened base.

It permits our mental forces to reform under cover, as it were, while the battle is still on. Then, too, it clarifies the field and reveals the strategic points, or, to change the figure, it pulls off the mask and exposes the real man. In fact, humor is an instrument to aid in the approach to the realities of life—not meta-physical, but real realities!

The physiological function is common knowledge. Its influence upon adipose tissue has passed into a proverb. Kant cherished the belief that laughter had a beneficial effect upon our entire vegetative life. Haecker contended that it relieved the anaemia of the brain induced by the tickle.

The biological function of humor is far more unique in mental economy than its nature as a process. Reference has already been made to the unmechanized aspect of mind, a matter more readily believed than easily proved. To adduce adequate evidence of its existence and of the extent of its magnitude and importance over the mechanized and hereditary portions of mind would lead too far afield.

"Biologists are generally agreed that the human hand, the vocal organs and the cerebral cortex have developed possibilities far beyond present realization. Their possibilities are as yet unknown. The capacity of the cortex appears to be infinite with only a small portion reduced to law and order. If we can so confidently assert unlimited capacity of these physical structures, then any lesser conception of mind is indeed an untenable one. It does not yet appear what we shall be, but there is a general agreement that the immediate path of evolution will be spiritual rather than physical. And if spiritual, it can only go on in the free portion of mind, in those parts not yet harnessed to matter and frozen into laws and habits. Of course, there is universal agreement that the mind should be mechanized to the extent of the needs of common life, or routine business, of the alphabets of learning and of the elements of culture; but anything beyond these points is inimical not only to individual development, but to racial evolution. While, on the other hand, influences that tend to check mechanization and to incline the mind to grapple with the ideal, the novel, the realities rather than the formalities of life prolong the possibilities of spiritual development. Humor and play are two such influences, with the honors in favor of humor. It stands guard at the dividing line between free and mechanized mind, and, like play, it keeps the individual young, projects the best of youth into adult life, sets metes and bounds to 'docility' and prevents the mental life of the race from hardening into instinctive and hereditary forms of action. It saves to the world its geniuses and saves the individual from the blighting influence of commercial and utilitarian ideals."



## THE CALCULATION OF PROBABILITIES IN ROULETTE AT MONTE CARLO



OME excitement has been caused in European society by the "law of little numbers" purporting to be the recent discovery of Dr. Charles Henry, who has devoted much study to calculations of probabilities in connection with the play at Monte Carlo. After much mathematical calculation, based upon what he deems a law of sequence, Mr. Henry contends that red or black will "arrive" in a definite proportion at roulette. He considers that the theory of probabilities is only verified in practice when the number of throws of the ball is indefinitely great and that new principles are required when the period of play is short. He takes what he terms a psycho-physical point of view and bases his researches on the ultimate vibrations of particles and the "musical interval," the fifth—the ratio 3:2. He adopts the latter as governing the sequences at roulette. Thus premising, this calculator of the probabilities formulates rules of play which he says will enable a gambler to win at Monte Carlo.

Now we have London *Nature* going into the subject at some length and denying that any of the above considerations have any scientific value whatever. Some persons have undertaken to follow the rules set down, but, as the British scientific organ contends, they are speculating upon something that is not scientifically worked out. He gives no scientific reason for his sequences and the mathematics he employs are not real mathematics at all. Yet many persons in Western Europe and in America have been led to believe that this alleged "law of little numbers" may be taken seriously. It still remains true, nevertheless, contends our authority, that the construction of the Monte Carlo roulette table gives an advantage to the bank, which roughly may be stated to be 1.35 per cent. on the even chances and 2.7 per cent. on the longer chances:

"The percentage refers to all the money placed upon the table that was originally in possession of one of the players. Should a player stake five francs on one of the even chances, the piece becomes immediately depreciated in value so as to be only worth four francs ninety-three centimes. Placed anywhere else on the table, it is worth but four francs eighty-six centimes. If the stake be left upon the table for another coup, with or without previous winnings, a like depreciation takes place, and it is the sum of all these depreciations which in the long run constitutes the profit of the bank.

"Statistics show that each table earns about 400*l.* per diem on the average. This shows that the amount staked at each table is about 20,000*l.* per diem. The nine tables in use during the winter months thus earn about 3,600*l.* per diem, and the amount staked probably reaches the large figure of 180,000*l.* per diem. It may be regarded as certain that a large majority of the players leave off losers. Of these, certain individuals lose a small sum which they consider is sufficient to leave in the rooms; others a sum which they had previously determined not to exceed; others sums which are in excess of what they wished to lose. On the other hand, a minority of the players will be winners, but this minority becomes smaller as the average time during which the players remain at the table becomes larger.

"Many of the players have probably been winners at some time or other during the play. They determined to become larger winners, with the final result that they were losers. Few players know when to stop the game and to hold their hands when a reasonable sum, reasonable in proportion to the playing capital, has been won. The consequence of a player with a moderate capital thus settling down to play the bank for immoderate winnings is in the long run certain ruin, whether the bank has between one and three per cent. in its favor or not.

"The large capital of the bank gives it an advantage over the player, whose capital is relatively small, which is quite separate from the advantage derived from the design of the table."

The influence of capital can be well seen in an ordinary even game of rouge et noire. We may suppose Peter and Paul to be the players and the stake to be five dollars at each coup. It is quite certain, whatever be the capital of each, that after a sufficient number of coups one or other will lose all his capital. Which of the two has the greatest chances of being ruined depends upon the ratio between the two capitals. It can be shown that Peter's chance of ruining Paul bears the same ratio to Paul's chance of ruining Peter that Peter's capital bears to Paul's. If Peter's capital be \$250 and Paul's \$200, it is 5 to 4 that Peter ultimately ruins Paul. The circumstance that the game, if continued long enough, will inevitably lead to the ruin of one of the players may seem surprising to one who has not given the subject special attention. There is a popular fallacy that in the long run Peter and Paul will win very nearly the same number of coups. The fact is that in the result of a large number of coups the ratio of the numbers of coups won by the players approaches unity, but that the difference between these numbers has a tendency to increase.

# Recent Poetry



ON THE twelfth day of last May the shining sun witnessed something new and novel in that city of novel things—Paris. The Salon of Poetry, or, as some of the irreverent call it, the Pegasus show, was installed by the minister of public instruction in one of the rooms of the Art Salon of the Champs Elysées. The purpose of this Salon of Poetry is to enable poets, young and old, to exhibit their art-products, even as painters and sculptors may exhibit theirs. Once a week the poems submitted to the committee and accepted by it are read in the Salon either by the authors or by trained readers. Honors are conferred. Many of the poems are reproduced in the daily press as news of the day. Obscure poets with the real fire in their hearts are discovered. A charming informality prevails, and the famous writers mix with those unknown and discuss the poems between times. The success has been such that similar innovations have been or are about to be introduced by the "Independents" and the Autumn Salon.

It is an interesting development. Why should not the National Arts Club, of New York City, and other similar organizations follow the example thus set?

In an address at the inauguration of this Salon of Poetry, Edmond Harancourt, president of the Society of French Poets, made an address, saying in part:

"As soon as the news of the founding of a Salon of Poetry had spread over the fatherland, fifteen hundred heads were lifted up ready for the laurel of Virgil, and thousands of poems appeared. Reassure yourselves. You will hear only a dozen each session, and in half a century we shall have exhausted the stock of this first competition. But you, who admire in the galleries above us the pictorial fecundity of our country, must admire also its poetical fecundity. Our brother painters operate by the square yard only; we operate by the cubic yard.

"What does all this prove? Simply that the poet is incompressible and insuppressible. Poetry is no longer read? No matter. We will keep on writing it, writing it without end! Even when humanity shall declare to us that it has no further need of us we shall still be certain that we answer to a need—our own. Yours also, for you have all experienced this need. Who is there among you who has not felt himself a poet, if only for an hour? Ransack your memories and dare to say that this hour was not the most delicious hour of your lives, from the mere fact that it was enthusiastic! Nothing, after all, is worth while but untrammelled self-expression. One does not always succeed in it, one does not

persist in it often, but it suffices to have attempted it, to cherish in the depth of one's being a spring floweret which smells sweet during one's whole life—the memory of having been a poet. All you who had that experience some beautiful night of your youth be clement toward those who remain poets always. We are the past, it is true, but we are your past. We remain that which you were and we resemble you still when you no longer resemble yourselves. Come, recognize yourselves in us. Our verses are the mirrors of your dead emotions, and in this Salon of Poetry the pictures we expose are your souls."

The first "exhibit" which we present this month in this Salon of Poetry of our own is one which an over-enthusiastic writer in the *New York Times* calls "the first inspired poem of the twentieth century." It was first published in *The Times*, and is dedicated "To Peary and His Band":

## THE FROZEN GRAIL

BY ELSA BARKER

Why sing the legends of the Holy Grail,  
The dead Crusaders of the Sepulchre,  
While these men live? Are the great bards all dumb?

Here is a vision to shake the blood of Song,  
And make Fame's watchman tremble at his post.  
What shall prevail against the spirit of man,  
When cold, the lean and snarling wolf of hunger,  
The threatening spear of ice-mailed Solitude,  
Silence, and Space, and ghostly footed Fear  
Prevail not? Dante, in his frozen hell,  
Shivering, endured no bleakness like the void  
These men have warmed with their own flaming  
will,

And peopled with their dreams. The wind from  
fierce

Arcturus in their faces, at their backs  
The whip of the world's doubt, and in their  
souls

Courage to die—if death shall be the price  
Of that cold cup that shall assuage their thirst,  
They climb, and fall, and stagger toward the goal.  
They lay themselves the road whereby they  
travel,

And sue God for a franchise. Does He watch  
Behind the lattice of the boreal lights?

In that Grail-chapel of their stern-vowed quest,  
Ninety of God's long paces toward the North,  
Will they behold the splendor of His face?

To conquer the world must man renounce the  
world?

These have renounced it. Had ye only faith  
Ye might move mountains, said the Nazarene.  
Why, these have faith to move the zones of man  
Out to the point where All and Nothing meet.  
They catch the bit of Death between their teeth  
In one wild dash to trample the unknown  
And leap the gates of knowledge. They have  
dared

Even to defy the sentinel that guards  
The doors of the forbidden—dared to hurl  
Their breathing bodies after the Ideal,  
That like the Heavenly Kingdom must be taken  
Only by violence. The star that leads  
The leader of this quest has held the world  
True to its orbit for a million years.  
And shall he fail? They never fail who light  
Their lamp of faith at the unwavering flame  
Burnt for the altar service of the Race  
Since the beginning. He shall find the strange—  
The white immaculate Virgin of the North,  
Whose steady gaze no mortal ever dared,  
Whose icy hand no human ever grasped.  
In the dread silence and the solitude  
She waits and listens through the centuries  
For one indomitable, destined soul,  
Born to endure the glory of her eyes  
And lift his warm lips to the frozen Grail.

From London comes a volume of Whitmanesque verse by Henry Bryan Binns, entitled "The Great Companions" (A. C. Fifield, publisher). The most effective things in the volume are the few poems which are not in the Whitmanesque form, tho they also show the Whitmanesque spirit. The same thing may be said of other imitators of "the good grey poet"—Ernest Crosby, for instance. The restraints of rhythm and rhyme seem to be unduly rigid and galling at times, but they force the poet into compression, and the painstaking which they exact is far better than the facile soaring on rhapsodic wings which renders so much of the work of Whitman as well as of his followers aimless and inchoate. We reproduce two of Mr. Binns's rhythmic productions:

# THE COMING OF MAN

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS

"Man is my name, and my spirit is free;  
Mine are the laws, and behold, I am free of them,  
Garments are they that I doff or I don,  
Mine for my service or else I have done with them.

"Are they my body? Are they my breath?  
Are they my purpose that now they should hinder me?

I am the maker and master of laws,  
Man is my name, and my spirit is Liberty.

"Gods I beheld in my passionate dreams,  
Gods I created, aspiring to deity!  
Let you go by or let you abide,  
Man is my name, and the ages go over me.

"Past that is gone, Future to be,  
Present of mine that transcends and embraces them,  
Here in my flesh is the wonder divine,  
Here in this body the spring of eternity.

"I am come up out of fear and desire,  
Quick in my nostrils the breath of the Fellowship,

Out from mine eyes flash the forms that endure,  
Throbs through my pulses the music that marshals them.

"For I was meek, for I was mild,  
For I was penitent, humble and patient,  
Therefore my heart is the heart of the Lord,  
And I accomplish the joy of creation."

## LIBERTY

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS

As first it said, still saith the soul, "I dare;"  
Virtue and Prudence and Religion, yea  
Love, Friendship, Wisdom, all together say  
"Beware!"  
But unto all the soul replies, "I dare."

"Draw back! Repent!" they cry; "Learn to obey!  
Rebel not, venture not! Thy foolish way  
Forswear."  
Humbly answers the soul and says, "I dare."

"Yonder lies all disaster and dismay.  
Dar'st thou to summon Madness and dim grey  
Despair?"  
Solemnly, proudly, saith the soul, "I dare."

"A spark of God is mixed into my clay,  
Destined I know not whither nor the way;  
I dare  
Only to be mine own self everywhere."

The following little poem, which we find in *Harper's*, has something about it that warms the heart while it moistens the eyes. It is wholesome and delightful:

## A GOOD TIME

By MOUNCE BYRD

I've had a good time.  
Life came with rosy cheeks and tender song  
Across the morning fields to play with me,  
And, oh, how glad we were, and romped along  
And laughed and kissed each other by the sea.

I've had a good time.  
Love came and met me half way down the road:  
Love went away, but there remained with me  
A little dream to help me bear my load,  
A something more to watch for by the sea.

I've had a good time.  
Death came and took a rosebud from my yard;  
But after that, I think there walked with me,  
To prove me how the thing was not so hard,  
An angel here of evenings by the sea.

I've had a good time.  
..... A good, good time.  
Nobody knows how good a time but me,  
With nights and days of revel and of rhyme,  
And tears of love and longing by the sea.

It is a rather audacious thing to do to amputate a fine poem without the author's leave, but we have done it before with impunity and we shall venture to do it again, here and now, with

Anna Hempstead Branch's poem in the August *Forum*. It is rather long for reprinting here, and the first two stanzas are not indispensable. We reprint the poem without them. It is quaint and original, and it gives a cosmic note to very unc cosmic things:

### THE MONK IN THE KITCHEN

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

What are ye?  
I know not.  
Brazen pan and iron pot—  
Yellow brick and gray flag-stone  
That my feet have trod upon—  
Ye seem to me  
Vessels of bright mystery.  
For ye do bear a shape, and so  
Tho ye were made by man, I know  
An inner Spirit also made  
And ye his breathings have obeyed.

Shape, the strong and awful Spirit,  
Laid his ancient hand on you.  
He waste chaos doth inherit;  
He can alter and subdue.  
Verily, he doth lift up  
Matter, like a sacred cup.  
Into deep substance he reached, and lo  
Where ye were not, ye were; and so  
Out of useless nothing, ye  
Groaned and laughed and came to be.  
And I use you, as I can,  
Wonderful uses, made for man,  
Iron pot and brazen pan.

What are ye?  
I know not;  
Nor what I really do  
When I move and govern you.  
There is no small work unto God.  
He requires of us greatness;  
Of his least creature  
A high angelic nature,  
Stature superb and bright completeness.  
He sets to us no humble duty.  
Each act that he would have us do  
Is haloed round with strangest beauty.  
Terrific deeds and cosmic tasks  
Of his plainest child he asks.  
When I polish the brazen pan  
I hear a creature laugh afar  
In the gardens of a star,  
And from his burning presence run  
Flaming wheels of many a sun.  
Whoever makes a thing more bright,  
He is an angel of all light.  
When I cleanse this earthen floor  
My spirit leaps to see  
Bright garments trailing over it.  
Wonderful lustres cover it,  
A cleanness made by me.  
Purger of all men's thoughts and ways,  
With labor do I sound Thy praise,  
My work is done for Thee.  
Whoever makes a thing more bright,  
He is an angel of all light.  
Therefore let me spread abroad  
The beautiful cleanness of my God.

One time in the cool of dawn  
Angels came and worked with me;  
The air was soft with many a wing.  
They laughed amid my solitude  
And cast bright looks on everything.  
Sweetly of me did they ask  
That they might do my common task.  
And all were beautiful—but one  
With garments whiter than the sun  
Had such a face  
Of deep, remembered grace,  
That when I saw I cried—"Thou art  
The great Blood-Brother of my heart.  
Where have I seen thee?"—and he said,  
"When we are dancing 'round God's throne,  
How often thou art there.  
Beauties from thy hands have flown  
Like white doves wheeling in mid-air.  
Nay—thy soul remembers not?  
Work on, and cleanse thy iron pot."

What are we? I know not.

Lilian Whiting gives us, in *Harper's Bazar*, a beautiful love poem that avoids the extravagance of language so fatal to many love poems written by women:

### A MAGIC MOMENT

BY LILIAN WHITING

I love you, love you! only this  
I have to say;  
All other visions, hopes and dreams  
Must go their way.

Your lightest word outweighs for me  
The universe beside;  
My thought responds to all your own  
As ocean's tide

Unfailingly leaps up to meet  
The moon's sure call;  
Or as the stars in evening skies  
Must shine for all.

Life is no longer drift and dream,  
But vivified:  
And all its radiance, all its faiths,  
Are multiplied.

Music and magic lay their spell  
Upon the days  
That dawn in rose and wane in gold  
And purple haze.

O wondrous spirit-call that came  
From out the air!  
To make all life forevermore  
Divinely fair.

Here is an effective poem, the idea of which, it seems, should have been used before, it is so inevitable. Yet we do not remember to have seen anything more closely resembling it than Shakespeare's lines,

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away," etc.  
We take Mr. Mason's poem from *The National Magazine*:



THE DUST

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

Yea, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!  
Ye kings and seers and bards together!  
For I am but the dust—the shapeless dust—  
The sport of winds and of the weather!

Yet once the lightning of the flesh I wore;  
Peal after peal like glorious thunder,  
Once with the shock of being sweet as song  
The senses shook my heart of wonder!

And once in burning hush of life's high noon,  
I heard the rosy mouth of woman  
Spilling love's voice of spikenard on the air—  
Divine, and yet supremely human.

Yea, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!  
Ye kings and seers and bards together!  
Yet once your solemn robes of state I wore  
Who now am sport of winds and weather!

Julia C. R. Dorr was writing for many of us  
when we were children. Her pen has not lost its  
cunning, as this from *The Atlantic Monthly*  
proves anew:

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

Eons, or centuries, or years ago—  
We two were man and woman, thou and I,  
On yon dear earth now swinging far below  
The star mists floating by.

But now we are two spirits, in the wide  
Mysterious realm whereof all mortals dream;  
The unknown country where the dead abide  
Beyond the sunset gleam.

And I—I cannot find thee anywhere!  
I roam from star to star in search of thee;  
I wander through the boundless fields of air,  
And by the crystal sea.

I scan all faces and I question all;  
I breathe thy name to every wind that blows;  
Through the wide silences I call and call—  
But still the silence grows.

Dost thou remember how, one midnight drear,  
We sat before a fading fire alone,  
Dreaming young dreams the while the wan old  
year

Reeled from his trembling throne?

And thou didst whisper, "Dear, from farthest  
skies,  
From utmost space, my love shall summon thee  
Tho the grave-mould lie darkly on thine eyes,  
To keep this tryst with me!"

Was it last year? O Love, I do not know!  
The high gods count not time. We are as they.  
All silently the tides of being flow;  
A year is as a day!

I only know I cannot find thee, dear!  
This mighty universe is all too wide;

Where are thou? In what far-removed sphere  
Is thought of me denied?

New lives, new loves, new knowledge, and new  
laws!

I still remember. Does thy soul forget?  
Heart unto heart if love no longer draws,  
Then the last seal is set!

Some one has described the poetic faculty as  
the ability to look at things as if seeing them for  
the very first time. Well, look at a city's market-  
place for the first time, and this (from *Harper's*)  
is the result one might expect:

MARKET

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I went to market yesterday,  
And it is like a Fair  
Of everything you like to see;  
But nothing Live is there.  
The Pigeons, hanging up to eat,—  
And Rabbits, by their little feet!—  
And no one seemed to care.

And there were Fishes out in rows,  
Bright ones of every kind;  
And some were Pink, and Silver too;  
But all of them were blind.—  
Yes, everything you want to touch:  
It would not make you happy, much;—  
But no one seemed to mind.

And oh, I saw a Lovely Deer!—  
Only Its eyes were blurred.  
And hanging by It, very near,  
A beautiful great Bird;  
So I could smooth his feathers through,  
And kiss them (very softly) too.—  
And oh, he never stirred!

It is a little late for a poem on Memorial Day,  
but the following poem, from the New York  
*Evening Post*, is appropriate any day in the year.  
It is a fine theme finely wrought:

LINES ON MEMORIAL DAY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

Life up your hearts, ye people, and be proud!  
Mourn ye no more the fallen in the fray;  
Peace and a nation's glory wrap their clay,  
And they sleep well who sleep in such a shroud.

Lift up your hearts, ye people, and be proud!  
Not of the dead alone,  
Above whose shattered frames the stone  
Records the glory launched in tears,  
The triumph of tempestuous years—  
Not of the dead alone, nation of men, be proud!  
Out of the dust of those who fought and fell,  
Out of the dreams of those who slumber well,  
Thy mightier armies, firm, uncowed,  
Up to thy fields of battle crowd.

Honor the dead!  
Honor with garlands, honor with wreaths.  
Honor with roses, white and red!

Honor, all else above,  
Honor with love,  
In whose depths still a nation's passion seethes.  
Honor with songs the glories that have been!  
But more, thrice more,  
Honor with reverence the dreams,  
The winged hopes that madly soar,  
The failing glimpses, passing gleams,  
That from the watch-tower of a prophet's thought  
Tell of the greater battle still unfought,  
The greater glories still unseen.

Not in the tale of stirring fights,  
Not in the triumph song,  
That tell of mighty days and nights  
When right has conquered wrong;  
Not in men's needs doth glory rest!  
Only in vision, pure and high,  
Only in faith, in spotless zest  
And dauntless hope doth glory lie.

Honor the past, but honor more the dreams,  
Misty to-day, that are to-morrow's deeds—  
Those momentary imaginings,  
In whose swift fire the light of the eons gleams  
On dark, undreamt, gigantic things—  
Telling of fallen peoples, risen kings,  
Of growing labors, growing needs;  
Of bloodless battles, frantic years  
And Niobeian tears.  
They tell of new rebellions that shall come  
When from the East, the West, the South, the  
North,  
From Oregon, from Maine,  
From Texas and the blazing plain,  
Men shall go forth  
Without the cheer of flag and drum  
To fall as erst their fathers fell;  
And o'er the graves no stone shall tell  
The mighty cause; no wreath  
Sweeten the slumbers of the dead beneath.

Honor the living, honor the brave,  
Honor the strong who daily fight  
'Gainst hunger and a pauper's grave,  
In crowded cities, on the perilous seas,  
In reeking, clanging factories,  
In mine-shafts, where  
From murky dawn to dusking night  
Herculean aliens, Goth and Hun,  
Toil in the prisoned air  
And never see the sun.  
Honor the great, self-risen, to rule the earth;  
Honor the petty, who can be but tools;  
Honor the drudges, bound to office stools;  
Honor the mothers, pining at a hearth;  
Honor the fallen, dauntless in their woes—  
The mighty host who will not quail nor cry—  
Let the dead sleep—and give your tears for those  
Who, living, struggle and attain or die.

Here is a picture almost as vivid as if painted  
on canvas. It is taken from the *London Spec-*  
*tator*:

### A PLAINT OF DRY PLACES

(*Libyan Desert, June, 1907.*)

By H. W. B.

Solemn and silent are our solitudes,  
Voiceless and lithe the lizard rustles by;  
Death is his penalty, who'er intrudes  
Upon this unwall'd privacy.

At night the shameless moon, unveiled, undim,  
No sound of water in the wady hears,  
Each morn upon the sharp horizon rim  
The disc-divided sun appears.

The hills, dry breasts that ne'er will suckle, lie  
In virgin loneliness, unvisited by rain;  
Dry are the valleys, dry the heights, and dry  
The air that quivers o'er the plain.

Rare miners, on the utmost edges, bore  
Our flinty sides, and, far above, the kite  
Fast flees on fear-struck pinions, when we roar  
In anger at the dynamite.

Miles may not measure us nor leagues attain  
Our boundless boundaries; only from the sky  
The stars can scan the length of all our pain,  
The breadth of its intensity.

Mists know we not, nor clinging fog, nor dew,  
That washes out at night the sins of noon,  
Sands only hot and brown, sky hot and blue;  
Tearless we weep and crave a boon:

Bless us, O God, with Noah's curse, when he  
Saw battling clouds subdue th' insistent sun,  
Throw wide thy sluice gates, Heaven, that thence  
a sea  
Descending merge the seas in one.

What a writer in the *New York Evening Post*  
calls "a bitter little poem" appears in *Gunter's*  
*Magazine*. "Bitter" does not seem to us to be  
just the right word, but we are at a loss for a  
better.

### THE DEAD FAITH.

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA.

She made a little shadow-hidden grave  
The day Faith died;  
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,  
And smiled aside—  
"If less I ask," tear-blind, she mocked, "I may  
Be less denied."

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,  
The day Faith died—  
"Now glad," she said, "and free at last, I go,  
And life is wide."  
But through long nights she stared into the dark,  
And knew she lied.

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



NOT long ago Mr. Le Gallienne compared Maurice Hewlett to a beautiful hermit crab that loved to inhabit houses not its own. If in the past the novelist's fancy loved to dwell in tuscolums and romantic chateaus, where Morris was at home, he has now taken possession

of a more modern mansion, strongly suggesting the literary abode of Mr. George Meredith.

The decorations, however, are Mr. Hewlett's own, for he seldom says the same old thing in the same old way. This is particularly fortunate in the present case, thinks the *Times Saturday Review of Books* (New York), "for 'Half Way House'\* is at least a half way familiar thing." Its general outline, at least, is not new; it involves relationships of characters whose actions are almost along the lines of the conventional. Such value as the story possesses, in the reviewer's opinion, comes more from the manner in which it is told than from the story itself. "The twists, the turns, the little unexpected developments in personal idiosyncrasy or incidental adventure and intrigue, are characteristics of the author. In other words, the hand is the hand of Hewlett, but the voice is the voice of countless novelists who have found from time immemorial their inspiration in the theme of ill-considered matrimony." To quote further:

"Mr. Hewlett calls his novel a 'comedy of degree,' but the comedy very often turns to vinegar to the reader who watches the game of passion in its progress. Does Mr. Hewlett know women? Not so well, perhaps, as he knows men, or if he does he is inclined to take them at extremes to suit the needs of the picture, exquisite creatures like Iseult in 'The Forest Lovers,' or, as in the heroine of the present tale, with a sort of elemental wildness of pulsating emotions, innocent and unworldly, yet instinctively worldly for all that, and ready to jump at the main chance—true to the ideal, if left in solitary isolation, but naturally and femininely responsive to the call of youth and masculinity."

Mr. Hewlett's heroine, Mary Middleham, is a nursery governess who marries Mr. James Germain, a man twice her age and above her station. It is this marriage that the author designates as half way house; it is a place of refuge, not a house of life. "Mary's soul," he tells us, "if she had one, spoke to those who could hear through her eyes. Excitement made her eyes

shine like large stars, apprehension opened them like a hare's, reproach made them loom up all black. If you interested her, they peered. They filled readily with tears, and could laugh like wavelets in the sun." Two of her admirers continued to admire her after her marriage. One is Tristram Duplessis, an elegant youth who charms her as a serpent hypnotizes a bird. The other is John Senhouse, a "young man with the look of a faun, at once sleepy and arch, the habit of a philosopher and a taste for gardening at large." The *Times* reviewer regards him as a perambulating Bernard Shaw and a cynic. It is upon this quaint character that Mr. Hewlett has lavished all his gifts. One of the characters in the book describes him as follows:

"Jack Senhouse? Well, he's mad. Rich chap—at least, his father was rich. Well, Jack chucked all that—took to painting, scribbling, God knows what. His governor gets cross; sends him round the world on the chance he settles down by and by. He collects plants in the Atlas. He turns up in Warsaw, talking to the Poles about revolution. He goes to Siberia after plants and politics. More rows. Well, he came back and said he was a tinker. He'd learned tinkering somewhere, sowderin' and all that, and I'm d—d if he didn't set up a cart and horse and go about with a tent. He paints, he scribbles, he sowders and he turns England into a garden and plants his plants. He's got plants out all over the country."

It is not surprising that the woman in Mary cries out to this romantic vagabond, whose smile reveals the "store of secret knowledge, the power of the adept, of the seer in the dark, of him who would mock if he were not full of pity." Someone in the book says to Mary: "You've married a gravestone, sacred to the memory of John Germain, Esquire." But Germain possesses, in Mr. Hewlett's treatment, a quiet dignity that makes us forgive him for wedding November to June. In his dying illness Mary confesses her indiscretion with Tristram Duplessis to him, and he forgives her; but nevertheless adds a codicil to his testament, disinheriting her to a large extent in case of her marriage to Tristram. After his death a battle royal is waged between Tristram and the vagabond poet, John Senhouse, in which the latter is victor. *The Sun* suspects that the two never married, matrimony being one of the conventions that he reprehended. "He thought it a great cruelty to the woman. The two went off to the Caucasus together plant-hunting."

The *Times* reviewer regrets Mr. Hewlett's de-

\*HALF WAY HOUSE. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

parture from romance. The Boston *Herald* and *The North American* (Philadelphia) express the opinion that "Half Way House" loses nothing by comparison with his earlier writings. The Springfield *Republican*, on the other hand, detects in Mr. Hewlett's work a steady progressive development culminating in his present venture into contemporary life. "Half Way House," it says, "challenges comparison with the greatest English novelists." Mr. Hewlett, the reviewer affirms, has reached his present attitude in an interesting sequence of steps. First, he says, came "Earth-work Out of Tuscany" (1895), revealing the connoisseur, the archeologist, the dilettante, with hints of the story teller. Three years later, the story teller came to the fore in "The Forest Lovers" (1898), a poetic medieval romance of the kind William Morris used to write; it was full of charm and beauty, and some of Mr. Hewlett's admirers would have had him stop in that mystic dream world. But, the writer goes on to say, he was for bigger things, and after a few odd volumes of minor Italian tales, he took a decisive step with "Richard Yea-and-Nay" (1900), a historical novel of magnitude and power, quite the best in English since "The Cloister and the Hearth," and rated by Frederic Harrison above Scott's "The Talisman," in which also Richard I is the theme. "His romance of Mary, Queen of Scots, 'The Queen's Quair' (1904)," the writer continues, "was of equal but not greater importance; if it marked no new step in his art, it had at least brought him further on his way to modernity."

High indeed is the praise bestowed by reviewers upon the latest book\* from the pen of Miss

M. P. Willcocks. "The Wingless Victory," remarks the New York *Herald*, while not going into the list of "best sellers,"

should have done so. "However," it goes on to say, "it has gotten so now that the 'best sellers,' consisting of such effusions as 'Graustark,' 'The Husbands of Edith,' 'Jane, Lucy, and Ann,' are really the books one should be careful about reading; that is if one is particular."

Miss Willcocks lays the scene of her book in a wild corner of Devon, England. Her hero, Ambrose, an architect, the selfish and weak son of a weak father, but a genius nevertheless, had made in his youth a judgment of Paris. He had married a wild Devonshire girl, Thyrza, in a moment of passion. When she had become the

\*A MAN OF GENIUS. By M. P. Willcocks. The John Lane Company.

"After that he fell back upon his favorite Tuscany for graceful fragments of all sorts—essays, sketches, tales, minor but highly finished. But last year he made another decisive forward step with 'The Stooping Lady,' a romance of a handsome young butcher, and his high-born love in the bad old ante-reform days when the 'masses' were taught their place. It has for some reason not made so deep an impression as his historical novels, but it is an admirable book for all that, and it is of special interest as marking the transition to what may be Mr. Hewlett's most distinctive and important work. 'The Spanish Jade,' published a few weeks ago, was a slighter romance which he might have written ten years ago, but in 'Halfway House' he has, despite the title, taken the last step, emerged full upon the contemporary English scene. But his work shows plain traces of the roundabout way by which he has come. His style and his method could hardly have been evolved except by his long training in poetic romance and in the elaborate reconstruction of the past. To that training he owes his admirable command of a more florid and ornate style than any other contemporary writer employs, and whatever distinction he may attain as a novelist, it will always be for him a vital matter that his tools were shaped on the forge of romance. It sets his writing a little apart from the work of all other contemporary writers excepting the one already referred to—the one whom Stevenson called 'the master of us all.'"

"That Maurice Hewlett is destined to take high rank as a historical romancer seems already as assured as such things can be in advance of the actual verdict of time. What he will achieve as a novelist, dealing with the life about him, remains to be seen, but 'Halfway House' gives promise that he will, when his tale of books is done, be counted among the great English masters of fiction.

mother of his child, he met Damaris, the woman who was made for his intellectual mate. He loves both women, but is willing to accept selfishly whatever sacrifice love may dictate to Damaris. In mastering the problem of a few simple Devonshire folks, the Chicago *Tribune* remarks, the author has reached far out of the wild corner of Devon, and her insight has pierced hearts the world over. "Were all the world full of happy women," Miss Willcocks writes, "there would be no artists among them. For just as a man drinks because he likes it, and a woman because it brings forgetfulness, so the creative impulse in woman is born of pain, not mentality. A wave of sorrow, the empty heart—and some new human dream—this is the history of a woman-artist's life." Of the pain and resignation is born the literary power of Damaris, and her heroism gives backbone to the hero. In strong contrast with the vacillating architect Ambrose stands the heroic Darracott, a life saver by profession, who



also loves Thyrsa, but scrupulously respects her when she leaves her husband in a jealous rage. Damaris herself persuades the wife to return to Ambrose, and inspires the latter to complete his work and build a magnificent oratory. Thus a measure of happiness sweetens her resignation. "Out of the unseen peers the star, and even from the heights of this life there are hands uplifted to its clear shining, hearts that answer to its hope."

"There are," observes the *London Literary World*, "novelists who stand head and shoulders above the crowd; novelists whose work comes at long intervals, and displays the hall mark of culture in addition to the charms of style and imagination. Among this small and select company we should unhesitatingly place the talented author of 'The Man of Genius,' the last of a tri-

logy of Devon novels, of which the earlier were 'Widdicombe' and 'A Wingless Victory.'" Her characters, the reviewer insists, are not mere puppet mouthpieces of an author's epigrams. "'A Man of Genius' is not a one man or a one woman book." He goes on to say:

"The ostensible hero and heroine, indeed, both of whom have feet of clay, are possibly less important to the reader than some of the minor actors. But the point is that they are very real, very human. It would be easy to make comparisons, but they are apt to mislead. We might fairly, we think, say that Miss Willcocks shows the wit of Barrie in alliance with the bold realism of Thomas Hardy and the philosophic touches of George Meredith, without his obscurities. This may seem to be showering praise without reserve, but we merely indicate who are the masters at whose feet, unconsciously perhaps, Miss Willcocks has sat."

We sometimes hear that our novelists are afraid of life. By this the critics usually mean to imply that our writers are too

timid to shadow forth those darker phases of existence in which continental fiction writers delight to wallow. There is no particle of truth in this accusation. Mrs. Wharton's presentations of American life are by no means pleasant, neither are Mr. Jack London's; Mr. Sinclair depicts New York as he depicted "The Jungle," and where he stays his riotous and sinister imagination, Miss Potter rushes in with her "Golden Ladder." If Mr. Sinclair arraigns New York society, Miss Potter's indictment\* is directed against American morality in general and in particular against the American man. Like Sinclair, she introduces no relief in her book; she paints black in black, and, like "The Metropolis," her book seems to be doomed to be artistically an unqualified failure.

While we do not object to faithful if merciless delineation, we somehow resent it if a critic of life paints the mirror black before he puts it up before our faces. If, by way of illustration, not by way of comparison, Thackeray was a cynic, what shall we say of Miss Margaret Potter? For, as *The Nation* points out, compared with her latest novel, "Vanity Fair" breathes of heliotrope. Americans, one and all, in Miss Potter's opinion, are tainted with the lust for gold as gold, and her canvases of Chicago and New York are painted over with microscopic details of greedy money-making. The pigments in the

priceless paintings, the *Nation* review continues, "are mixed with dry Martini cocktails and poisonous dyes obtained from Wall Street and the underworld."

The preacher may appear in the guise of the story-teller, but it takes a nimbler pen than Miss Potter's to make the art of the pulpit effective in literature. We have been suffering of late from the tendency of writers to assume a homiletic function not properly theirs and if, in the words of the *London Times*, we fail to attain that spiritual development promised by Mr. Kipling, it shall not be for want of preaching. "In this book," the reviewer goes on to say, "the preface is text and it is repeated without special appropriateness in many subsequent pauses. The text is a good enough text. It is a legitimate thesis that the typical American business man is a paragon of marital fidelity because he has no time or desire to spend on any woman. One has frequently heard of the wail of the 'gold widow' and it has been expressed in fiction. In America her place is taken by the 'gold widow,' a genuine name for the wives of commercial men to whom this moral is addressed." To quote further:

"On their behalf one could wish that their sad case had a dramatic as well as an earnest champion. Thro the story move only three characters who can be called distinctive enough to serve even as pegs. They begin life in a suburban boarding-house; the man who is doomed to be the millionaire, the landlady and her daughter who are to attain a less portentous income through methods not financial. What poignancy the book possesses belongs to the coarse and common intrigue of the two young people before either of them is much concerned with the endeavor to climb the golden ladder. The woman is depict-

\*THE GOLDEN LADDER. By Margaret Potter. Harper and Brothers.

ed at the outset as evil by heredity and doomed to moral collapse in the analysis of her physiognomy. The author, like many authors who cannot escape the clichés of their art, dogmatizes absurdly on the moral correlations of cleft chins and firm mouths. Perhaps there is the making of a strong if rather unpleasant story in the conflict of a real passion and a self-seeking philosophy within the mind of an unmothered woman. Or, again, a fine and resolute man throwing away health and happiness in the lust of advancement may make the centre of a moving drama. On this latter point we thoroughly agree with the author and with the minor characters who keep slipping in the moral of the rich man's folly. But the progress and fate of the characters do not by themselves express this moral. The hero appears to be rather ill and worn and unhappy at the conclusion; the heroine disappears into a miserable future of disrepute. But out of the story, when separated from interpolated maxims, you would deduce the moral that irregular relations between inmates of a boarding-house were a bad preparation for happiness in life. The calamity, the irretrievable disaster of the novel, would have fallen, if the American people were as little concerned as the Doukhobors with 'the fierce race for wealth.'

The radical reviewer of *The American* (New York) from whom we should have expected a heartier appreciation of the good intentions with which Miss Potter has paved her way to artistic destruction, speaks of the book as "poor in spirit, unconvincing in argument, unpalatable in its plot." Says Miss Potter in her platitudinous preface: "Before the Juggernaut of his desire, the American man has flung to destruction all that humanity holds most dear: home, wife and children, health, honest dealing, integrity, cultivation—nay, one might almost say, intelligence itself (so warped has his vision become!)—for these things, heaped on one side against gold alone, have on his scales flown aloft like feathers."

ers." "We are afraid," the reviewer goes on to say, "'the American man' will not be converted by this kind of writing. What the 'Wives of American Business Men,' to whom Miss Potter dedicates her book, will think of it we cannot say. It may be they know their husbands better, or, at any rate, believe in them better. Judging from the many happy women in this happy land there cannot be so many wicked husbands in it, after all, even tho they go a-climbing the golden ladder. A man must have some vent for his powers and, until American men evolve to value higher ideals, the ideal of wealth must continue to allure them by its chances for self-assertion."

*The Argonaut* (San Francisco), with a lack of astuteness not unusual in its recent reviews, asserts that Miss Potter's novel is not clear enough to convince the experienced or dissuade the thoughtless. "Morals nowadays," it adds, "have to be driven home with a club and not left to subtle implication." This crude attitude is not shared by the other reviewers. The critic of the *Chicago Musical Leader and Concert Goer* admits that "The Golden Ladder" is vulnerable on literary grounds. Some of its author's English is positively rheumatic. Yet, she or he declares, with all its faults "The Golden Ladder" is worth reading. Miss Potter's work is not without promise and her aim is high.

"Some day she is going to write a great novel, a day, and Miss Potter as yet has had hardly time to find herself. She has not up to the present scored a bullseye, true, but her target is covered a novel that Olive Schreiner or Victoria Cross would proudly mother. Rome was not built in with arrows on the inner circle, and her archery is in good style, in truly the best style. She may do something big, but whether she does or not, very certain is it she will never do anything little."

## THE SOUL OF THE MIRROR—A LEGEND OF JAPAN

This naive little story has the Japanese style and the Japanese flavor. It is as simple and fragrant as a cherry blossom. But it is told not by a Japanese but by a French writer, Charles Laurent, in one of the Parisian papers. It is translated for us by Helen E. Meyers.

IN former times, a Samourai lived in the province of Itchigo. He was happy, his wife was gentle, his daughter was pretty, and all three loved each other tenderly.

One day the lord of the domain charged the Samourai with an important mission, and the Samourai set out for Myako.

At that time journeying was very slow and a journey consumed a very long time. Therefore the wife and the daughter were sorrowful.

"Come home soon," they said to the traveler, "We shall long for your return!"

He promised to return as soon as possible. "Take good care of our child," he said to the wife, and to his daughter he said: "Be good and I will bring you something pretty when I come home."

He was loth to go; he, too, was sorrowful.

His wife accompanied him to the door, carrying the child upon her back. While he was in sight she followed him with her eyes. Every

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day she set the table for him and prepared his dinner as if he had been at home, and every day she told the child pretty stories.

In that day they could not send letters; so many months passed and no news came from the absent one. After a long time the Samourai returned, his face tanned by the sun of travel. At the door he doffed his shoes and his dusty cloak. His wife and his daughter greeted him with joy.

Being seated between them he drew from a box a fine doll, and, giving it to the child, he said: "This is the reward for you for excellent conduct during my absence." The little one was happy, for such a beautiful doll is rarely seen.

To his wife the Samourai gave a small mirror. She received it and bowed reverently before him. She had never seen a mirror; she turned it with anxiety.

"How shall I use this object?" She asked. Smiling, he answered, "A mirror serves to reflect the face of the human being. The saber, or the sword, reflects the soul of man; the mirror reflects the soul of woman. A mirror is a very rare thing; you must take care of your mirror."

She promised to be very careful and to preserve it preciously. Then, assisted by the daughter, she prepared the repast and brought saké to make the traveler forget the fatigue of his journey. During the repast the three heads incessantly leaned toward each other, for each one had so much to tell the other.

But happiness, like the light of the moon and like the perfume of flowers, is a perishable thing. Sorrow entered the house of the three united ones. The wife of the Samourai fell sick. At first her sickness was considered a passing thing, but the sick woman wasted away, and at last the doctor warned them that she must die. The child nursed the mother with untiring devotion; but the hour had come. Neither science nor love could prevent what was to be.

One day, in the agonies of death, the mother said to the daughter: "I feel that I am going. When I am gone be kind to your father and love him more than you love him now, to make up to him for my love—the love of the one who died." "Do not speak of death," said the daughter. "Let me not despair, for you may be restored to health."

"Your heart is tender," said the mother. "I am thankful to have had such a daughter. I should be glad could I remain with you; but destiny must be accomplished."

The dying mother sent for her mirror, and, taking it from its box, she said: "This is a mirror that your father bought for me in Myako. I leave it to you as a souvenir of me. After I die, if you think of me and wish to see me, look in the mirror and you will see my face."

Having uttered these words she died. The grief of the husband was piteous. As time passed his sufferings were effaced. But the daughter did not forget, and, remembering the words of her mother, when alone in her room she took the mirror out of its box. She had never seen her own face. She had not been told what a person habituated to mirrors knows; therefore she believed that she saw her mother. The thought illuminated her face, consequently the supposed face of the mother assumed a look of deep happiness.

But, despite the joy resulting from belief in her mother's presence, she was not perfectly happy because the mother would not talk to her or answer her, altho the child told her all the details of her daily life.

The daughter contemplated the mirror every evening.

A year passed and the father married again. The daughter was kind to the second mother; she obeyed her and ran to do her bidding. She anticipated her wishes. But the second wife was cruel. She tormented the child.

One day the stepmother said to the husband: "You must send me away from this house. I dare not stay here any longer. My life is in danger. Your daughter desires my death."

The Samourai did not believe the accusation; but, seeing his daughter steal humbly away, he followed her to her room and found her talking to the mirror. As he approached, she hid the mirror in her wide sleeve.

"What did you hide in your sleeve?" he asked.


"My mother's mirror. Every day I look in it and I see her face. When dying she said to me: 'When you look for me in the mirror I shall always come. You will see me as often as you look for me.'"

"Look, my father!" said the daughter, holding out the mirror, "Look! That is my mother's face. She has changed some, but she is still sweet and loving."

The father understood. His eyes filled with tears. He had not the courage to undeceive his child. Silently he looked into the mirror and bowed his head.

## THE MAN WHO NEVER TALKED POLITICS

This is not fiction. It is an over true tale told by an inimitable teller of tales—John S. Wise. It brings us close to the human side of a man whose granitic character has made us almost forget at times that he had a human side—Grover Cleveland. It was first published by Mr. Wise as part of a sketch of Mr. Cleveland in *The Saturday Evening Post*, from which we extract it, giving it a title of our own.

OW it so happened that when I lived in Virginia I formed a warm attachment for a deaf-mute. He was a remarkable character in this, that notwithstanding his infirmity he was an ardent sportsman and a wonderful handler of dogs. He was very bright and very pertinacious. He broke dogs with a whistle and by signs, and as he could not yell at them and confuse them as so many dog-breakers do, his pupils were singularly well-broken. He and I became sworn friends, and I gave him many dogs to break.

When we first met I wore a tall silk hat, from which he began to refer to me in all his sign language as "Stove-pipe," and continued to call me that until he died, only shortening the designation to "S. P.," as mutes are wont to do. He taught me the sign language, and he also wrote a remarkable hand very rapidly.

He was a man of unusual intelligence, interested in literature and politics. I do not think he had very definite political views, but it was sufficient for him to know that his friend, "S. P.," was a Republican to make him one also. The poor fellow, in answer to my comments upon his excellent information, had always but one reply. He would shrug his shoulders and say: "What good does it do me? I cannot apply my knowledge. There is nothing for a deaf-mute to do."

After Harrison's election I aided in having him made postmaster at the little town where he lived, and it was a veritable Godsend to him. It was the position, above all others in the world, for which he was peculiarly fitted. He knew every patron of the office; he was very methodical, sober, domestic, and always at his place. Accustomed to study every writing submitted to him, no instruction or requirement of the Department escaped him, and they told me at the Post-Office Department in Washington

that his office was really a model in regard to reports, details and observance of requirements.

He was the proudest creature I ever saw. Obtaining that little office and finding that his work in it was so satisfactory to his employers gave him a new joy in life, and made him no longer feel that there was no sphere of usefulness for him by reason of his infirmity. His letters to me were voluminous, and filled with gratitude and renewed hope.

When Cleveland came back into power the Virginia Democratic congressmen gave notice that "to the victors belong the spoils." Poor old Turner (that was the mute's name) wrote me doleful letters, telling me the Democrats had their eye on his place and intended to turn him out, not only because he was a Republican, but because I had put him there. He took it philosophically, but showed that he felt no hope. I tried to cheer him up, but did not know on what ground I could encourage him.

One cold evening in the winter of 1892-3, after the Presidential election, but before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, I found myself standing at the Rector Street station by the side of Mr. Cleveland. It was snowing and we were waiting for a train on the elevated road to take us to our homes. I had received that very day a mournful letter from Turner.

"Ah! Mr. President," said I cheerily. "This is an unexpected pleasure—unless you are so proud of your victory that you will not speak to Republicans."

"Hello, Wise," said he in the most democratic fashion. "Oh, no, I'm not so proud. I think you may be regarded as no longer dangerous."

The train came up and we took seats side by side. I said something pleasant of a personal nature, and we soon began to talk about shooting. He said it would be a fine day for brant shooting.

"Mr. President," said I, "if any one had told

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me I would be holding up my plate for soup to you some day, I think I would have resented it, but here I am among the earliest wanting a favor."

I then told him about the deaf-mute who was such a fine dog-trainer. That interested him; particularly the way the man used his whistle and made signs with his hands. I then told him the pride he took in his post-office as I have told it above. He listened attentively and finally said:

"Of course he ought not to be turned out. If it was you of course you'd have to go. But robbing a poor devil like that of the only thing he is fit for would not be politics, but just petty meanness. I cannot remember things like this, but when I name my Postmaster-General you see him, and if he doesn't help you I will."

So Mr. Cleveland and I parted at his station better friends than ever..

Soon after he was inaugurated and his Cabinet had been announced, I, being in Washington, called upon Mr. Bissell, his Postmaster-General, and began to tell him of the case of J. Marshall Turner, postmaster at Walkerton, Virginia, and my desire to have him retained. He interrupted me by saying:

"Didn't you say something about this to the President?"

"Yes, I did," I replied; "but it was a long time ago and I had no idea he remembered it."

"Well, I do not think he remembered the details, but he told me that if Wise came to see me I must help him. And this is the case, is it—you and Mr. Cleveland and the dog-breaker? Go and see Maxwell, Fourth Assistant. He'll help you."

So I went to Maxwell, a New Yorker and good fellow.

"I'll help you," said he. "I'll just lose the papers, and it will be a long time, I promise you, before anybody finds them."

Thanking him, and feeling sure, from knowledge of how such things are done, that it would be a long time before they turned Turner out, I wrote him to be of good cheer. He thought I was a magician.

Fully twelve months went by and I heard no more of Turner, by which I knew he was still in office. One day, just as I was preparing to

go to Washington on other business, I received a telegraphic wail: "I am turned out. See Richmond paper." In half an hour a Democratic paper published in Richmond was placed in my hands. It had a flaming announcement: "*Bounced at Last. Wise's Man Must Go. Congressman Jones Triumphs After a Hard Fight.*" Then the paper told what a valiant and protracted battle Congressman Jones had made to get this office for a worthy Democrat, against my wily tricks to keep Turner in, and how, at last, I had been vanquished and a new man whose name I have forgotten had been appointed. I laughed heartily, for I am sure I had not heard a word about Turner or his post-office for a twelve-month. But there had been battles royal in Washington.

The next day when I had finished the business which took me to the Capital, I called at the Post-Office Department, and first sought out Mr. Maxwell. He met me with a broad grin, and said:

"Well, old fellow, I did the best I could. I held the papers until a peremptory demand that I should find them came from the Postmaster-General."

"Thank you," said I. "I know you did your best. Now tell me, what is the matter with the Postmaster-General?"

"Why, man alive, that Congressman down there has made his life a burden," said he, giving me some details of Mr. Jones' importunities. "You see him—he'll tell you all about it."

"One word more," said I, "and I'll go. Has the bond of the new postmaster been approved?"

"No."

"Has his commission been signed?"

"No."

"Will you hold them until you hear from me?"

"Yes, if you let me hear to-day."

"Good," said I, and went to the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Bissell was a very large and not a very polished man, and, when I entered his office, showed that he was not glad to see me. His first greeting was:

"Well, sir, I know what you have come to see me about, and I want to say to you that I think you have been shown all the consideration which

a Republican is entitled to from a Democratic Administration. In the effort to protect your man I have submitted to more abuse and insult from Congressman Jones than I have received from anybody since I entered upon the duties of this office. He has gone so far that I ought to have ordered him out. But, thinking I might have treated him badly, I concluded to give it up and appoint his man. I can do no more for you. It is not worth while for you to protest."

I saw his temper, and felt for the way he had been annoyed.

"Mr. Postmaster-General," said I gently, "you misapprehend me. I am not here to chide you or to protest. I am here to thank you for all you have done, and to express my regret that I have put you to so much trouble and raised such a storm around you." It was the soft answer that turned away wrath. Seeing that he was mollified, I added gently: "Have you approved the new man's bond?"

"No."

"Have you signed his commission?"

"No."

"When will those things be done in the ordinary course of business, Mr. Postmaster-General?" I ventured this last inquiry in the most seductive way.

"Why, as soon as they go through the regular routine. In a day or so, I presume," he answered gruffly.

"Well, now, Mr. Postmaster-General, I know how good you have been to me. Is it stretching your kindness to ask you to hold up these signatures for twenty-four hours, so as to enable me to see the President?"

"See the President!" he exclaimed. "You don't think the President will mix up in a matter of this size, do you?"

"Hardly," said I; "but then he *might*. Will you not wait for me?"

He mused a minute and then, whirling his revolving chair about, said:

"All right! I'll wait a day. And after the way that Congressman treated me, I don't care what the President does."

I tipped the wink to Maxwell as I went out

of the Department, and hurried in a cab to the White House.

I found the President surrounded by Democratic magnates. One of his feet was in a great cloth shoe, for he was recovering from an attack of gout. He greeted me cordially, pointed to a large sofa near a window, and bade me sit down and read the paper until he was through with his visitors. It was a beautiful spring morning, and the sunlight lit up Arlington and the Monument and the Potomac. Out on the lawns the great red-breasted robins were hopping about, bobbing for worms. It was an ideal day for shooting—snipe-shooting at Jamestown. It seemed an interminable time before the last of his visitors withdrew, and then Mr. Cleveland limped over to me with his lower lip pouted out and curled, as is his wont when in a good humor.

"Sorry I kept you so long," said he, taking a seat beside me.

I answered: "Oh, get through with your janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries, Mr. President, and come with me!"

He chuckled and repeated to himself, "Janizaries and prebendaries and stipendiaries," and then said: "Well, what is it?"

"Snipe!" said I. "Come on, I have a private car all ready. We'll slip out of here quietly and go to Williamsburg, drive thence to Jamestown Island and have a bully time. Look out of the window, Mr. President. Look at the haze. It actually smells like snipe."

May Heaven forgive me for that Munchausen story about the private car. I had nothing of the kind. But if the President had consented the car would have been there, for dear old Frank Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, loved hunting as well as we did. He and I had been out several times, and a telegram would have brought him whirling into Washington with car and all. The yearning look given by Cleveland at my bidding was almost pitiful. With a deep sigh he said:

"I wish I could! But no, I can't go. No use. And even if I could, I've promised another man."

Seeing that there was no chance of his going, and having him in a good humor, I settled down to business.

"Mr. President," said I, "they are trying to kill my little ewe lamb."

"What's your little ewe lamb?" he blurted out with a perplexed look.

Then I told him of the row at the Post-Office Department. As I proceeded I saw a negative cloud settling on his face. Finally, when I grew eloquent and said, "Turning that poor devil out is like striking a woman," he interrupted me, saying: "Look here, Wise, do you think I was put here to settle rows over fourth-class postmasters? What can I do?"

I knew how stubborn Mr. Cleveland is when he is combed the wrong way, and I thought my case was lost. "Now, Mr. President," said I, "you ask: 'What can I do?' You can, if you will, do the nicest little thing you ever did in your life, and it will not be very troublesome. Just write on a card: 'Postmaster-General: Take no further action concerning Walkerton post-office until you hear from me.' Sign this and give it to me, and I'll forgive you for going back on me about that snipe hunt."

He turned his head sideways and his face rippled into a smile.

"No," he said; "you leave the address and I'll write the letter. I must go now."

I thanked him and was withdrawing when he called me back. "Say, for fear the letter may not reach there in time, you'd better drive by the Department and tell Bissell it's coming."

Nobody ever did a kindness more graciously than Mr. Cleveland. Certain of the result, I returned to New York, after calling at Mr. Bissell's office as directed by the President. When I told Mr. Bissell, he said:

"Glad of it. Now Jones and the President can fight it out. But, Mr. Wise," added the Postmaster-General, "the charge is that your man is an offensive partisan, and that he talks politics."

Stealing close to him I said in a low voice: "Whatever other charge I may be unable to disprove, I can knock that charge into a cocked hat. My man is *deaf and dumb*."

I never afterward met Mr. Bissell that he did not ask me if my man was still talking politics.

When I reached home I wrote Turner that

he was all right provided he did not talk politics.

Another year passed by and I heard no more of Turner and his office. One day, on the cars, Holmes Conrad, a Democrat, met me. He was an office-holder under Cleveland in Washington.

"Look here," said he, "what sort of a pull is this you have with the 'old man'?"

"Pull? Old man?" said I, for I was not thinking of the subject. "What pull? What old man?"

"Why Mr. Cleveland, of course," said he. "That's what we call him."

"I have not seen Mr. Cleveland for six months," said I. "What are you talking about?"

"Harry Tucker told me all I know," replied Conrad, laughing. "He says you whipped out the whole Virginia delegation."

Curious to hear more, I probed him, and he told me:

"Harry Tucker says that, some months ago, Billy Jones called upon him and the other Virginian members to go up with him to the White House in a body to see the President about a post-office concerning which he considered himself badly treated. So on a certain morning they assembled and demonstrated in force. They were all there and Jones was to be spokesman. Old Grover seemed to be in a very good humor. 'Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?' said he, smiling. 'Mr. President,' began Jones, 'we have come to see you about a matter in which I think I have been badly treated. It is concerning the post-office at Walkertown.' As he uttered the word Walkertown the President's whole manner changed. He looked at Jones and said sharply: 'What's the name of the postmaster?' 'Turner,' was the reply. 'Is he deaf and dumb?' inquired the President. 'Yes,' 'And you want to turn him out?' 'Yes.' 'Well, that ends it! I won't do it. There are two thousand post-offices in Virginia. You may have nineteen hundred and ninety-nine of them. This one is mine. That man is deaf and dumb,—and he breaks John Wise's dogs! Turning him out would be as mean as striking a woman. I will not do it. Good-day, gentlemen.'

"And he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving them utterly dumbfounded."

Turner died in office years later.

# Humor of Life

## SHE KNEW THE PLACE.

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin, and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—*Youth's Companion*.

## CHEERING HIM UP.

MOTHER (in a very low voice)—"Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?"

TOMMY (in an earnest voice)—"Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"—*Human Life*.

## A LOVER'S QUARREL.

Two young persons of Germantown had been engaged, had quarrelled, but were too proud to "make up." Furthermore, both were anxious to have it believed they had entirely forgotten each other.

One day the young man called, ostensibly on business with her father, on which occasion it chanced she should answer the door-bell.

The young man was game. "Pardon me," he said, with the politest of bows. "Miss Eaton, I believe. Is your father in?"

"I am sorry to say he is not," the young woman responded, without the slightest sign of recognition. "Do you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," replied the young man, as he turned to go down the steps.

"I beg your pardon," called out the young woman, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"—*Lippincott's*.

## NOT ON THE PROGRAM.

Two stout old Germans were enjoying their pipes and placidly listening to the strains of the summer-garden orchestra. One of them in tipping his chair back stepped on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on de program," he said, turning to his companion.

"Vat was not?"

"Vy, dot match."

"Vat match?"

"De match I walked on."

"Vell, I didn't see no match; vat about it?"

"Vy. I walked on a match and it went bang, and I said it was not on de program."

The other picked up his program and read it through very carefully. "I don't see it on the program," he said.

"Vell, I said it vas not on the program, didn't I?"

"Vell, vat has it got to do mit the program, anyway? Eggsplain yourself."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## HIS WELCOME HOME.

The bachelor and the benedict were wending homeward their weary way.

"Ah, you lucky married man!" sighed the Bachelor. "Think of having a hearthstone, a real home, a waiting welcome! Look—there is a light in the window for you!"

"Gee! So there is," muttered the Benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that—let's go back to the club."—*Home Herald*.

## THE REASON WHY.

"And how are the tomatoes coming on?" asked Mr. Younghusband of his little wife.

"Well, dear," began the lady nervously, "I'm rather afraid we shall have to buy them, after all."

Mr. Younghusband frowned.

"But, my dear Maria," he expostulated, "I distinctly understood from you a couple of months or so ago that you had planted a whole row!"

"That's quite right, dear," explained Maria, "but I've just remembered that I forgot to open the tins!"—*Answers*.

## TIT FOR TAT.

A lawyer named Ratcliffe was famous in his circle for his scepticism and his hatred of religious things. One time this Mr. Ratcliffe had occasion to go to St. Albans, to take testimony in a law case in which he was engaged. He amused himself during the proceedings by continually alluding to the town as "Albans," instead of St. Albans.

Presently one of the local lawyers present asked:—

"Why do you call this place 'Albans'?"

"Because I don't like saints," said Mr. Ratcliffe.

"Oh!"

Nothing more was said on the subject, but by and by, the work being completed, the lawyer rose to take his departure.

"Good-bye, gentlemen," he said to the three or four St. Alban men who were present.

"Good-bye, Mr. Cliffe," they all answered at once.

"What do you mean by calling me Mr. Cliffe?" he exclaimed.

"Why, we don't like rats," said one of the St. Albans men.—*Exchange*.







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### THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

Luke E. Wright, successor to Secretary Taft, makes one boast concerning his life. He says: "While I was born in the South and am sixty-two years old, I never had a personal encounter in my life." This is the first picture made of him in his new office

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